

FRONTISPIECE.

Vol. I.



J. Wale del.

C. Grignon Sculp.

FRONTISPIECE.

Vol. I.



J. Wale del.

C. Grignon Sculp.

Dodsley (R.) K.
A SELECT

Gray

COLLECTION
OR
OLD PLAYS.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION,

CORRECTED AND COLLATED WITH THE OLD COPIES,

WITH

NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

BY ISAAC REED, OF STAPLE INN, F.A.S.

VOLUME I.

LONDON,

PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS;

FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL MALL.

MDCCLXXX.

SELECT

COLLECTION

OF
OLD PLAYS

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

THE SECOND EDITION
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OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING

PREFACES.

GOD'S PROMISES, BY JOHN BALE.

THE FOUR P's, BY JOHN HEYWOOD.

FERREX AND PORREX, BY THOMAS SACKVILLE,

LORD BUCKHURST, AND THOMAS NORTON.

DAMON AND PITHIAS, BY RICHARD EDWARDS.

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OLD P L M Y S

VOLUME THE FIRST

CONTAINING

THREE

COPIES PROMISED BY JOHN BARR

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THOMAS AND BARR

FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

DAMON AND MITCHELL

NEW YORK

[77]

P R E F A C E.

THE Works of our ancient dramatic writers have suffered a very long, and, some few excepted, a very general neglect. Though possessed of innumerable beauties, they have been known in so imperfect a manner, that their very names have almost escaped the readers of the present times. The merits of writers are not always to be estimated from the reputation which they bear with the publick. Accident and caprice contribute to advance some authors above their due rank; and the same causes as frequently depress below their proper stations, others who are intitled to a superior degree of regard. The truth of these observations might be illustrated by instances without number. Many productions have been at first coldly received, which afterwards have met with the highest applause. Some have been praised and neglected; while others, from a concurrence of circumstances

in which excellence hath had no concern, have for a time acquired a share of favour which they have been unable to retain. Such hath been the revolution of taste, that not a few works have been both applauded and condemned by the same persons; and this will be esteemed the less extraordinary, when it is considered how many, who pronounce on the beauties or defects of authors, decide without any previous knowledge of what they approve or censure, how many rely on the opinion of others, and how few are capable of exercising any judgement of their own.

To whatever cause it is to be ascribed, there can be no question but that the works of those who flourished in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and her successor were not until lately much studied; and the dramatic poets were not less neglected than their contemporary brethren. Even those who are now held in the greatest reverence were not exempt from the same contemptuous treatment, and in consequence of it were almost suffered to sink into oblivion and obscurity. Many parts of Shakspeare, *the God of our present idolatry*, and some whole Plays, remained involved in all the darkness which a change of manners and customs in the lapse
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of near two centuries had occasioned; and the reputation which our favourite Author possessed depended in some degree on the frequent representation of a very few of his plays at the theatres. How little he was read may be seen by the example of Sir Richard Steele, who does not appear to have been acquainted with so popular a play as *The Taming of a Skrew**.

To account for so general a disregard towards the early writers for the stage may not be an easy task, though it would not be difficult to prove the injustice of it. Many causes are to be assigned. The fanaticism, which prevailed about the middle of the last century, had a fatal influence over the theatre for some time. The intemperance of religious zeal carried destruction along with it wherever the works of taste were to be met with; and its dominion continued so long, that few of the dramatic poets, who flourished when the civil wars broke out, remained at the Restoration. The convulsions of the times, which had interrupted all kind of diversions, produced also a change in the manners of the people; and those who adhered to monarchy, on their return from exile, brought home with them a fondness for the French

* See last Edition of Shakspeare, vol. III. p. 536.

school, which soon superseded and sunk into disrepute the rude, but nervous, productions of their predecessors. Those who obtained the direction of dramatic entertainments at this period, had also been banished from their country, and had acquired the same taste. Regularity therefore took place of the wild native efforts of genius, which were soon driven from the stage; the contemporaries and immediate successors of Shakspeare became obsolete; the humour which they possessed was lost, and all the allusions, which depended on temporary circumstances, being forgotten, grew tasteless and insipid. The refinements of French manners also created a disgust at the coarseness which was common in the conversation of our forefathers; and, though there was no improvement in the morals of the people, it must be acknowledged, that an affectation of delicacy reigned, totally inconsistent with those gross and vulgar modes of expression so frequently to be found in ancient writers.

The first attempts in any art are always rude and imperfect; more calculated to exercise the sagacity of an antiquary, than to gratify a taste rendered delicate by being accustomed to the improvements which luxury and riches introduce. The polish of modern fashions ill agrees
with

with the barbarity of ancient manners. The early efforts of our ancestors in the dramatic walk were therefore soon laid aside: their pictures of human life were exchanged for scenes displaying the follies of the day; which in their turn have submitted to the same fate, being at this time as little adapted to furnish an evening's entertainment at the theatre, as many of the forgotten dramas in the present volumes. Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Cibber, now exhibit characters almost as obsolete as those of Ben Jonson, or Beaumont and Fletcher; and if such names as the latter cannot ensure a continuance of fame, the Dekkars, Middletons, Chapmans, and Marstons, their contemporaries, must give up their claim to immortality without a murmur.

It is a misfortune which must attend all who write for the stage, that their happiest exertions in delineating life and manners lose their force in the course of a few years, and the more faithfully they are painted, the sooner their colouring dies away. The whimsical caprices of fashion are perpetually changing, and, as they pass daily before our eyes, seldom leave any memorial of their existence. They sometimes are almost literally the children of a day; and

when they expire, so much of the attraction as depends on such transient circumstances is necessarily lost. That no small stress is laid on what cannot be long relished, may be seen by the practice of modern writers. It may be asked, who has with more success than the late Mr. Foote *caught the fleeting Cynthia of a minute*? whose dramatic pieces afforded more satisfaction on the stage? Yet, with all that unequalled facility of transferring characters from life to the theatre which he possessed, his works are already laid aside, and must, if they are remembered a century hence, be indebted to the industry of some painful searcher into antiquity for recovering lost allusions and forgotten facts. The truth is, there are few but prefer the applause of those they live with to the approbation of succeeding times. Their representations therefore are often so closely connected with the fluctuations of fashion, that it has sometimes been necessary for an author to be his own commentator. Cibber lived to see the characters of his own coxcombs become obsolete; and, not very late in life², was obliged to point out the distinction between the fops he had drawn, and the new race of these insignificant beings which had sprung up to succeed them.

² See his Apology, p. 303. edit. 1750,

Can it then be wondered at, that we no longer receive pleasure from the exhibition of the Foppingtons and Fashions, which afforded so much entertainment to the frequenters of our theatres at the beginning of this century? That the charm is now lost, must be felt every time these characters appear on the stage. The humour of them is so interwoven with fashions now no longer familiar, that some late attempts to adapt them to modern manners have only contributed to destroy the remains of spirit and meaning which were left in them.

If the works of writers so near our own days so soon lose their effect, and the restoration of them to the theatre is become a talk of such difficulty, the exclusion of performances of a more remote period will scarcely be considered as a very formidable objection to the merit of them. In fact, the same causes have had the same effects in both cases; and at present the earliest pieces are likely to be more read, and better understood, than even those of only fifty years standing. At a time when destruction seemed to threaten most of the productions of the early stage, and after, it is to be feared, many of them were irrecoverably lost, the explanation of those writers, who may be esteemed the

classics of this country, began to engage the attention of some of the ablest writers of the present times. Struck with the absurd alterations and wild conjectures of critics, who mangled and disfigured their authors, instead of elucidating their obscurity, they determined to search into contemporary writers for a solution of such doubts as had been created chiefly by time. The success which attended their enquiries soon shewed the necessity of an acquaintance with works which had until then been overlooked, to obtain a perfect knowledge of some of our most esteemed authors. It shewed also, that many beauties had long remained unknown and unnoticed; that fame had not always accompanied worth; and that those who wished for information concerning ancient manners would not be able to obtain it so well from any other source.

When the value of such kind of performances became known, other difficulties arose; the materials, which were to answer these excellent purposes, were not to be obtained by those who were best able to make use of them. Works, which cease to be popular, are in a short time destroyed; the fugitive pieces of all ages would soon perish, on account of the slender form
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of their publication, if they were not from time to time collected and published in a manner more likely to ensure their duration. As the use of such collections is now confessed on all hands, it is to be lamented that care was not taken sooner to preserve such slight performances from the ravages of time and accident. What might have been accomplished with the greatest ease in the last century, is now become an undertaking of much difficulty. Many works are totally lost; some are already become as valuable as manuscripts; and of several, the best editions are to be sought after in vain. The industry of a few persons hath lately been employed, with much credit to themselves, in forming collections which have been of singular advantage to the publick, as may be seen in some late publications; and the liberality of the present age is in nothing more remarkable, than in the alacrity with which the possessors of such curiosities communicate them to those who have occasion to consult them.

The present Volumes were originally compiled from the only collection then known to exist, that which had been formed by the Earls of Oxford. This afterwards came into the possession of the late Mr. Garrick; and, with great additions, hath since been bequeathed by him to *The British*

British Museum. The mention of this gentleman's name naturally reminds the Editor, that he should be deficient in point of gratitude, if he omitted to notice the readiness with which he was allowed the free use of whatever Mr. Garrick's Library contained for the service of this work. It is no extravagant compliment to the memory of a man, who hath contributed more to the public entertainment than any person of the present age; that in this particular he had, as in many other parts of his character, no superior, and scarcely an equal. His wish to forward any literary undertaking is too well known, and hath been too often acknowledged by those who were obliged to him, to need any eulogium on this subject at present; and his death cannot but occasion a sigh to arise in the breast of every one who had the happiness of his acquaintance.

As the publick hath long been in possession of the present work, it will perhaps be deemed unnecessary to take up the reader's time in pointing out the value of what he is about to peruse. It may, however, be with decency asserted, that it is calculated to afford a great degree of entertainment to those who would be acquainted from what slight beginnings the
English

English theatre arose to its present state of improvement. It will shew the progress of genius in the course of more than a century; and it will exhibit a specimen of almost every author who contributed to support the stage during that period. The vices and follies, the manners, customs, fashions, caprices, and pursuits, of our ancestors, will here pass in review before us; and in so lively a manner, that he who would draw a comparison between the modes of living of the present and former times may be furnished with materials to make his judgment from. If he should chance to find any thing offensive to delicacy, he will recollect the times in which these Plays appeared are not to be commended for the observation of a strict decorum. There are many proofs, that the courts of Elizabeth, and her two successors, were extremely licentious in conversation; and it would be vain to expect a greater degree of chastity at the public theatres, than was to be found where Royalty resided, especially when it is known that each sovereign was in this particular highly censurable.

The first Edition of the present Volumes was one of the many excellent plans produced by the late Mr. Robert Doddsley, a man to whom
literature

literature is under so many obligations; that it would be unpardonable to neglect this opportunity of informing those who may have received any pleasure from the work, that they owe it to a person whose merit and abilities raised him from an obscure situation in life to affluence and independence. Modest, sensible, and humane, he retained the virtues which first brought him into notice, after he had obtained wealth sufficient to satisfy every wish which could arise from the possession of it. He was a generous friend, an encourager of men of genius; and acquired the esteem and respect of all who were acquainted with him. It was his happiness to pass the greater part of his life with those whose names will be revered by posterity; by most of whom he was loved as much for the virtues of his heart, as he was admired on account of his excellent writings. After a life spent in the exercise of every social duty, he fell a martyr to the gout, at the house of a friend³, in the year 1764, when he had nearly arrived at the age of 61 years.

From this digression, if it may be called one, let us return to what introduced it, the former edition of this collection. It hath been custo-

³ Mr. Spence, at Durham.

mary with those who have given new editions of works which have exercised the abilities of other persons, to be very diffuse in pointing out the defects of their predecessors, and to dwell with great satisfaction on mistakes, which the most careful editors cannot avoid falling into. This practice is the more to be condemned, as every person, who has had any concern in undertakings of this kind, must be convinced of the fallibility of all claims to unerring perfection. When Mr. Doddsley undertook the present publication, the duties of an editor of English works were not so well understood as they have been since. The collation of copies had not at that time been practised in any case that the editor is informed of (for it is certain neither Theobald, nor any other editor of Shakspeare, nor either of the gentlemen who had published Chaucer or Spenser, had any claim to praise on this account), and a knowledge of the writings of contemporary authors was still less deemed necessary. In consequence of these false ideas of the requisites which an editor ought to possess, there are some imperfections in the former edition, which would have been avoided had the same person lived to superintend a republication of his work. One of these faults arose from his reliance on the first
copy

copy of a play, sometimes the most erroneous one, which chance put into his hand; but the most material was from his want of acquaintance with the literature of the last century. This latter circumstance occasioned many words and phrases which were obscure, or not understood, to be changed for others more familiar and intelligible. As fidelity in publishing any author is an indispensable quality in an editor, the liberty which Mr. Doddsley ventured upon is certainly not to be defended or excused. His several innovations have therefore been silently removed, without burthening the page with an unnecessary note, except where the words restored required an explanation. The different copies, by which the present edition has been collated, are set down at the end of each play.

In printing the text, the Editor hath been careful not to fall into the error of his predecessor, and therefore hath scarcely ever indulged himself in alterations from conjecture. The many experiments of this kind, which were made by the first editors of Shakspeare and other writers, and the futility of them all, as hath appeared from the enquiries of later commentators, have sufficiently convinced him, that
such

such a mode of getting rid of the difficulties which occur in ancient writers is more calculated to shew the boldness of the critic, than to give credit to his knowledge, either of the authors, or the habits, fashions, humours, or customs, of former times. He hath, therefore, in not more than two or three instances, departed from the text, and never without noting the variation, that no one who may chuse the rejected words, or is able to explain them to his satisfaction, may be obliged to quit the old copies, if they shall be deemed intitled to a preference.

In commenting on the several plays, the Editor hath generally had recourse to contemporary writers, for the explanation of words or phrases which are peculiar to the times; and the same practice hath been observed in elucidating the particular customs which are referred to in the several volumes. In the course of these remarks, the reader will see how much the present collection hath been indebted to the late edition of Shakspeare. As it cannot be expected that many will become purchasers of these volumes who are not possessed of that work, it hath generally been referred to in the course of the several notes. It would be some
satisfaction

satisfaction to the Editor, if he could say, that all the obscurities which are to be found were completely explained; and he is sorry to acknowledge, that several remain unattempted. They are, however, not very numerous, and will, he thinks, be entitled to the pardon of every candid reader. To throw light on every difficult passage in such a work as the present, requires more reading than can be expected from any one person.

It was very soon after this collection went to the press, that the Editor became convinced, how imperfectly the task which he had entered upon would be performed, if he was to depend entirely on his own endeavours; and, very fortunately, that aid which he wished for was offered him, in the politest manner, by a gentleman to whom he is under many great obligations, besides his communications to this work. When it is known, that to him the publick are indebted for all the notes signed with the letter S, the reader will regret that there are not a greater proportion of the whole number under that signature. From another gentleman, whose knowledge in antiquarian subjects the world hath been long acquainted with, the notes marked S. P. were received; and those

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which have the letter N annexed to them, are such observations as occurred to the printer of the first six volumes in reading the proof sheets. To all these gentlemen the editor esteems himself much indebted for their kindness and attention. From them arises the principal assistance he hath to boast of. A very few notes marked with different letters he was favoured with by other friends, to whom he begs here to make his acknowledgments. And he hath many reasons to flatter himself, that the commentary would have been much enlarged from other quarters, if a diffidence of his abilities for the undertaking had not deterred him from solicitation.

There are two alterations in the present edition from the former, which he believes will need no apology. These are, the arrangement of the plays, now changed according to the chronological order in which they were published, and the removal of some, which were formerly printed, for others which seem to have a fairer claim to being preserved. Some of these rejected pieces have been lately published in a complete edition of one author; and the others are such as have been thrown out by the advice of a gentleman, whose senti-

ments concerning them must be confirmed by every one who will afford them a perusal⁴.

Besides the notes already mentioned, the principal additions are a fuller account of the several authors than Mr. Doddsley plan al-

⁴ The following is a List of the rejected Plays :

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|--|-----------------|
| 1. Mustapha, by Lord Brooke, | |
| 2. The Shepherd's Holiday, by Joseph Rutter. | |
| 3. The City Madam, | |
| 4. A new Way to pay old Debts, | } by Massinger. |
| 5. The Guardian, | |
| 6. The Unnatural Combat, | |
| 7. The Picture, | |
| 8. The Lost Lady, by Sir William Barclay. | |
| 9. The Marriage Night, by Lord Falkland. | |
| 10. Love will find out the Way, by T. B. | |

This is no more than Shirley's *Constant Maid*.

11. All Mistaken ; or, The Mad Couple, by James Howard.
 12. The Revenge ; or, A Match in Newgate.

This is Marston's Dutch Courtezan, altered by Betterton.

Instead of which are inserted,

1. The First Part of Jeronimo.
2. The Second Part of the Honest Whore, by Tho. Dekkas.
3. All Fools, by George Chapman.
4. The Miseries of Inforced Marriage, by Geo. Wilkins.
5. Ram Alley, by Lodowick Barry.
6. The Roaring Girl, by Middleton and Dekker.
7. The Four Prentises of London, by Thomas Heywood.
8. The Jew of Malta, by Christopher Marlow.
9. The Wits, by Sir William Davenant.
10. Chichevache and Bycorne.

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lowed him to give. The History of the Stage is also continued from the time of the Restoration to the year 1776; but, in this part of the undertaking, a want of materials hath so often occurred, that the editor is convinced of the imperfect manner in which it is executed, without being able to make any improvement in it. He is surprized to find so little has been written on a subject from which so much of the amusement of life is derived; and, if the slight sketch now given should tempt any person who has more industry and better opportunities of acquiring information to complete what is here left undone, the editor will not think his time entirely mis-spent.

How far the present edition of Mr. Doddsley's work is calculated to answer what the publick have a right to demand, the editor is afraid to reflect on. It was begun at first merely for amusement; and hath been carried on through much ill health, and with many real doubts of his ability to finish it in such a manner as to merit applause. He hath not been seduced by vanity so far as not to perceive the many defects which will be found in his part of these volumes. He is truly sensible of them; but can at the same time declare, they have not

been caused by any relaxation of his endeavours to render the performance as perfect as he was able. Whatever is the determination concerning it (though the subject is what he acknowledges himself to feel some anxiety about), he professes himself not to have the slightest inclination to dispute the propriety of any censure which may be passed on his labours, either in part, or in the whole. Perfectly satisfied with the pleasure he has received in the course of this work, he hath no expectation or wish for fame, on account of his concern in it. The employment hath been a very agreeable one to him. It hath soothed many an hour when depressed by sickness and pain; and hath contributed, in some measure, to the happiness of his life, by the opportunity which he hath by means of it enjoyed of becoming known to several gentlemen, whose friendship and acquaintance he esteems highly honourable to him. To those who may be dissatisfied with the manner in which this work is conducted, he can only say, that the undertaking appeared to him much easier before he engaged in it, than he found afterwards in its progress through the press. He might safely rely on the candour of those who have experienced the trouble and difficulty

difficulty attending such performances as the present; and to those who have not, could wish to address himself in the words of one who had, says the gentleman who quotes him, long laboured in the province of editorial drudgery; and who thus appeals to the judgement and benevolence of the reader: "If thou
" ever wert an editor of such books, thou wilt
" have some compassion on my failings, being
" sensible of the toil of such sort of creatures;
" and, if thou art not yet an editor, I beg truce
" of thee till thou art one before thou censurest
" my endeavours."

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P R E F A C E^s

TO THE

F I R S T E D I T I O N.

WHEN I first conceived the design of collecting together the best and scarcest of our old Plays, I had no intention to do more than search out the several authors, select what was good from each, and give as correct an edition of them as I could. This I thought would at once serve as a specimen of the different merits of the writers, and shew the humours and manners of the times in which they lived. But as the publick has been so kind to favour me with much greater encouragement than I expected, I thought it my duty to omit nothing that might conduce either to the greater perfection of the work, or their better enter-

^s The Notes to this Preface signed D, are those originally added to it by Mr. Doddsley; the remainder by the present Editor.

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tainment. It was this consideration which led me to think of prefixing to each Play, where any materials were to be had, a brief account of the life and writings of its author; and also, by way of Preface, a short historical essay on the rise and progress of the English stage, from its earliest beginnings, to the death of king Charles the First, when play-houses were suppressed. But in the prosecution of both these designs I have been so crossed with a want of materials, that I am afraid what I intended should merit thanks, must barely hope for pardon.

Before I proceed to my principal design, it may not be unentertaining to the reader just to take a view of the great similarity that appears in the rise and progress of the modern stage in all the principal countries of Europe.

ITALIAN THEATRE.

The Italian is perhaps the earliest of the modern theatres; nay, they pretend it was never intirely silent from the imperial times. But though there might be some insipid buffooneries performed by idle people strolling about from town to town, and acting in open and public places to the mob they gathered round them; yet they had no poetry till the time of the

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MR. DODSLEY'S PREFACE. xix

*Provençals*⁶, nor any thing like a theatre, till they began to exhibit the *Mysteries of Religion*. And these, as is affirmed by Octavio Pancirolli, in his *Tesoro Nascasto di Roma*, begun but with the establishment of the fraternity del Gonfalone in the year 1264; from the statutes of which company he quotes the following paragraph: 'The principal design of our fraternity, being to represent the passion of Jesus Christ; we ordain, that when the mysteries of the said passion are represented, our antient orders be ever observed; together with what

⁶ Bouche, in his History of Provence, says, the *Provençal* poets began to be esteemed throughout Europe in the twelfth century, and were at the height of their credit about the middle of the fourteenth. Their poetry consisted of Pastorals, Songs, Sonnets, *Syrventes* and *Tençons*, i. e. Satires and Love-disputes. And in the list of their poets are found per of the first dignity: in particular the emperor Frederick the first, and our king Richard, surnamed Cœur de Lion. This poetry received its fatal stroke in the death of Joan the First, queen of Naples, and countess of Provence; for neither Lewis the First, her adopted son, nor Lewis the Second, his successor, shewed any regard to it. *Le fin de cette Poësie fut le Commencement de celle des Italiens*; for all there before Danté were rather rhimers than poets: he and Petrarch were *les deux vraies Fontaines de la Poësie Italienne*; mais Fontaines, qui prirent leurs sources dans la *Poësie Provençale*.

PASQUIER RECH. 605.

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‘ shall be prescribed by the general congregation.’ But Cresembini, in his History of Poetry, says, the first piece of this nature was written by Francis Beliani on the story of Abraham and Isaac; and acted at Florence, in the church of St. Mary Magdalen, about 1449; and that about the same time, or soon after, the History of Christ’s Passion was first represented in the Colliseum at Rome. These two accounts I leave to be adjusted by the critics.

SPANISH THEATRE.

The Spanish Theatre boasts great antiquity; but it is difficult to fix its precise æra. Their first theatrical pieces were small farces of one Act, called *Entermises*, or *Jordanas*, which they performed in Thorough-fares, or the most public places of the towns. The action of the piece turned upon some subject of ridiculous and low life; which being heightened with strokes of wit and satire, and performed with antic gestures, made an entertainment not much unlike the *Latin Mimes*. To these succeeded what they called the *Autos Sacramentales*; being indeed mysteries, but more artificial than those of the rest of Europe, which were simple representations, while these were always allegorical.

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rical. There are prodigious numbers of them in Spain, but those of Calderon are reckoned the best.

FRENCH THEATRE.

The French pretend to draw the original of their drama from the *Provençal* poets in the thirteenth century. I suppose because one Nouez, who died in the year 1220, is mentioned by Nostradamus as a good actor. This man, by going about to the houses of the nobility, singing, dancing, and making faces, gained not only a good livelihood, but much applause. He had, they tell us, the art of speaking either in a man's or woman's key, and by changing his accent, gesture, and countenance at pleasure, could himself personate two actors. These kinds of extempore farces, or dialogues, continued till they were displaced by the exhibition of the mysteries. The first, of which we have any account, was the mystery of the Passion, represented at St. Maur's in 1398. But the French Theatre, though it got as early rid of these barbarities as any other, yet continued long very rude and imperfect, and destitute of all good comedy till the time of Corneille and Moliere; the former born in 1606⁷, the latter in 1621⁸.

⁷ He died 1684.

⁸ He died 1673.

DUTCH

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DUTCH THEATRE.

The Dutch Theatre had its original from what they call in that country *Reden Ryckkers Kameran*, that is, companies or societies of rhetoricians and poets, not unlike the academies in Italy. The members of these societies were the wits of the place, who, when any one was married, buried, preferred to an office, &c. were applied to for epithalamiums, elegies, or panegyric. They also composed theatrical pieces, which they acted in the society-room; from whence these old pieces are called Society Plays, as those of Italy were called Academy Plays. Sometimes the *Reden Ryckkers*, or Poets of one Village, went to perform their pieces at fair-times in another; which, in its turn, gave the first its Revenge. Sometimes again, the Poets of one Village disputed the prize of wit with the poets of another, in extempore pieces. These kinds of entertainments, if they can be properly called theatrical, are said to be as old as the Provinces themselves: but the most eminent piece of their more reformed théâtre is, *De Speigel der Minne*, the Mirror of Love; written by Colin Van Rysele, and printed at Haerlen in 1561. The Dutch, like all other theatres in their state of ignorance, had a great
passion

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passion for the marvellous. In one of their old tragedies a princess has her lover's head before her on a plate: to this she sits down and addresses herself, and receives as pertinent answers as if it had been still upon his shoulders. But the Dutch Theatre is now more refined; and these extravagances are seldom represented but on some state-holiday, to please the common people.

GERMAN THEATRE.

The Germans deduce the first rise of their theatre from the antient bards, who used to sing the elogies of their heroes; and I believe with just as much truth as the French do theirs from the *Provençals*. To these bards, they tell us, succeeded their *Master Sanger*, that is, Master Singers; who formed themselves into societies in all the principal cities of Germany. One of these merry societies is actually subsisting at Strasburg to this day, composed of shoemakers, taylors, weavers, millers, &c. who enjoy certain privileges, which they pretend were granted them by Orho the Great and Maximilian the First: but neither did these attempt any thing dramatic till after the fifteenth century. About the middle of the sixteenth, a shoe-maker at Nuremburgh, named Haanßacks, composed
many

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many dramatic pieces, both sacred and profane. Amongst the first are *Adam* and *Eve*, *Jacob* and *Esau*, *Esther*, *Tobias*, *Job*, *Judith*, the *Prodigal Son*, and others; among the latter are, *Jocasta*, *Charon*, *Griselda*, the *Judgment of Paris*, and many others. And this shoe-maker is now in as much honour amongst them for his *Mysteries* in Poetry, as Jacob Behman, another of the same craft, for his *Mysteries* in Divinity: But all these were very rude imperfect pieces; nor did the German Theatre arrive to any tolerable perfection till after the year 1626, when a company of Dutch players went to Hambourg, and, by exhibiting some pieces of a more perfect kind, led them to a better taste. It is not forty years since the Mystery of the Passion was exhibited at Vienna: It consisted of five Acts, and represented in order the Terrestrial Paradise; the Creation of Adam and Eve, their Fall; the Death of Abel; Moses in the Desert; the Travels of Joseph, Mary, and the Child Jesus, into Egypt. Jesus was represented by a full-grown lad; but to shew that he was a child, they fed him on the stage with spoon-meat. Then you saw him disputing with the Doctors in the Temple, his Prayer in the Garden, his Seizing, his Passion, his Death on the Cross, and his Burial, which

2 closed

closed the representation. Thus all the modern theatres in Europe began with Singing, Dancing, and *extempore* Dialogues or Farces; from thence they proceeded to the Mysteries of Religion; and till the sixteenth century none of them attempted to exhibit either Tragedy or Comedy.

ENGLISH THEATRE.

I come now more particularly to consider the rise and progress of the English stage, which was the principal design of this *Preface*. It is generally, I believe, imagined, that the English stage rose later than the rest of its neighbours. Those in this opinion will, perhaps, wonder to be told of theatrical entertainments almost as early as the Conquest; and yet nothing is more certain, if you will believe an honest monk, one William Stephanides, or Fitz-Stephen, in his *Descriptio Nobilissimæ Civitatis Londoniæ*, who writes thus: “^o London, instead of common “interludes belonging to the theatre, hath

^o Londoniæ pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenicis, ludos habet sanctiores, representationes miraculorum, quæ sancti confessores operati sunt, seu representationes passionum, quibus claruit constantia martyrum. The whole piece is preserved in Stow, and is very curious. D.

This curious ancient description of London was republished with Notes in 4to. 1772.

“ plays

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“ plays of a more holy subject; representations
“ of those miracles which the holy confessors
“ wrought, or of the sufferings wherein the
“ glorious constancy of the martyrs did ap-
“ pear.” This author was a monk of Canter-
bury, who wrote in the reign of Henry II. and
died in that of Richard I. 1191: and as he
does not mention these representations as novel-
ties to the people (for he is describing all the
common diversions in use at that time), we can
hardly fix them lower than the Conquest. And
this, I believe, is an earlier date than any other
nation of Europe can produce for their theatrical
representations. About 140 years after this, in
the reign of Edward III. it was ordained by
Act of Parliament, that a company of men
called *Vagrants*, who had made masquerades
through the whole city, should be whipt out of
London, because they represented scandalous
things in the little alehouses, and other places
where the populace assembled. What the na-
ture of these scandalous things were, we are not
told; whether lewd and obscene, or impious
and profane: but I should rather think the
former, for the word *Masquerades* has an ill
sound, and, I believe, they were no better in
their infancy than at present. 'Tis true, the
Mysteries of Religion were soon after this period

made very free with all over Europe, being represented in so stupid and ridiculous a manner, that the stories of the New Testament in particular were thought to encourage Libertinism and Infidelity. In all probability therefore the actors last mentioned were of that species called *Mummers*¹⁰; these were wont to stroll about the country dressed in an antick manner, dancing, mimicking, and shewing postures. This custom is still continued in many parts of England; but it was formerly so general, and drew the common people so much from their business, that it was deemed a very pernicious custom; and as these *Mummers* always went masked and disguised, they but too frequently encouraged themselves to commit violent outrages, and were guilty of¹¹ many lewd disorders. However, as bad as they were, they seem to be the true original comedians of England; and their excellence altogether consisted, as that of their

¹⁰ A word signifying one who masks and disguises himself to play the fool, without speaking. Hence, perhaps, comes our country word *Mum*; hold your tongue, say nothing. D.

¹¹ These disorders afterwards so much encreased, that in the third year of Henry VIII. an Act was made against *Mummers*, in which the penalty for selling visors, or keeping them in any house, was 20 shillings each visor. Vide Statutes. D.

successors does in part still, in mimickry and humour.

In an Act of Parliament made the 4th year of Henry IV. mention is made of certain *Wastors*, *Master-Rimours*, *Minstrels*, and other vagabonds, who infested the land of Wales; *And it is enacted, that no Master-Rimour, Minstrel, or other vagabond, be in any wise sustained in the land of Wales, to make Commoiths or Gatherings upon the people there.* What these *Master-Rimours* were, which were so troublesome in Wales in particular, I cannot tell; possibly they might be the degenerate descendants of the antient bards. It is also difficult to determine what is meant by their making *Commoiths*. The word signifies, in Welch, any district, or part of a hundred or cantred, containing about one half of it; that is, 50 villages; and might possibly be made use of by these *Master-Rimours* when they had fixed upon a place to act in, and gave intimation thereof for ten or twelve miles round, which is a circuit that I believe will take in about 50 villages. And that this was commonly done, appears from Carew's Survey of Cornwall, which was wrote in queen Elizabeth's time. Speaking of the diversions of the people, "The *Guary-Miracle* (says he), in Eng-

lish a Miracle-Play, is a kind of interlude
 compiled in Cornish, out of some Scripture-
 History. For representing it they raise an
 amphitheatre in some open field, having the
 diameter of his inclosed plain, some 40 or
 50 foot. The country people flock from
 all sides many miles off, to see and hear it;
 for they have therein devils and devices to
 delight as well the eye as the ear." Mr.
 Carew has not been so exact as to give us the
 time when these *Guary-Miracles* were exhibited
 in Cornwall; but, by the manner of it, the
 custom seems to be very antient.

The year 1378 is the earliest date I can find,
 in which express mention is made of the repre-
 sentation of mysteries in England. In this year
 the scholars of Paul's school presented a petition
 to Richard II. praying his Majesty "to pro-
 hibit some unexpert people from presenting
 the History of the Old Testament, to the
 great prejudice of the said clergy, who have
 been at great expence in order to represent
 it publickly at Christmas." About twelve
 years afterwards, viz. in 1390, the Parish-clerks
 of London are said to have played interludes at
 Skinners Well, July 18, 19, and 20th. And
 again, in 1409, the tenth year of Henry IV.

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they acted at Clerkenwell (which took its name from this custom of the Parish-clerks acting plays there) for eight days successively, a play concerning the Creation of the World, at which were present most of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. These instances are sufficient to prove that we had the mysteries here very early, though perhaps not so soon as some of our neighbours. How long they continued to be exhibited amongst us, cannot be exactly determined. This period one might call the dead sleep of the Muses. And when this was over, they did not presently awake, but, in a kind of morning dream, produced the *Moralities* that followed. However, these jumbled ideas had some shadow of meaning. The mysteries only represented, in a senseless manner, some miraculous History from the Old or New Testament: but in these *Moralities* something of design appeared, a fable and a moral; something also of poetry, the virtues, vices, and other affections of the mind being frequently personified ¹².

¹² In an old Morality, entitled, *All for Money*, the Persons of the Drama are:

Theology.

Science.

Art.

Money.

Adulation.

Mischievous Help.

Pleasure.

Prest for Pleasure.

But

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But the Moralities were also very often concerned wholly in religious matters. For religion then was every one's concern, and it was no wonder if each party employed all arts to promote it. Had they been in use now, they would doubtless have turned as much upon politics. Thus, the *New Custom*, which I have chosen as a specimen of this kind of writing, was certainly intended to promote the Reformation, when it was revived in the reign of queen Elizabeth. And in the more early days of the Reformation, it was so common for the partizans of the old doctrines (and perhaps also of the new) to defend and illustrate their tenets this way, that in the 24th year of Henry VIII. in an Act of

Sin.

Swift to Sin.

Damnation.

Satan.

Pride.

Gluttony.

Learning with Money.

Learning without Money.

Money without Learning.

All for Money.

Neither Money nor Learning.

Moneyless and Friendless.

Gregory Graceless.

Moneyless.

William with the two Wives.

Nychol.

S. Laurence.

Mother Crooke.

Judas.

Dives.

Godly Admonition.

Virtue.

Humility.

Charity. D.

This Play was written by Thomas Lupton, and printed in 4to. B. L. 1578.

Parliament made for the promoting true Religion, I find a clause restraining all rimors or players from singing in songs, or playing in interludes, any thing that should contradict the established doctrines. It was also customary at this time to act these moral and religious dramas in private houses, for edification and improvement, as well as the diversion, of well-disposed families: and for this purpose the appearance of the ¹³ Persons of the Drama was so disposed, as that five or six actors might represent twenty personages.

What has been said of the Mysteries and Moralities, it is hoped, will be sufficient just to shew the reader what the nature of them was. I should have been glad to be more particular; but where materials are not to be had, the building must be deficient. And, to say the truth, a more particular knowledge of these things, any farther than as it serves to shew the turn and genius of our ancestors, and the progressive refinement of our language, was so little worth preserving, that the loss of it is scarce to be regretted. I proceed therefore with my subject, The Muse might now be said to be just awake when she began to trifle in the old interludes,

¹³ Vide *New Custom*, vol. I.

and aimed at something like wit and humour. And for these ¹⁴ John Heywood the epigrammatist undoubtedly claims the earliest, if not the foremost place. He was jester to king Henry VIII. but lived till the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign. *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which is generally called our first comedy, and not undeservedly, appeared soon after the interludes: it is indeed altogether of a comic cast, and wants not humour, though of a low and fordid kind. And now dramatic writers, properly so called, began to appear, and turn their talents to the stage. Henry Parker, son of Sir William Parker, is said to have wrote several tragedies and comedies in the reign of Henry VIII. and one John Hoker, in 1535, wrote a comedy called *Piscator*, or the *Fisher caught*. Mr. Richard Edwards, who was born in 1523, and in the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign was made one of the gentlemen of her majesty's chapel, and master of the children there, being both an excellent musician

¹⁴ What the nature and merits of his interludes were, may be guessed by the specimen I have preserved of them in this collection. *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, *The Disobedient Child*, and some others of the same cast, were wrote something later, but not at all better than Heywood. D.

and a good poet, wrote two comedies, called one *Palæmon* and *Arcite*, in which a cry of hounds in hunting was so well imitated, that the queen and the audience were extremely delighted: the other called *Damon and Pithias*, *the two faithfullest Friends in the World*. This last last I have inserted. After him came Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and Thomas Norton¹⁵, the writers of *Gorboduc*, the first dramatic piece of any consideration in the English language. Of these and some others, hear the Judgement of Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, wrote in the reign of queen Elizabeth; “ I think, says he, that for tragedy the Lord of “ Buckhurst, and Maister Edward Ferrys, for “ such doings as I have seen of theirs, do de- “ serve the highest price: the Earl of Oxford, “ and Maister Edwards of her majesty’s chapel, “ for comedy and interlude.” And in another place he says,—“ But the principal man in this “ profession (of poetry) at the same time, (viz. “ Edward VI.) was Maister Edward Ferrys, a “ man of no less mirth and felicity than John “ Heywood, but of much more skill and magni- “ ficence in his Metre, and therefore wrote for

¹⁵ *Ferrex* and *Porrex*, here called *Gorboduc*, was probably written earlier than *Damon and Pithias*.

“ the

“the most part to the stage in tragedy, and
 “sometimes in comedy or interlude; wherein
 “he gave the king so much good recreation, as
 “he had thereby many good rewards.” Of
 this Edward Ferrys, so considerable a writer, I
 can find no remains, nor even the titles of any
 thing he wrote. After these followed John
 Lillie, famous in his time for wit, and for hav-
 ing greatly improved the English language, in a
 romance which he wrote, entitled, *Euphues and
 his England*¹⁶, or *The Anatomy of Wit*; of which
 it is said by the¹⁷ publisher of his Plays,
 “Our nation are in his debt for a new English
 “which he taught them, *Euphues and his Eng-
 “land* began first that language. All our ladies
 “were then his scholars, and that beauty in
 “court who could not *parle Euphuism*, was as
 “little regarded, as she which now there speaks
 “not French.” This extraordinary romance,
 so famous for its wit, so fashionable in the court
 of queen Elizabeth, and which is said to have
 introduced so remarkable a change in our lan-

¹⁶ Lyly published “*Euphues, The Anatomy of Wit*,
 “4to. 1581;” and “*Euphues and his England*, 4to. 1582.”
 They are two distinct works.

¹⁷ Mr. Blount, who published six of his Plays in the year
 1632. D.

guage,

guage, I have seen and read¹⁸. It is an unnatural affected jargon, in which the perpetual use of metaphors, allusions, allegories, and analogies, is to pass for wit; and stiff bombast for language. And with this nonsense the court of queen Elizabeth (whose times afforded better models for stile and composition, than almost

¹⁸ A few sentences from it, will give a taste of the manner of its composition.

"There must in every triangle be three lines; the first
"beginneth, the second augmenteth, the third concludeth it
"a figure: so in love three virtues; affection, which draw-
"eth the heart; secrecy, which encreaseth the hope; con-
"stancy, which finisheth the work: without any of these
"rules there can be no triangle; without any of these vir-
"tues, no love."

Again. "Fire cannot be hidden in the flax without smoke,
"nor musk in the bosom without smell, nor love in the
"breast without suspicion."

Once more. "She is the flower of courtesy, the picture
"of comeliness; one that shameth Venus, being somewhat
"fairer, and much more virtuous; and slaineth Diana,
"being as chaste, but much more amiable: but the more
"beauty she hath, the more pride; and the more virtue,
"the more preciseness. The peacock is a bird for none but
"Juno; the dove for none but Vesta: none must wear
"Venus in a table but Alexander; none Pallas in a ring
"but Ulysses: for as there is but one phoenix in the world,
"so there is but one tree in Arabia where she buildeth;
"and as there is but one Camilla to be heard of, so there is
"but one Cæsar that she will like of." His Plays are of the
same strain, as may be seen by that I have preserved. D.

any

any since) became miserably infected, and greatly helped to let in all the vile pedantry of language in the following reign. So much mischief the most ridiculous instrument may do, when he proposes to improve upon the simplicity of nature.

Though tragedy and comedy began now to lift up their heads, yet they could do no more for some time than bluster and quibble; and how imperfect they were in all dramatic art, appears from an excellent criticism of Sir Philip Sidney¹⁹, on the writers of that time.

Yet

¹⁹ Our tragedies and comedies, says he, observe rules neither of honest civility, nor skilful poetry. Here you shall have Asia of the one side, and Africk of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player when he comes in must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave: while in the mean time two armies flie in, represented with four swords and bucklers; and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field? Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinary it is that two young princes fall in love, after many traverses she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another

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Yet they seem to have had a disposition to do better had they known how, as appears by the several efforts they used to lick the lump into a shape: for some of their pieces they adorned with dumb shews, some with choruses, and some they introduced and explained by an interlocutor. Yet imperfect as they were, we had made a far better progress at this time than our neighbours, the French: the Italians indeed, by early translations of the old dramatic writers, had arrived to greater perfection; but we were at least upon a footing with the other nations of Europe.

But now, as it were, all at once (as it happened in France, though in a much later period) the true drama received birth and perfection from the creative genius of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Jonson, whose several characters are so well known, that it would be superfluous to say any more of them.

Having thus traced the dramatic Muse through all her characters and transformations, till she had acquired a reasonable figure, let us now return and take a more particular view

other child; and all this in two hours space: which how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine. *Defence of Poesy.* D.

of

of the stage and the actors. The first company of players we have any account of in history, are the children of Paul's ²⁰ in 1578, mentioned before in page xxxix. About twelve years afterwards the parish clerks of London are said to have acted the Mysteries at Skinner's Well. Which of these two companies have been the earliest, is not certain; but as the children of Paul's are first mentioned, we must in justice give the priority to them. It is certain, the Mysteries and Moralities were acted by these two societies many years before any other regular companies appeared. And the children of Paul's continued to act long after tragedies and comedies came in vogue, even till the year 1618, when a comedy called *Jack Drums Entertainment* ²¹ was acted by them. I believe the next company regularly established was, the children of The Royal Chapel, in the

²⁰ This is not quite accurate. Mr. Steevens has shewn from the unpublished collections of Rymer, now in the British Museum, that a patent was granted four years earlier; viz. in 1574, to James Burbage, John Perkyn, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wilson, servants to the earl of Leicester, to act comedies, tragedies, enterludes, and stage plays, during pleasure. *Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens's* edition of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. I. p. 193.

²¹ This is a mistake; there is an edition of this play printed in 4to, 1601, from which that of 1618 was taken.

beginning

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beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, the direction of which was given to Mr. Richard Edwards beforementioned : and some few years afterwards, as the subjects of the stage became more gay and ludicrous, a company was formed under the donomination of *The Children of the Revels*. The Children of the chapel and of the Revels became very famous, and all Lillie's Plays, and many of ²² Shakspeare's, Jonson's, and others, were first acted by them. Nay, so great was their vogue and estimation, that the common players, as may be gathered from a scene in *Hamlet*, grew jealous of them. However, they served as an excellent nursery for the theatres, many who afterwards became approved actors being educated among them.

It is surprizing to consider what a number of playhouses were supported in London about this time, From the year 1570 to the year 1629, when the playhouse in White Friars was finished, no less than 17 playhouses had been built. The names of most of them I have collected from the Title-pages of Plays ²³. And as the theatres

²² I do not find any play of Shakspeare acted by the Children of the Revels.

²³ *St. Paul's Singing-school, The Globe on the Bankside Southwark, The Swan and The Hope there, The Fortune between Whitecross-*

theatres were so numerous, the companies of players were in proportion. Besides the Children of the Chapel, and of the Revels, we are told that queen Elizabeth, at the request of Sir Francis Walsingham, established in handsome salaries twelve of the principal players of that time, who went under the name of her Majesty's Comedians and Servants. But exclusive of these,

Whitecross-street and Golding Lane, which Maitland tells us was the first playhouse erected in London, *The Red Bull in St. John's-street*, *The Cross Keys in Grace-Church-street*, *The Tuns*, *The Theater*, *The Curtain*, *The Nursery in Barbican*, one in *Black Friars*, one in *White Friars*, one in *Salisbury-Court*, and the *Cockpit* and the *Phoenix in Drury-Lane*. D.

In the above enumeration, I suspect there are two playhouses which are mentioned twice. Those in *White Friars* and *Salisbury-Court* seem to be one and the same, as those called *The Cockpit* and *The Phoenix* certainly are. See *Historia Histrionica*, vol. XII. p. 341. *The Curtain* was in Shore-ditch, a part of which district still retains the name of *The Curtain*. The original sign hung out at this theatre was the painting of a curtain striped. (See first volume of Shakespeare, edit. 1778. vol. I. p. 267. and Sir John Hawkins's *History of Musick*, vol. IV. p. 67.) That called *The Theatre*, I imagine, was *Black Friars*. We learn, likewise, from Prynne's *Histrionastrix*, that, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, there were two other playhouses, the one called *The Bell-Savage* (situated very probably on Ludgate-Hill), the other in *Bishopsgate-street*; though this latter might be *The Curtain*. Taylor, the water poet, in *The true Cause of*
the

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these, many²⁴ noblemen retained companies of players, who acted not only privately in their lords houses, but publicly under their licence

the Watermen's Suit concerning Players, 1613, mentions another theatre, called *The Rose*.

²⁴ Thus Shakspeare's *Titus Andronicus* was acted by the earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex's servants; his *Romeo and Juliet* in 1596, which some say was his first play, by Lord Hunston's servants; and his *Merry Wives of Windsor* in 1602, by the Lord Chamberlain's [the earl of Oxford's] servants. The earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral, had a company in 1594, and in 1599 *The Pinner of Wakefield* was acted by the earl of Suffex's servants. In short, plays were acted by the Lawyers in the Inns of Court, by the Students of several Halls and Colleges in the Universities, and even by London Prentices; so that now the saying was almost literally true, *Totus Mundus agit Histrionem*. D.

To the noblemen abovementioned, who had companies of players under their protection, may be added the names of *The Earl of Worcester* and *Lord Strange*; the plays of *How to chuse a good Wife from a bad*, 4to, 1602, being acted by the servants of the former; and *Fair Em, the Miller's Daughter of Manchester*, 4to, 1631, by those of the latter. The privilege which the nobility claimed of protecting players, seems to have been acknowledged so late as in the present century. Mrs. Centlivre's play of *Love at a Venture*, was printed in 4to, 1706, as it was acted by the duke of Grafton's servants, at the new theatre in Bath; and *Injured Virtue, or the Virgin Martyr*, by Benjamin Griffin, was in like manner printed in 12mo, 1715, as acted at the playhouse in Richmond by the duke of Southampton and Cleaveland's servants.

and protection. Agreeable to this is the account which Stow gives us—"Players in former times, says he, were retainers to noblemen, and none had the privilege to act plays but such. So in queen Elizabeth's time, many of the nobility had servants and retainers who were players, and went about getting their livelihood that way. The Lord Admiral had players, so had Lord Strange, that played in the city of London. And it was usual, on any gentleman's complaint of them for indecent reflections in their plays, to have them put down. Thus once the lord treasurer signified to the lord mayor to have these players of Lord Admiral and Lord Strange prohibited, at least for some time, because one Mr. Tilney had for some reasons disliked them. Whereupon the mayor sent for both companies, and gave them strict charge to forbear playing till farther orders. The Lord Admiral's players obeyed; but the Lord Strange's in a contemptuous manner went to the *Cross-Keys*, and played that afternoon. Upon which the mayor committed two of them to the Compter, and prohibited all playing for the future, till the treasurer's pleasure was farther known. This was in

" 1589." And in another part of his Survey
 of London, speaking of the stage, he says,
 " This which was once a recreation, and used
 " therefore now and then occasionally, after-
 " wards by abuse became a trade and calling,
 " and so remains to this day. In those former
 " days, ingenious tradesmen, and gentlemen's
 " servants, would sometimes gather a company
 " of themselves, and learn interludes, to expose
 " vice, or to represent the noble actions of our
 " ancestors. These they played at Festivals, in
 " private houses, at weddings, or other enter-
 " tainments. But in process of time it became
 " an occupation ; and these plays being com-
 " monly acted on ²⁵ Sundays and Festivals, the
 " churches were forsaken, and the playhouses
 " thronged. Great Inns were used for this pur-
 " pose, which had secret chambers and places,
 " as well as open stages and galleries. Here
 " maids and good citizens children were in-
 " veigled and allured to private and unmeet
 " contracts ; here were publicly uttered popular
 " and seditious matters, unchaste, uncomely, and
 " unshamefaced speeches, and many other enor-

²⁵ The custom of acting on Sundays possibly took rise
 from the exhibition of the mysteries on that day, which was
 partly considered as an act of religion. D.

" mities.

“ mities. The consideration of these things oc-
“ casioned in 1574, Sir James Hawes being
“ mayor, an act of common council, wherein
“ it was ordained, that no play should be openly
“ acted within the liberty of the city, wherein
“ should be uttered any words, examples, or
“ doings of any unchastity, sedition, or such
“ like unfit and uncomely matter, under the
“ penalty of five pounds, and fourteen days im-
“ prisonment. That no play should be acted
“ till first perused and allowed by the lord
“ mayor and court of aldermen; with many
“ other restrictions. Yet it was provided that
“ this act should not extend to plays showed in
“ private houses, the lodgings of a nobleman,
“ citizen, or gentleman, for the celebration of
“ any marriage, or other festivity, and where no
“ collection of money was made from the au-
“ ditors. But these orders were not so well ob-
“ served as they should be; the lewd matters of
“ plays encreased, and they were thought dan-
“ gerous to religion, the state, honesty of man-
“ ners, and also for infection in the time of
“ sickness. Wherefore they were afterwards
“ for some time totally suppressed. But upon
“ application to the queen and the council they
“ were again tolerated, under the following re-

“ strictions : That no plays be acted on *Sundays*
 “ at all, nor on any other holidays till after
 “ evening-prayer. That no playing be in the
 “ dark, nor continue any such time, but as any
 “ of the auditors may return to their dwellings
 “ in London before sunset, or at least before it
 “ be dark. That the Queen’s players only be
 “ tolerated, and of them their number and cer-
 “ tain names to be notified in the lord trea-
 “ surer’s letters to the lord mayor, and to the
 “ justices of Middlesex and Surrey. And those
 “ her players not to divide themselves in several
 “ companies. And that for breaking any of
 “ these orders, their toleration cease. But all
 “ these prescriptions were not sufficient to keep
 “ them within due bounds, but their plays so
 “ abusive oftentimes of virtue, or particular per-
 “ sons, gave great offence, and occasioned many
 “ disturbances : whence they were now and then
 “ stopped and prohibited.” I hope this long
 quotation from Stow will be excused, as it serves
 not only to prove several facts, but to show the
 customs of the stage at that time, and the early
 depravity of it. But that the plays not only of
 that age, but long before, were sometimes per-
 sonal satires, appears from a manuscript letter
 which I have seen from Sir John Hallies to the
 Lord

Lord Treasurer Burleigh, found amongst some papers belonging to the House of Commons, in which the knight accuses his lordship of having said several dishonourable things of him and his family; particularly that his grandfather, who had then been dead seventy years, was a man so remarkably covetous, that the common players represented him before the court with great applause.

Thus we see the stage no sooner began to talk, than it grew scurrilous: and its first marks of sense were seen in ribaldry and lasciviousness. This occasioned much offence; the zeal of the pulpit, and the gravity of the city, equally concurred to condemn it. Many pamphlets were wrote on both sides. Stephen Gosson²⁶, in the

²⁶ Stephen Gosson was a Kentishman, born 1556, and admitted a scholar of Christ Church 1572. He left the University without compleating his degrees, and came to London, where he became a celebrated poet, and wrote, as he acknowledges, the following Plays, which were acted upon the theatre; viz. *Catalin's Conspiracies*; *The Comedie of Captain Mario*, borrowed from the Italian; and *The Praise at Parting*, A Morality. He afterwards went into the country to instruct a gentleman's sons, and continued there until he shewed his dislike to plays in such a manner, that, his patron growing weary of his company, he left his service, and took orders. He was first parson of Great Wigborow, in Essex, and afterwards of St. Botolph without Bishopsgate, in London. Wood says he was alive in 1615.

year 1579, published a book, intituled, *The School of Abuse, or a pleasant Invektive against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of the Commonwealth*: dedicated to Sir Philip Sydney. He also wrote, *Plays confuted in five Actions*: proving that they are not to be suffered in a Christian commonwealth: dedicated to Sir Francis Walsingham. The defendants in this controversy were Thomas Lodge²⁷, who wrote an old play, called, *A Looking-glass for London and England*; and that voluminous dramatic writer Thomas Heywood.

But to proceed: The stage soon after recovered its credit, and rose to a higher pitch than ever. In 1603, the first year of king James's reign, a licence²⁸ was granted under the privy

²⁷ Thomas Lodge was descended from a family which resided in Linconshire, but in what year he was born is not certainly known. In 1573, he went to the University of Oxford, where he took his degree of M. A. He afterwards travelled; and, having studied physic, was created a doctor in that faculty at Avignon, which was confirmed by the University of Oxford in the latter end of the reign of queen Elizabeth. In 1591, he accompanied the celebrated navigator Cavendish in the last voyage which he made. Settling in London, he practised physic with considerable success, and died at an advanced age of the plague in the month of September, 1625.

²⁸ This licence is printed in the last edition of Shakspeare, vol. I. p. 193.

feal to Shakspeare, Fletcher, Burbage, Hemmings, Condel, and others, authorizing them to act plays not only at their usual house, the *Globe* on the *Bankside*, but in any other part of the kingdom, during his majesty's pleasure. And now, as there lived together at this time many eminent players, it may not be amiss just to set down what we can collect, which will be but very little, of the most considerable of them, with regard to their talents and abilities. And first, "who is of more report, says the author "of the *Return from Parnassus*, than Dick "Burbage" and Will Kempe?" He is not "counted

"Burbage died, says Mr. Steevens, in the year 1629. (Shakspeare, p. 198.) Flecnoe, in *A short Discourse of the English Stage*, printed at the end of *Love's Kingdom*, 1674, speaking of Burbage, says, "he was a delightful Proteus, "so wholly transforming himself into his part, and putting "off himself with his cloathes, as he never (not so much as "in the Tying-house) assumed himself again until the "play was done: there being as much difference betwixt "him and one of our common actors as between a ballad-singer who onely mouths it, and an excellent singer who "knows all his graces, and can artfully vary and modulate "his voice even to know how much breath to give to every "syllable. He had all the parts of an excellent orator (animating his words with speaking and speech with action); "his auditors being never more delighted then when he "spake, nor more sorry then when he held his peace; yet "even then, he was an excellent actor still, never falling in "his

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"counted a gentleman that knows not Dick Bur-
 "bage and Will Kempe : there's not a country
 "wench

"his part when he had done speaking ; but with his looks
 "and gesture, maintaining it still unto the heighth, he
 "imagining *age quod agis* onely spoke to him : so as those
 "who call him a player do him wrong, no man being less
 "idle then he, whose whole life is nothing else but action ;
 "with only this difference from other men's, that what is
 "but a play to them is his business ; so their business is but a
 "play to him."

³⁰ William Kempe was one of the actors who performed
 at the Globe and at Black Fryers. His name appears among
 the original performers in Shakspeare's Plays, and in Ben
 Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, acted 1598. He was
 remarkable for excelling in the morrice dance, a circumstance
 often mentioned by contemporary writers. As in *Jacke
 Drum's Entertainment*, 1616, Sign. A 3 :

"I had rather that *Kemp's Morrice* were their chat,
 "For of foolish actions, may be theyle talke wisely but of
 "Wise intendments, most part talke like fooles."

Taylor's *Laugh and be fat*, p. 73 :

"This gentleman thy travels doth advance
 "Above *Kemp's Norwich anticke Morris dance*:"

I am informed, that among the books, given by Robert
 Burton to the Bodleian library, is a pamphlet, entitled,

"Kemp's nine daies wonder performed in a daunce from
 "London to Norwich. Containing the pleasure, paines,
 "and kind entertainment of William Kemp, between Lon-
 "don and that city in his late Morrice. Wherein is some-
 "what set downe worth note ; to reprove the flanders
 "spred of him : many things merry, nothing hurtfull.
 "Written by himselfe to satisfie his friends." London,
 printed

“wench than can dance *Sellenger's Round*, but
 “can talk of Dick Burbage and Will Kempe.”

Burbage was the Betterton, and Kempe the Nokes of that age. Burbage was the original Richard the Third³¹, and greatly distinguished himself in that character; Kempe was inimita-

printed for Nicholas Ling, 4to, 1600, B. L. It is dedicated to “The true ennobled Lady, and his most bountifull mistress, mistress Anne Fitton, mayde of Honour to the Most Sacred Mayde Royall Queene Elizabeth.” Prefixed to it is a wooden cut of *Kemp* as a morris-dancer, preceded by a fellow with a pipe and drum, whom he (in the book) calls Thomas Slye his taberer. Ben Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 4. S. 4. makes one of the characters say: “— would I had one of *Kemp's shoes* to throw after you.”

Among Braithwaite's Epitaphs, 8vo, 1618, Sign. F 8, is the following:

“Upon *Kempe* and his morice with his Epitaph.
 “Welcome from Norwich *Kempe*: all joy to see
 “Thy safe returne moriscoed lustily.
 “But out alas! how soone's thy morice done,
 “When pipe and taber all thy friends be gone,
 “And leave thee now to dance the second part
 “With feeble nature, not with nimble art:
 “Then all thy triumphs fraught with strains of mirth,
 “Shall be cag'd up within a chest of earth:
 “Shall be? they are, th'ast danc'd thee out of breath,
 “And now must make thy parting dance with death.”

³¹ Bishop Corbet, in his *Iler Boreale*, see Poems, p. 19. introduces his Host at Bosworth, describing the battle:

“For when he would have said King Richard dy'd,
 “And call'd a horse, a horse, he Burbage cry'd.”

ble

ble in the part of a clown. "He succeeded
 "Tarleton" (says Heywood) as well in the
 "favour

"Tarlton was an actor at the Bull, in Bishopsgate-street, and performed the Judge's character in the play of King Henry V. which was prior to that of Shakspeare. He also for some time kept an ordinary in Pater-noster Row, and once was master of a Tavern in Grace-church-street. He appears to have been in great favour with Queen Elizabeth, and like many other of his brethren, who have succeeded him, joined some humour to a great deal of profligacy. He was the Author of a dramatic performance, called *The seven deadly Sins*, which is now lost: but the scheme or plan of it hath been lately discovered by Mr. Malone, and is at present in his possession. In Gabriel Harvey's "*Four Letters and certaine Sonnets, especially touching Robert Greene and other parties by him abused*," 4to, 1592, p. 29. mention is made of a work written by Thomas Nashe, "— right formally conveyed according to the stile and tenour of "Tarlton's president, his famous play of the *Seaven deadly Sinnes*, which most dealy, but most lively playe, I might "have seene in London: and was very gently invited there-
 "unto at Oxford by Tarlton himselfe, of whome I merrily de-
 "maunding, which of the seaven was his owne deadlie sinne;
 "he bluntly aunswered after this manner, By God the sinne
 "of other gentlemen lechery. Oh, but that M. Tarleton
 "is not your part upon the stage, you are too blame, that dis-
 "semble with the world, and have one part for your friends
 "pleasure, another for your owne. I am somewhat of Doctor
 "Perne's religion, quoth he: and abruptie tooke his leave".
 "Tarlton died about 1589, and was buried at Shoreditch. On
 the 2d day of August, in that year, Henry Kyrkham had
 licensed unto "A sorowfull newe sonnette, intituled Tarl-
 "ton's

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“favour of her majesty queen Elizabeth, as in
“the opinion and good thoughts of the gene-
“ral audience.” And Tarleton, says Sir
Richard Baker in his Chronicle, for the part of
a clown, never had his match, nor ever will
have. The Epitaph of Burbage is preserved
in Cambden's Remains, and is only EXIT BUR-
BAGE. The Epitaph of Tarleton is preserved
by the same historian as follows :

*Hic situs est, cujus Vox, Vultus, Actio possit
Ex Heraclyto redde Democritum.*

The next I shall mention is Edward Alleyn,
the founder of Dulwich Hospital ; as famous for
his honesty, says Baker, as for his acting ; and
two such actors as he and Burbage, no age must
ever look to see again. He's a man, says
Heywood in his Prologue to the *Jew of Malta*,

*Whom we may rank with (do no more wrong)
Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue.*

“ton's Recantation upon this theame, gyven him by a Gent
“at the Bel Savage without Ludgate (nowe or els never),
“beinge the laste theame he songe.” And on the 16th of
October, there was licenced to Richard Jones, “Tarlton's
“repentance or his farewell to his friends in his sicknes a
“little before his death, &c.” (See the Entrys from the
Books of the Stationers Company.) By Bishop Hall's Satires
it appears, that Tarlton was celebrated enough to have his
head hung as a sign for ale-houses,

“To sit with *Tarlton* on an ale-post's signe !”

Here

Hear also Ben Jonson, whose praise is of more weight, as it never was lightly bestowed:

*If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,
Fear'd not to boast the glories of her stage,
As skilful Roscius, and grave Æsop, men,
Yet crown'd with honours as with riches then,
Who had no less a trumpet of their name
Than Cicero, whose very breath was fame:
How can so great example die in me,
That, Alleyn, I should pause to publish thee?
Who both their graces in thyself hast more
Outstript, than they did all that went before;
And present worth in all dost so contract,
As others speak, but only thou dost act.
Wear this renown: 'Tis just that who did give
So many poets life, by one should live.*

Thomas Green³³ was famous for performing the part of a clown with great propriety and humour; and from his excellent performance of the character of *Bubble*, in a comedy written by Mr. John Cooke, the author called it after his name, *Green's Tu quoque*. “There was not
“an actor, says Heywood, of his nature, in his
“time, of better ability in his performance,
“more applauded by the audience, of greater

³³ See vol. VII. p. 3.

“ grace

" grace at court, or of more general love in
" the city."

Hemmings and Condel³⁴ were two considerable actors in most of Shakspeare's, Jonson's, and Fletcher's Plays; the first in tragedy, the last in comedy: but they are better known for being the first editors of Shakspeare's Works in folio, in the year 1623, seven years after his death.

Lowin³⁵, Taylor, and Benfield, are mentioned by Massinger as famous actors. In a Satire against Ben Jonson are these two lines:

*Let Lowin cease, and Taylor scorn to touch
The loathed stage, for thou hast made it such.*

Lowin, though something later than Burbage, is said to have been the first actor³⁶ of *Hamlet*, and also

³⁴ It is not known when these two performers died. Mr. Steevens, who searched for their wills in the Commons, could not find them, though he looked as late as the year 1641. See the first volume of the last edition of Shakspeare, p. 198. Hemmings had a son named William (probably called so in compliment to Shakspeare), who was born in London 1605, elected from Westminster School, a student of Christ Church 1621, and compleated his degree in arts 1628. He was the author of two Plays, and a Latin copy of Verses, printed in "Carolus Redux," 1623. By an Advertisement to one of his Plays, it appears that he lived not long after the year 1650.

³⁵ See *Historia Histrionica*, vol. XII. p. 346.

³⁶ This seems to be said merely on the credit of Roberts
the

also the original *Henry VIII.* from an observation of whose acting it in his later days, Sir William Davenant conveyed his instruction to Mr. Betterton.

And now the theatre seems to have been at its height of glory and reputation. Dramatic authors abounded, and every year produced a number of new Plays: nay, so great was the passion at this time for shew or representation, that it was the fashion for the nobility to celebrate their weddings, Birth-days, and other occasions of rejoicing, with masques and interludes, which were exhibited with surprising expence; that great architect Inigo Jones being frequently employed to furnish decorations with all the magnificence of his invention. The

the player in his answer to Pope's Preface; but as he quotes no authority, the truth of it may be doubted. The *Historia Histrionica* speaks of *Lowin's* performance of Falstaffe, Morose, Volpone, and Mammon; and *Downes*, in his *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 24. mentions him as the original actor of *King Henry VIII.* but neither of them take any notice of his ever being the representative of *Hamlet*. On the contrary both of them (see vol. XII. p. 341. and *Downes*, p. 21.) assert, that *Joseph Taylor* was the original of that character; and from Sir William Davenant's observation of his manner, Mr. Betterton received instructions to perform it. (See also edition of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. X. p. 408).

king and his lords, the queen and her ladies, frequently performed in these masques at court, and all the nobility in their own private houses: in short, no public entertainment was thought complete without them; and to this humour it is we owe, and perhaps 'tis all we owe it, the inimitable *Masque at Ludlow-castle*. For the same universal eagerness after theatrical diversions continued during the whole reign of king James, and great part of Charles the First, till Puritanism, which had now gathered great strength, more openly opposed them as wicked and diabolical. If we may judge of this spirit from Prynne's famous *Histrion-mastix*, or *Players Scourge*, it appears to have been a zeal much without knowledge. This was a heavy load of dull abuse, published in 1633, against plays, players, and all who favoured them, by William Prynne³⁷, esq; a barrister of Lincoln's-Inn. The best way the parties concerned thought of, in answer to this Work, was to publish all the best old Plays that could then be found; so that many that had never yet seen the light were now brought forth: I have observed myself more than fifty that were printed this year. In short, the patrons of the stage for some short

³⁷ See vol. VIII. p. 198.

time prevailed; Prynne's Book was deemed an infamous libel both against the church and state, against the peers, prelates, and magistrates; and particularly against the king and queen, where he says, that *princes dancing in their own persons was the cause of their untimely ends: that our English ladies, shorn and frizzled madams, had lost their modesty: that plays were the chief delight of the devil, and all that frequented them were damned.* As he knew the king and queen frequented them daily, this was thought to reflect on their majesties. To all music he has an utter antipathy, but church-music in particular, which he calls the *bleating of brute beasts*; and says, *the choristers bellow the tenor as if they were oxen, bark a counter-point like a kennel of hounds, roar a treble as if they were bulls, and grunt out a base like a parcel of bogs.* For these and many other passages, it was ordered to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman: and his sentence was, to be put from the bar, excluded the society of Lincoln's-Inn, and degraded by the university of Oxford; to stand in the pillory at Westminster and in Cheapside, to lose an ear at each place, and stand with a paper on his head, declaring his offence to be the publishing an infamous libel against both their majesties,

jesties, and the government; to be fined 5000 l. and suffer perpetual imprisonment. This sentence was executed on him with great rigour. But Puritanism, from a thousand concurrent causes every day gathering strength, in a little time overturned the constitution; and amongst their many Reforms this was one, the total suppression of all plays and play-houses.

Thus I have brought down this imperfect essay on the rise and progress of the English stage, to the period which I at first intended: to pursue it farther, and take it up again at the Restoration, when a new ³³ patent was granted to Sir William Davenant, would be needless; because from that time the affairs of the stage are tolerably well known. If what I have done shall give any satisfaction to the curious, it is more than I have dared to promise myself, from my own sense of its great imperfection; but I hope it will be considered, what slender materials either the ignorance of those times, or

³³ It may not be amiss to take notice of a clause in this patent, which says, "That whereas the women's parts in plays have hitherto been acted by men in the habits of women, at which some have taken offence, we do permit and give leave, for the time to come, that all women's parts be acted by women." And from this time women began to appear upon the stage. D.

the injury of the following, have afforded us. I am, as it were, the first adventurer on these discoveries, and it is not reasonable to expect more perfection than is commonly found in the first attempts of this nature. All that I can say is, that I have thrown together a number of curious circumstances on the subject, that the reader would seek for in vain elsewhere. And if the novelty of them should excite the curiosity of any person of greater abilities, better health, or more leisure, to make a stricter enquiry into this matter, he would certainly oblige me, and perhaps the public. It is enough for me that I have led the way, and been the first, however imperfect, discoverer.

It now only remains to say something of my undertaking, which I shall endeavour to comprize in as few words as may be. My first end was to snatch some of the best pieces of our old dramatic writers from total neglect and oblivion: as things not only of mere curiosity but of use, as far as an elegant entertainment can be of use; several of these being not unworthy the present, nor indeed any stage. I have generally preferred comedies to tragedies, not only as these times afforded much better in the kind, and would therefore in this and other respects be
most

most entertaining to the reader, but as they better serve to shew the humour, fashion, and genius of the times in which they were written. Another end which I thought such a collection might answer was, that it would serve very well to shew the progress and improvement of our taste and language. For this better purpose, in the six pieces ³⁹ which compose the first volume, and also in the remarkable tragedy of *Gorboduc*, I was even so scrupulous as to preserve their very original orthography. I did indeed, to gratify the reader's curiosity, intend to have done the same in all the rest; but this was plainly impossible, unless I could have met with the first editions; for in every edition the orthography was generally adapted to that then in use. I also considered, that though this might have been entertaining to the curious, to the generality of readers it would have been very disagreeable. To the first therefore I have given a sufficient specimen in one volume, and to the other I have endeavoured to make the reading

³⁹ Mr. Doddsley, not knowing the first editions of the several pieces which compose this collection, made a wrong arrangement of them. This is altered in the present edition; but the orthography of the first six pieces is preserved, though three of the plays are printed from earlier and more correct copies.

as easy as I could in the rest. A farther inducement to this undertaking was the hopes I had of being able to do these authors justice in a more correct edition of their Plays, than they hitherto had; for as to the greater part of them, it seems as if carelessness and ignorance had joined their efforts in rendering them unintelligible. And not only so, but the pointing is at the same time so preposterous (which, like false guiding-posts, are perpetually turning out of the high road of common sense), that one would almost suspect there was as much malice as stupidity in these old editors. However, by the assistance of a little common sense, I think I have set a great number of these passages right. And if any one should be offended that some are left unintelligible in the state they were found, I desire he will be pleased to consider how many such still remain in Shakspeare⁴⁰,
after

⁴⁰ It should be remembered that this was written in the year 1744, when the observation might be made with great truth and justice. How imperfectly Shakspeare was understood at that time, every reader conversant with his writings is now well informed. The same year in which the former edition of this work appeared, the splendid, but ill conducted, design of Sir Thomas Hamner was made public. It, however, was generally disapproved of, and Dr. Warburton's attempt a few years afterwards, from which great expectations were

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after the best endeavours that have hitherto been used to restore their original meaning. Besides, I believe I may venture to say, it is more difficult to give a correct specimen of so many writers, than a correct edition of any one: because, when an Author's manner is once known, it will very often help to rectify or dis-

were formed, was not more successful. The failure of these gentlemen probably excited Dr. Johnson to undertake a new edition, which would have precluded every further effort, had he executed the plan laid down in his proposals. "The editor, says he, will endeavour to read the books which the authour read, to trace his knowledge to the source, and compare his copies with their originals." Again, "He hopes, that, by comparing the works of Shakespeare with those of writers who lived at the same time, immediately preceded or immediately followed him, he shall be able to ascertain his ambiguities, disentangle his intricacies, and recover the meaning of words now lost in the darkness of antiquity." That Dr. Johnson was not possessed of the materials necessary to accomplish his own excellent design would have been the subject of regret with every reader of Shakspeare, if the plan he had delineated had been neglected on its failure in his hands. Fortunately for the publick, it was resumed by Mr. Steevens with unremitting attention and equal ability. The success which hath followed this gentleman's researches, joined to the assistance of Dr. Farmer, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Malone, Mr. Warton, Mr. Toller, and a few others, hath left very little for the industry of any future commentator on our ever to be unequalled bard.

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cover the meaning of corrupted or intricate passages; whereas the reading of so many different styles and manners of writing will be apt, without great care, to confound and mislead the judgment. Add to this, that it is easier to correct the errors in a good author than in a bad one; because not only the construction of the language is generally better and less confused, but the sentiments are clearer and more striking. After all, I submit what I have done to the judgment of the public, whose candour I have often experienced, and on whose goodness I am afraid I shall always have more occasion to rely, than on any merit I shall ever pretend to. So far am I from aiming at the character of a critic, that what corrections or emendations I have made are bestowed on the public (as good men do their alms) privately, and without ostentation. Yet however contemptibly I may think of myself, I have the honour of keeping a critic in waiting for the publication of this collection, in order to detect and expose the errors which may have escaped me, or which I may not have been able to correct. I heartily wish him success in his undertaking; I have pointed him out some few, and doubt not but, if he is truly industrious, he will
be

be able to find many others, which I shall be very glad to see amended.

I conclude with begging leave to return my acknowledgments to all those who have given me the honour of their names⁴¹ to encourage this undertaking: I hope I have at least fairly fulfilled the conditions of my proposal, as to the elegance and neatness of the book; and as to this short account of the stage, if it be a trifle, it is a trifle more than I promised. I am also in a more particular manner to acknowledge my obligations to some generous and learned friends, from whose advice and assistance I am sensible my work has derived more value and correctness than it could ever have appeared with, had I been left alone to struggle with my own weak endeavours.

⁴¹ The first Edition of this Work was printed by subscription.

R. DODSLEY.

S U P P L E M E N T

T O

MR. DODSLEY'S PREFACE.

IN the foregoing Preface, Mr. Doddsley hath carried on his account of the stage to that period when the inroads of civil war, joined to the fanatical madness then prevailing, overthrew the stage, and soon after effected the destruction of monarchy. In the present supplement it is intended, with as much accuracy as the few materials remaining will permit, to take up the narrative of those revolutions which the theatre hath since undergone to the year 1776; a year which in the annals of the stage will be always deemed an important one, being the time when the late Mr. Garrick terminated his theatrical life, and quitted the management of Drury-lane-playhouse.

From the commencement of hostilities between the king and his parliament, the performances of the stage were intirely discontinued. Of the several actors then employed

in the theatres, such as were not prevented¹ by age went immediately into the army, and, as it might be expected, took part with their sovereign, whose affection for their profession had been shewn by many instances previous to the open rupture between him and his people. The event of the war was alike fatal to monarchy, and to the stage. After a violent and bloody contest of some years, they both fell together, the king lost his life by the hands of an executioner, the theatres were abandoned or destroyed, and those by whom they used to be occupied were either killed in the wars, worn out with old age, or dispersed in different places, fearful of assembling lest they should give offence to the ruling powers.

The fate of their royal master being determined, the surviving dependants on the drama were obliged again to return to the exercise of their former profession. In the winter of the year 1648², they ventured to act some plays at the Cockpit, but were soon interrupted and silenced by the soldiers, who took them into custody in the midst of one of their performances, and committed them to prison. After this ineffectual attempt to settle at their former quar-

¹ *Historia Histrionica*, vol. XII. p. 344.

² *Ibid.*

ters,

MR. DODSLEY'S PREFACE. lxxix

ters, we hear no more of any public exhibition for some time³. They still, however, kept together, and, by connivance of the commanding officer at Whitehall, sometimes represented privately a few plays at a short distance from town. They also were permitted to entertain

³ In the *Mercurius Antepagmaticus*, N^o 18, Jan. 27, 1648, mention is made of an order of the House of Commons in these words: "And that the disobedient of what rank soever
" may be regulated upon information given to the House,
" that many stage-plaies were acted in the severall parts of
" the City and County of Middlesex, notwithstanding they
" were prohibited from their foppery by a former ordinance,
" they ordered, that an ordinance should be drawn up for
" suppressing all stage-plaies, and for the taking downe all
" their boxes, stages, and seats whatsoever, that so there
" might be no more plaies acted; and indeed these are no
" times to have publike interludes permitted, when the hand
" of God lies so heavy upon us, and all the powers of hell in
" action against us; if those proud parroting players cannot
" live, let them put their hands to worke, they are most of
" them a sort of superbious ruffians given to all manner of
" wickednesse, and because sometimes the asses are cloathed
" in lions skins, the dolts imagine themselves somebody,
" walke in as great state as Cæsar, and demeane themselves
" as loftily as any of the twelve noble spirited beasts of the
" wildernesse; away with them and their actions on the
" publike stage.

" For since we have suppress our adjutators,
" Let's part the actors and the rude spectators."

some

some of the nobility at their country houses, where they were paid by those under whose protection they acted. They also obtained leave at particular festivals to divert the publick at the Red-Bull, but this was not always without interruption. Those at the head of affairs still continued their implacable rancour against all who were connected with polite letters, and the unfortunate actors who survived to this period felt the greatest distress. A slender and precarious support was the whole they were allowed. In this situation several of them were obliged to draw forth the manuscripts of their contemporaries which they had in their possession, and many plays were published which might otherwise have never seen the light.

But though the fury of religious zeal seemed to threaten that the stage should never revive, and every method was taken which might tend to accomplish that design, the pleasure which had been received from dramatic entertainments was too strong to be totally overcome. Amidst the gloom of fanaticism, and whilst the royal cause was considered as desperate, Sir William Davenant, without molestation, exhibited entertainments of declamation and music after the manner of the ancients at Rutland-house.

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house ⁴. He began in the year 1656, and two years afterwards removed to the Cockpit, Drury-lane, where he performed until the eve of the Restoration.

On the appearance of that event's taking place, the retainers of the theatre then remaining collected themselves together, and began to resume their former employment. In the year 1659, about the time general Monk marched with his army out of Scotland towards London, Mr. Rhodes ³, a bookseller, who had formerly been wardrobe-keeper to the company which

⁴ At the upper end of Aldersgate-street, says the title-page of some of these performances. Oldys, in his *Mss. Notes* on Langbaine, speaks of it as being situated in Charterhouse-yard. Two of these entertainments are mentioned in the *List of Dayemant's Works*, vol. VIII. p. 401. To them may be added the following: 1. *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*; express'd by instrumental and vocal Musick, and by art of perspective in Scenes, &c. represented daily at the Cockpit, in Drury-lane, at three in the afternoon punctually. 4to, 1658. 2. *The History of Sir Francis Drake*; express'd by instrumental and vocal Musick, &c. 4to, 1659. At the end of the former of these is the following Advertisement: "Notwithstanding the great expence necessary to scenes
"and other ornaments in this entertainment, there is good
"provision made of places for a shilling, and it shall begin
"certainly at three in the afternoon."

³ *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 17. and *Historia Histrionica*, vol. XII. p. 346.

acted

acted at Black Fryers, fitted up the Cockpit in Drury-lane. The actors he procured were chiefly new to the stage, and two of them had been his apprentices⁶. About the same time, the few performers who had belonged to the old companies assembled, and began to act at the Red-Bull⁷, in Saint John's-street, and from the eagerness with which two patents were soon afterwards obtained from the crown, it may be presumed that they met with a considerable share of success. Sir William Davenant, before the civil wars broke out, had been favoured with a patent⁸ by Charles the First, and therefore his claim to a new one was warranted, as well by his former possession as by his services and sufferings in the royal cause. The other candidate was⁹ Thomas Killegrew, Esq. a person who

⁶ Mr. Betterton and Mr. Kynaston.

⁷ *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 1.

⁸ This patent was granted 14 Car. I. 1639, and afterwards exemplified 13 Car. II. 1661. Both are recited in, and both were surrendered up, by the letters patent of 15 Jan. 14 Car. II. 1662. It appears by the patent of 14 Car. I. that a new playhouse was intended to be built on a piece of ground behind the Three Kings Ordinary in Fleet-street. The public disturbances which began in that year seem to have prevented the execution of this design.

⁹ See Vol. XI. p. 369.

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had rendered himself acceptable to his sovereign, as much by his vices and follies as by his wit or attachment to him in his distress.

The actors who had been employed by Rhodes soon afterwards were taken under the protection of Sir William Davenant¹⁰; and the remains of the old companies were received by Mr. Killegrew; all of them were sworn by the Lord Chamberlain as servants of the crown: the former being styled the Duke of York's company; and the latter that of the King¹¹.

The King's company, after their removal from the Red-Bull, performed in a new built house situated in Gibbons's Tennis-Court, near Clare-market¹². But this theatre being not well adapted for the use to which it was appropriated, they were obliged to erect a more convenient one in Drury-lane. This latter was finished and opened on the 8th day of April, 1662, with

¹⁰ *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 19.

¹¹ Cibber says, "About ten of the King's company were on the royal household establishment, having each ten yards of scarlet cloth, with a proper quantity of lace allowed them for liveries; and, in their warrants from the Lord Chamberlain, were styled Gentlemen of the Great Chamber: whether the like appointments were extended to the Duke's company, I am not certain." *Cibber's Apol.* p. 75.

¹² *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 1.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Comedy of *The Humorous Lieutenant*, which was acted twelve nights successively.

During these removals of the King's company, their rivals belonging to the duke of York were shifting their places of performance, and were some time before they were wholly settled. From the Cockpit they went to a new theatre built in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, which was opened in the spring of the year 1662, after several of their plays had been rehearsed at Apothecaries-Hall¹³. But this playhouse was likewise soon discovered to be ill contrived and inconvenient, and Sir William Davenant found it necessary to search out a new spot to erect one more commodious. He fixed upon Dorset-Garden, in Salisbury-Court, for this purpose, but did not live to see the edifice made any use of. This theatre will be mentioned hereafter.

The two companies being now established at Drury-lane and Lincoln's-Inn Fields, they each began to exert their endeavours to obtain the favour of the town. The principal performers in the King's company¹⁴ were of the men, Hart, Mohun, Burt, Winterfel, Lacy, Cart-

¹³ *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 20.

¹⁴ *Ibid.* p. 2.

wright,

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Wright, and Clun; to whom, after the opening of Drury-lane theatre, were added, Joe Haines, Griffin, Goodman, and some others. Among the women were Mrs. Corey, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Knep, and afterwards Mrs. Boutel and Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn. Of the Duke's company were Betterton, Sheppy, Kynaston, Nokes, Mosely, and Floyd, who had all performed under Rhodes; Harris, Price, Richards, and Blagden, were added by Sir William Davenant, who also about a year after received Smith, Sandford, Medburn, and two others. The actresses were Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Saunderfon (who afterwards married Mr. Betterton), Mrs. Davies, and Mrs. Long; all of whom boarded in the Patentee's house. Besides these, were Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Holden, and Mrs. Jennings; and, if any dependance may be placed on the judgement of those who then frequented plays, there were more excellent performers in each company than have ever been seen together at any one time since that period.

The avidity of the public for theatrical entertainments sufficiently recompensed for a considerable time the assiduity of the performers, and the expectations of those who adventured

their money in building the theatres¹⁵. Their success was, however, soon interrupted by national calamities. In 1665, the plague broke out in London¹⁶ with great violence; and in the succeeding year, the fire which destroyed the metropolis put a stop to the further progress of stage-performances.

After a discontinuance of eighteen months, both houses were again opened at Christmas, 1666¹⁷. The miseries occasioned by the plague and fire were forgotten, and public diversions were again followed with as much eagerness as they had been before their interruption. Both companies were at first successful; but after the novelty of the several performers was worn away, and their stock of plays had been repeated until they became familiar, the Duke's company, excellent as they were allowed to be, felt their inferiority by the slender audiences they were able to draw together. This consideration induced Sir William Davenant to try the effects of a new theatre, built with greater magnificence than that in Lincoln's-Inn, and he chose Dorset-Garden, probably where the old playhouse in Salisbury-Court stood, as a

¹⁵ See *Historia Histrionica*, vol. XII. p. 346.

¹⁶ *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 26.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*

proper

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proper place for the purpose; but before this theatre was finished he died, and on that event the management of his property therein came into the hands of his widow Lady Davenant, Mr. Betterton, and Mr. Harris, assisted by Charles Davenant, afterwards well known as a politician and civil lawyer. This new house was opened on November, 1671.¹⁸, notwithstanding the opposition made to it by the city of London. But the opinion of the publick still inclining to the King's company, Mr. Davenant was obliged to have recourse to a new species of entertainment. He determined to call in the assistance of shew and sound, he increased the splendor of his scenery, and introduced music, singing, and dancing, into some of the pieces represented¹⁹. Dramatic Operas, with expensive decorations, soon came into fashion, and enabled the Duke's company to obtain an advantage over their competitors, which they were not intitled to²⁰ by their merit.

¹⁸ *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, fol. 1696, p. 89. p. 3d. There seems to have been a playhouse standing at the Restoration on the same spot. Tatham's Play, called *The Rump*, was acted at Dorset-Court in 1660.

¹⁹ *Macbeth*, *The Tempest*, *Psyche*, *Circe*, *The Empress of Morocco*.

²⁰ Cibber's Apology, p. 79.

Soon after the Duke's company began to act in their new theatre, an accident happened which must have disabled their antagonists from contending with them for a short time. In January, 1671-2, the playhouse in Drury-lane took fire, and was entirely demolished. The violence of the conflagration was so great, that between fifty and sixty adjoining houses were burnt or blown up²¹. Where the company belonging to this house removed, I have not been able to discover, though I find they continued to act in the several years which intervened between the

²¹ *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, fol. 1696. p. 89. p. 3d. This theatre, I believe, was sometimes called the theatre in Covent-Garden. (See Preface to *The Miser*, by Shadwell, 4to, 1672.) Mr. Walpole, speaking of Robert Aggas, commonly called Augus, observes, that Graham, in his School of English Painting, makes him the painter of scenes for the playhouse in Covent-Garden. Robert Aggas died in London in 1679, aged about 60;—"but I know not," says Mr. Walpole (*Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. I. p. 157.) "what the author I quote means by a playhouse in Covent-Garden before the year 1679; I suppose it should be the "theatre in Dorset-Gardens." From the above Preface it plainly appears, that the mistake arose from the same house being sometimes spoken of as situate in Drury-lane; and at other times in Covent-Garden. Graham was, therefore, right in his account. I find also an Opera, called *Ariadne*, printed in 4to, 1673-4, as acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden.

destruction

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destruction of the old house and its being rebuilt; and from the series of plays which they produced, it seems probable that they immediately occupied some theatre which then remained unused²². The proprietors of the old playhouse, after they had recovered the consternation which this accident had thrown them into, resolved to rebuild their theatre with such improvements it might be suggested; and for that purpose, employed Sir Christopher Wren, the most celebrated architect of his time, to draw the design, and superintend the execution of it. The plan which he produced, in the opinion of those who were well able to judge of it, was such a one as was alike calculated for the advantage of the performers and spectators; and the several alterations afterwards made in it, so far from being improvements, contributed only to defeat the inten-

²² Or perhaps a temporary playhouse was built. This may be conjectured from the following lines in a Prologue, by Dryden, spoken the first day of the King's house acting after the fire:

“ But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
“ Talk high, *and entertain you in a shed.*
“ Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,
“ Will grace old theatres, and build up new.”

tion of the architect, and to spoil the building".

The

" Mr. Cibber, speaking of the alterations made in the Hay-market theatre, built by Sir John Vanbrugh, says, " as there are not many spectators who may remember what " form the Drury-lane theatre stood in about forty years ago, " before the old patentee, to make it hold more money, took " it into his head to alter it, it were but justice to lay the " original figure, which Sir Christopher Wren first gave it, " and the alterations of it now standing, in a fair light; " that equal spectators may see, if they were at their choice, " which of their structures would incline them to a preference.—It must be observed then, that the area or platform of the old stage projected about four feet forward, " in a semioval figure, parallel to the benches of the pit; " and that the former lower doors of entrance for the actors " were brought down between the two foremost (and then " only) pilasters; in the place of which doors, now the two " stage-boxes are fixt. That where the doors of entrance " now are, there formerly stood two additional side wings; in " front to a full set of scenes, which had then almost a double " effect, in their loftiness and magnificence. By this original form the usual station of the actors, in almost every " scene, was advanced at least ten feet nearer to the audience, " than they now can be; because, not only from the stage's " being shortened in front, but likewise from the additional " interposition of those stage-boxes, the actors (in respect " to the spectators, that fill them) are kept so much more " backward from the main audience, than they used to be: " but when the actors were in possession of that forwarder " space, to advance upon, the voice was then more in the " centre of the house, so that the most distant ear had scarce " the

The new theatre being finished, was opened on the 26th of March, 1674. On this occasion a Prologue and Epilogue were delivered, both written by Mr. Dryden²⁴, in which the plainness and want of ornament in the house, compared with that in Dorset-Gardens, were particularly mentioned. The encouragement given to the latter on account of its scenery and decorations was not forgotten; and as an apology for the deficiency of embellishment which was to be found in the former, the direction of

“ the least doubt, or difficulty, in hearing what fell from the
 “ weakest utterance: all objects were thus drawn nearer to
 “ the sense; every painted scene was stronger; every grand
 “ scene and dance more extended; every rich or fine coloured
 “ habit had a more lively lustre: nor was the minutest motion of a feature (properly changing with the passion, or
 “ humour, it suited) ever lost, as they frequently must be in
 “ the obscurity of too great a distance: and how valuable
 “ an advantage the facility of hearing distinctly is to every
 “ well acted scene, every common spectator is a judge. A
 “ voice scarce raised above the tone of a whisper, either in
 “ tenderness, resignation, innocent distress, or jealousy suppressed, often have as much concern with the heart, as
 “ the clamorous passions; and when, on any of these occasions, such affecting speeches are plainly heard or lost, how
 “ wide is the difference, from the great or little satisfaction
 “ received from them?” *Cibber's Apology*, edit. 1750, p. 338.

²⁴ See his Works, vol. II. p. 302.

his Majesty is expressly asserted". That the concerns of the stage were sometimes thought not unworthy the notice of royalty is very well known.

The preference given to Davenant's theatre, on account of its scenery and decorations, alarmed those belonging to the rival house. To stop the progress of the public taste, and to divert it towards themselves, they endeavoured to ridicule the performances which were so much followed. The person employed was Thomas Duffet, who parodied the *Tempest*, *Macbeth*, and *Psyche*: these efforts were, however, ineffectual. The Duke's theatre continued to be frequented; the victory of sound and shew over sense and reason was as complete in the theatre at this period as it hath often been since. The King's theatre languished; but the great expences incurred at the other diminished their gains to such a degree, that after a few years the leaders in each discovered that it would be for their mutual advantage to unite their interests together, and open but one

25 " Yet, if some pride with want may be allowed,
 " We in our plainness may be justly proud:
 " Our royal master will'd it should be so;
 " Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no shew."
 house.

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house. Of those who originally belonged to Killegrew's company, several had quitted the stage, some were dead, and the chief who remained began to experience the infirmities of age. These considerations induced them to listen to overtures from Davenant, Betterton, and Smith, who entered into an agreement with Hart and Kynaston, which effectually detached those performers from the King's theatre²⁶. Their revolt, and the influence which they possessed, seem to have effected the union sooner than it otherwise might have been agreed to, though it could not have been prevented any length of time²⁷, having been recommended by the King. The junction took place in the year 1682²⁸, on which event the Duke's company quitted Dorset-Gardens, and removed to Drury-lane. Hart performed no more, but retired on a pension; and Mahon soon afterwards died. The remainder of the troop were incor-

²⁶ This agreement is printed in Gildon's *Life of Betterton*, 1710, p. 8.

²⁷ Cibber's *Apology*, p. 81.

²⁸ Cibber says 1684; and Derrick, in his *Edition of Dryden*, vol. II. p. 50. hath dated it in 1686. The date, however, above set down is the true one. Mrs. Barry, who was one of the King's company, performed in *The Spanish Fryer*, which appeared in the latter end of 1681, or the beginning of 1682.

porated

porated with the Duke's, and for the future were styled the King's Company.

The advantages which were expected to follow this junction do not appear to have been the consequence of it. Though the patents were united, the profits to the proprietors and performers seem not to have been increased. The old patentees either sold their authority to new adventurers, or relinquished all their attention to the management. On the 30th of August, 1687, Mr. Charles Davenant assigned his patent to Alexander Davenant, esq; who, on the 24th of March, 1690, sold his interest therein to Christopher Rich²⁹, a lawyer, whose name is often to be found in the future annals of the theatre. This gentleman, who was not pos-

²⁹ From the representatives of this gentleman, the present patentees of Covent-Garden theatre derive the authority they enjoy. It is generally said and believed, that the patent granted to Killegrew is in the same hands. The obscurity which always accompanies the transfer of private property prevents me from tracing the manner in which that patent was disposed of. By a letter from Mr. Pope to Aaron Hill, dated 22d of May, 1733, it is said, that a patent not used was then in the hands of one of the Davenant family; and on August 31, in the same year, Mr. Hill mentions an offer which had been made to him of a patent on payment of 400*l.* a year. Whether this was the same mentioned by Mr. Pope, I am unable to discover.

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possessed of abilities calculated to make the stage flourish under his administration, soon contrived to engross the whole power into his own hands. By various instances of mismanagement, he alienated the affections of the principal performers from him, and by wanton oppressions provoked them to attempt their deliverance from the tyranny he exercised over them. An association of the actors was entered into, with Betterton at the head of it. Their complaint, by means of the earl of Dorset³⁰, was laid before king William, and was considered of sufficient importance to engage the attention of his Majesty. The principal lawyers at that period were consulted, who agreed that the grants, from king Charles to Killegrew and Davenant, did not preclude the reigning prince from giving a similar authority to any person with whom he might chuse to intrust it. In consequence of this opinion, a licence was granted to a select number of the players to act in a separate theatre for themselves.

This favour being obtained, a subscription was set on foot for building a new theatre within the walls of the Tennis-Court, in Lincoln's-Inn

³⁰ Cibber's Apology, p. 157.

Fields.

Fields³¹. The people of quality, to shew their sense of the ill treatment which the actors had received, contributed very liberally for this purpose. The patentees became sensible of the folly of their conduct, and, to repair the mischief they had done themselves, endeavoured to retain as many of the actors as they could engage. To supply the places of some who had left them, they brought a few new performers from the companies in the country, and made the best disposition they were able, to encounter their enemies.

The theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields was opened, on the 30th of April, 1695, with the new Comedy of *Love for Love*³², which was acted with extraordinary success during the remainder of the season. The new adventurers, however, met with an opposition from a quarter where it was not expected. A number of the inhabitants of Lincoln's-Inn Fields, finding themselves incommoded by the concourse of coaches which the playhouse drew together, had recourse to the law to remedy the inconveniences they suffered. In Trinity Term, they moved the Court of King's Bench for a prohibition to restrain the company from acting any longer at the new

³¹ Cibber's Apology, p. 158.

³² Ibid. p. 160.

house;

house; and a rule being granted, cause was shewn against it in the succeeding term, when further time³³ was allowed to each party to come before the court more fully prepared to support and invalidate their several suggestions. The event of this law-suit can only be conjectured from the company's being permitted to act until their removal to the Hay-market.

The prosperity of the new house was of no long continuance. After one or two years success the audiences began to decline, and it was found that two rival theatres were more than the town was able to support. The old house suffered all the distresses which obstinacy and ignorance in a manager at the head of a raw, unexperienced set of actors could produce. Having little judgement to direct him in the conduct of a theatre, he not only permitted the best plays to be mangled by the most despicable performers, but by the introduction of tumblers and buffoons, and by other extravagances, brought the entertainments of the stage to the lowest degree of contempt³⁴. He persisted, however, to the last in the same mode of conduct which his son afterwards followed, and by that

³³ Skinner's Reports, p. 625.

³⁴ Cibber, *passim*.

means had a greater influence on the present public entertainments than at first sight would be thought probable.

While the rival theatres were contending against each other with inveterate malice, an enemy to the very toleration of dramatic entertainments appeared, who, with considerable ability and with all the rigid puritanical maxims of a severe sect, attacked the stage on account of its profaneness and immorality. This was the celebrated Jeremy Collier, who in 1697 published a book, containing a severe invective against the acting of plays, the profligacy of the performers, and the licentiousness of the poets; and having some truth and justice on his side, the advocates for the theatre found themselves hard pressed to answer the charges brought against their favourite diversion. It cannot be denied but that many authors, and some in great favour with the publick, had written in a manner which warranted the censure of every person who professed the least regard to propriety or decency. Mr. Collier was opposed by Congreve, Vanbrugh, Dryden, Dennis, and others, with wit and humour, but without confuting the objections which had been started either against
I
themselves

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themselves individually, or against the stage in general. The public opinion ran so much against the defenders of the theatre, and in favour of their enemy, that king William considered Mr. Collier's book as a work which entitled the author of it to some lenity in a prosecution then carrying on in consequence of errors in his political conduct³⁵. This controversy produced as much as could be wished for from it. Mr. Cibber observes, the calling our dramatic writers to this strict account "had a very wholesome effect upon those who
"writ after this time. They were now a great
"deal more upon their guard; indecencies
"were no longer wit; and by degrees the fair
"sex came again to fill the boxes on the first day
"of a new comedy without fear or censure."

To forward the stage's reformation, prosecutions were commenced against some of the performers for repeating prophane and indecent words. Several were found guilty, and Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle were actually fined³⁶. These severities were not entirely thrown away. From this period may be dated

³⁵ Cibber, p. 225.

³⁶ Gildon's Comparison between the two stages, 1702, 8vo. p. 143.

SUPPLEMENT TO

the introduction of that more refined taste which hath done so much credit to the British theatre.

The managers acting under the united patents had hitherto made use of both the theatres in Dorset-Garden³⁷ and Drury-lane; but about this time the former of these houses was deserted³⁸. The company which had been left by Betterton and his party, after struggling with

³⁷ In a paper published by Theoph. Cibber in 1733, during his contest with Highmore, it is said, that Dorset-Garden was used as a summer theatre.

³⁸ A lottery was drawn there in the year 1698, as may be seen from the following title of a pamphlet printed at that time: "The wheel of fortune or nothing for a penny. Being remarks on the drawing of the penny lottery at the 'Theatre-royal' in Dorset-Garden, with the characters of some of the honourable trustees, and all due acknowledgements to his honour the undertaker. Written by a person who was cursed mad he had not the 1000 l. Lot." 4to. In the preceding year, Settle's Play of *The World in the Moon* had been acted there. But in 1700, if it was occupied at all, it must have been by rope-dancers. In the Prologue to *The Constant Couple*, are these lines:

" Ah friends! poor *Dorset-Garden-House* is gone;
 " Our merry meetings there are all undone:
 " Quite lost to us, sure for some strange misdeeds,
 " That strong dog Sampson pull'd it o'er our heads,
 " Snaps rope like thread: but when his fortune's told him,
 " He'll hear perhaps of rope will one day hold him:
 " At least, I hope that our good-natur'd town
 " Will find a way to pull his prices down."

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unequal force against the excellent performers who lifted under the banner of that respectable veteran, began now to remove the prejudices which had been entertained against them, and to claim their share of applause. Many of them were much improved. They had the advantage of youth, and having had the opportunity of exhibiting themselves in new characters, where comparisons to their disadvantage could not be made, they began to be viewed in a more favourable light. In the mean time, Betterton and some of his associates were daily losing ground through old age. Their system of management, which had been hastily settled, deprived their principal friend of that authority which is necessary for the person who undertakes to govern any body of people, and especially those who belong to a theatre. The house itself was too small, and poorly fitted up, very insufficient for the purposes of profit or splendor. These considerations induced Sir John Vanbrugh to procure subscriptions for erecting a new and magnificent playhouse in the Hay-market, calculated to do honour to the architect and to the nation, and at the same time produce wealth to those who were concerned in it. The sum of 3000 l.

was immediately raised, and the building begun under Sir John's direction.

On this scheme being proposed, it was agreed that Mr. Betterton should assign³⁹ over to Vanbrugh his licence to perform, and for the future serve only as an actor without any concern in the conduct or direction of the theatre. The proposal was readily assented to on the part of Betterton. He had now been upon the stage between forty and fifty years, and found the infirmities of age beginning to make inroads upon his constitution. He was therefore desirous of repose, and to be relieved from the fatigues of management. In the latter part of the year 1704, he performed his part of the agreement by surrendering to Sir John Vanbrugh all his right and interest in the licence granted to him. The new proprietor associated himself with Mr. Congreve, and, from the joint abilities of such excellent writers, great expectations were formed. On the 9th day of April, 1705, the theatre was opened with an Italian Opera, which did not meet with the success expected from it⁴⁰, and a Prologue written by Sir

³⁹ Downes, p. 47.

⁴⁰ The foundation stone of this theatre was laid by Lady Harriet Godolphin, says Curll; but, according to others, by

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Sir Samuel Garth. The failure of their first hope obliged the principal manager to exert himself; and he accordingly, with that happy facility which accompanied him in writing, immediately produced no less than four ⁴¹ new pieces. But these were insufficient to bring the theatre into reputation. It was soon found, that the architect of it was better qualified to support the stage by his writings than to build houses to act them in. Every piece represented appeared under manifest disadvantage. The edifice was a vast triumphal piece of architecture, wholly unfit for every purpose of convenience; the vast columns, the gilded cornices, and lofty roofs, availed very little, when scarce one word in ten could be distinctly heard, for it had not then the form it has now. "At the first opening it," says Mr. Cibber, "the flat cieling, that is now over the orchestre, was then a semi-oval arch, that sprung fifteen feet higher from above the cornice. The cieling over the pit too was still more raised, being one level line from the highest

by Lady Sunderland, and upon it was inscribed *The little Whig*. Dr. Garth's Prologue is printed in his Works.

⁴¹ *The Confederacy; The Cuckold in Conceit; Squire Treeloby; and The Mistake*. Cibber's Apology, p. 263.

“ back part of the upper gallery to the front
 “ of the stage; the front boxes were a continued
 “ semicircle to the bare walls of the house on
 “ each side: this extraordinary and superfluous
 “ space occasioned such an undulation from
 “ the voice of every actor, that generally what
 “ they said sounded like the gabbling of so many
 “ people in the lofty isles in a cathedral—The
 “ tone of a trumpet, or the swell of an eunuch’s
 “ holding note, ’tis true, might be sweetened
 “ by it; but the articulate sounds of a speak-
 “ ing voice were drowned by the hollow rever-
 “ bations of one word under another.” To
 these disadvantages the situation might be added;
 it had not at that time the benefit of a large
 city, which hath since been built in its neigh-
 bourhood, and it was too remote from the
 then frequenters of the theatre to be much at-
 tended by them. All these circumstances unit-
 ing together afforded so little prospect of profit
 or success, that in a few months Mr. Congreve
 gave up his share and interest wholly to Sir
 John Vanbrugh⁴¹; who, at the end of the second
 season, either finding the gains which arose from
 the management too few, or the trouble arising
 from his attendance on it too much, grew

⁴² Cibber’s Apol. p. 259.

⁴³ Ibid. p. 263.

also disgusted with his situation, and wished to be relieved from it. But of so little value was the theatre considered at that juncture, that no person thought it of consequence enough to apply for it. At length it was offered to Mr. Owen Swiney, a mere adventurer without property, who had been employed by Mr. Rich as under-manager, and who, with the concurrence of his principal, agreed for it at the rate of five pounds for every acting day, and not to exceed 700 *l.* in the year. The new manager entered upon his undertaking in the latter part of the year 1706, and at the end of the first season found that he had considerably improved his fortune.

From the time that Mr. Rich got possession of Drury-lane theatre, he had paid no regard to the property of any of the parties who had joint interests with him, but proceeded as though he was sole proprietor of it. Whatever he received he kept to himself, without accounting to any of his partners; and he had continued this mode of conduct so long, that those who had any claims on the theatre abandoned them in despair of ever receiving any advantage from them. The concerns of the play-house were thought of so little worth, that about

this time Sir Thomas Skipwith, who Cibber says had an equal right ⁴⁴ with Rich, in a frolick, made a present of his share to Colonel Brett, a gentleman of fortune, who soon after forced himself into the management much against the inclination of his partner. The ill effect of two playhouses being open at once, in point of profit, appeared so evident to Mr. Brett, that the first object he dedicated his attention to was a reunion of the two companies, and, through the interposition of the Lord Chamberlain, he effected it in the year 1708. It was then resolved, that the theatre in the Hay-market should be appropriated to Italian Operas; and that in Drury-lane to Plays. The one was given to Swiney, and the other continued with Rich and Brett; the latter, of whom conducting the business of it in a different manner from what it had heretofore been, brought it once more into so good a state, that Sir Thomas Skipwith repented of his generosity, and applied to the court of Chancery to have the property he had given away restored him. Colonel Brett, of-

⁴⁴ Cibber's Apol. p. 300. If this is a fact, it may be presumed that the patent granted to Killegrew, either in part or the whole, was vested in him. It does not appear how he became intitled to it.

fended at this treatment, relinquished his claim; and Mr. Rich again possessed himself of all the powers of the patent.

Instead of being warned, by the experience of past times, to avoid the difficulties which a tyrannical and oppressive behaviour to the performers had occasioned, the acting manager resumed his former conduct, without fearing or apprehending any resistance to his measures. An application to the Lord Chamberlain was the consequence; and that officer, who was supposed to possess both an absolute and undefinable authority over the stage, agreed to permit as many of the actors as chose to engage with Swiney to desert from Drury-lane, and act at the Haymarket ⁴⁵. A private treaty was accordingly entered into; and Wilks, Dogget, and Cibber, were proposed to be managers and joint-sharers with Swiney in conducting the theatre, which for the future was to be used both as a Play-house and Opera-house. After all the preliminaries were settled, the Lord Chamberlain issued an order, dated 7th of June, 1709, forbidding the patentees to perform any longer; on which the house was shut up.

⁴⁵ Cibber's Apol. p. 331.

The deserters immediately began to alter the Hay-market theatre, in order to obviate the inconveniences of its original construction, and make it fit for the representation of dramatic performances. They began to act in the winter of the year 1709; and their audiences so much exceeded their expectations⁴⁶, that they would have had every reason to be content with the change which had happened, if the direction of the Operas, which this season began to decline, had not greatly diminished their profits. On the whole, however, they appear to have received more than they had done at Drury-lane, and therefore were not dissatisfied with their emancipation from the authority of their former governor.

The power of the Chamberlain had always been implicitly acknowledged. Those therefore who had any concern in the interdicted theatre patiently submitted to the prohibition, and had recourse only to supplications in order to procure a revocation of the silencing order. As it was put in execution so late in the season, no immediate detriment ensued; and it was generally expected, that as the time of acting approached in the following winter, the proprie-

⁴⁶ Cibber's Apol. p. 345.

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tors would be permitted to open their house. The summer was taken up in petitions to the Chamberlain, and appeals to the Queen's justice and humanity, both from the patentees and players. The applications, however, were not crowned with success; the order was still continued in force, and at the beginning of the season one theatre only employed.

As soon as it appeared with certainty that the old manager would not be able to obtain a recall of the order for silencing the patent, one who had some property in the house, and who had joined in all the applications to be relieved against the Chamberlain's mandate, determined to avail himself of his interest at court, and profit by the distress of his partners. This was William Collier, Esq; a lawyer⁴⁷ of an enterprizing head and a jovial heart. He was a member of parliament, and by his convivial qualities had become a favourite with the people then in power, and was often admitted to partake with them in those detached hours of life when business was to give way to pleasure.

This gentleman, observing the situation of theatrical affairs to be desperate in the hands of Mr. Rich, applied for and obtained a licence to

⁴⁷ Cibber's Apology, p. 345.

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take the management of the company left at Drury-lane. The late patentee, who still continued in the theatre, though without the power of using it, was not to be removed without compulsion. Mr. Collier, therefore, procured a lease of the house from the landlords of it, and armed with this authority took the advantage of a rejoicing⁴⁸ night, the 22d of November, when, with a hired rabble, he broke into it, and turned the former owner out of possession.

Here ended the power of Mr. Rich over the theatres. After his expulsion from Drury-lane, he employed the remainder of his life in rebuilding the playhouse in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, which was opened about six weeks after his death by his son, in the year 1714, with the Comedy of *The Recruiting Officer*⁴⁹. Both this theatre and its manager will be mentioned hereafter.

The scheme which Mr. Collier had engaged in did not prosper according to his wishes; the profits of the season were very small, and by no

⁴⁸ Cibber's Apology, p. 346. A ludicrous account of this transaction is given in the *Tatler*, N^o 99.

⁴⁹ On this occasion I have been informed, by a gentleman who was present, that a Prologue was spoken by the new manager dressed in mourning.

means

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means a compensation for the trouble, risk, and expence, which he had been at in seating himself on the theatrical throne. The joint-sharers at the Hay-market had acquired both fame and money ; he therefore meditated an exchange of theatres with them, and, by again employing his influence at court, soon effected it. By the agreement which was then entered into between the rival managers, the sole licence for acting Plays was vested in Swiney and his partners ; and the performance of Operas was to be confined to the Hay-market under the direction of Collier ⁵⁰.

The authority which this gentleman had now obtained in the Opera-house, he immediately farmed to ⁵¹ Aaron Hill, Esq; for 600 *l. per annum* ; but before the season expired he resumed the management again into his own hands. The flourishing state of Drury-lane had attracted his notice and envy. He grew again dissatisfied with his station, and proposed once more to return to the stage he had abandoned. The same power which had hitherto supported him in his caprices still continued to favour him. Swiney was obliged to return to the Hay-market ; and Collier, Wilks, Dogget,

⁵⁰ Cibber's Apology, p. 353.

⁵¹ Ibid. 356.

and

and Cibber, remained at Drury-lane, where from this period the abilities, industry, and integrity, of the managers brought their theatre into so much reputation, that it became to them the source of independance during the rest of their lives. At the end of the first season, Swiney was ruined at the Hay-market, and obliged to banish himself from the kingdom.

As soon as the new regulation was settled, Collier rendered his share a sinecure, and agreed to accept a certain sum annually in lieu of all claims. In 1712, the Tragedy of Cato was acted, wherein Mr. Booth acquired so much reputation, that he was encouraged to solicit for a share in the management of the theatre, and was gratified in it during the succeeding year. On his introduction, Dogget, in disgust, retired from the management, to which he never afterwards returned.

In the year 1714, Queen Anne died; and, amongst the changes which that event brought about, the management of Drury-lane theatre was not too inconsiderable to attract the notice of the court. At the desire of the acting managers, Sir Richard Steele procured his name to be inserted instead of Collier's in a new licence jointly with them; and this connection lasted
many

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many years equally to the advantage of all the parties. In this year, the prohibition which the patent had been long under was removed, and Lincoln's-Inn Fields theatre opened under the direction of the late Mr. John Rich.

No sooner were dramatic performances permitted at two theatres, than the manager of the weaker company was obliged to have recourse to foreign aid, and to oppose his antagonists with other weapons than the merits of his actors, or the excellence of the pieces represented by them. The performers who were under Mr. Rich's direction were so much inferior to those at Drury-lane, that the latter carried away all the applause and favour of the town. In this distress, the genius of the new manager suggested to him a species of entertainment, which hath always been considered as contemptible, but which at the same time hath been ever followed and encouraged. Pantomimes were now brought forwards; and, as sound and shew had in the last century obtained a victory over sense and reason, the same event would have followed again, if the company at Drury-lane had not, from the experience of past times, thought it advisable to adopt the same measures. The fertility of Mr. Rich's
invention

invention in these exotic entertainments, and the excellence of his performances in them, must be ever acknowledged. By means of these only, he kept the managers of the other house at all times from relaxing their diligence; and, to the disgrace of public taste, frequently obtained more money by such ridiculous and paltry performances than all the sterling merit of the other house was able to acquire.

The business of the stage was carried on successfully, and without interruption, until about the year 1720, when on a disgust which the duke of Newcastle, then lord chamberlain, had received from Mr. Cibber³², that gentleman was for some time forbid to perform; and soon after

³² The author of a Pamphlet, called "The State of the Case, between the Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household and Sir Richard Steele, as represented by that Knight, restated, &c." p. 30. mentions some strokes levelled at the ministry, in Mr. Cibber's Dedication of Ximena to Sir Richard Steele, and these were likely to have been what gave offence. The same writer, however, afterwards asserts the following to have been the real cause: "My Lord Duke had a mind to have a certain part performed by a certain actor, which was generally acted by one of the managers; and when my Lord urged his authority to enforce his commands, Cibber, visibly slighting his authority in half a laugh, said, that they were a sort of separate ministry, and so absolutely refused to obey my Lord
" Cham-

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after a difference arising between the same nobleman and Sir Richard Steele, the power which had been often exercised by the persons who had held his grace's office was exerted, and an order of silence was enforced against the managers. On this occasion a controversy succeeded; but how long the prohibition lasted, or in what manner the difference was adjusted, no where appears.

In this year 1720, a new playhouse was erected in the Hay-market by one Mr. Potter, a carpenter³³. It was not built for any particular person or company, but seems to have been intended as a mere speculation by the architect, who relied on its being occasionally hired for dramatic exhibitions.

The harmony which had subsisted for many years between Sir Richard Steele and his partners was soon afterwards interrupted, and the

"Chamberlain; upon which he was silenced." Sir Richard, however, in his state of the case, asserts, that all the mortification put upon Mr. Cibber "was intended only as a remote beginning of evils which were to affect the patentee." During the time that the order for silencing Mr. Cibber was in force, Southerne's Tragedy of *The Spartan Dame* was acted, and the part of *Critus* intended for that performer was obliged to be read by another actor.

³³ Victor's History of the Theatres, vol. iii. p. 184.

affairs of the theatre became again the objects of a chancery litigation, which, in 1726, was determined in favour of the acting proprietors¹⁴ by a decree of Sir Joseph Jekyll, then master of the Rolls. The breach, however, which this dispute had made would perhaps never have been healed, had Sir Richard been able to have resumed his share of the management. His faculties at this time began to decline: he soon afterwards retired into Wales, where he died on the 1st of September, 1729.

As the powers of the patent granted to him terminated at the end of three years after his death, the remaining managers solicited and obtained a renewal of the authority for twenty-one years commencing on the 1st of September, 1732; but the prosperous course of their affairs was doomed about this time to be first checked, and afterwards put an end to by the illness and deaths of the principal persons concerned in the theatre. Booth was rendered incapable of performing for several years before he died. On the 23d of October, 1730, the stage suffered an irreparable loss by the death of Mrs. Oldfield; and about the same time Mrs. Porter was prevented from acting by the misfortune

¹⁴ Cibber's Apology, p. 436.

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of a dislocated limb. To complete the whole, Wilks died in September, 1731; and Cibber, disliking his new partners, grew weary of his share, and took the earliest opportunity of parting with it.

The number of theatres in London was this year [1729] increased by the addition of one in Goodman's Fields, which met with great opposition from many respectable merchants and grave citizens, who apprehended much mischief from the introduction of these kind of diversions so near to their own habitations. Some of the clergy⁵⁵ also took the alarm, and preached with much vehemence against it. Mr. Odell, however, the proprietor, was not deterred from pursuing his design; he completed the building, and, having collected a company, began to perform in it. It is asserted, that for some time he got not less than one hundred pounds a week by this undertaking; but the clamour against it continuing⁵⁶, he was obliged

⁵⁵ A Sermon was preached against it at St. Butolph Aldgate, on 30th of November, 1729, by Arthur Bedford, M. A. It was printed in the next year.

⁵⁶ It is asserted in a Pamphlet, called "The Usefulness of the Stage to Religion and Government, &c." 8vo, 1738. that an address was presented to the king from the lord mayor and court of aldermen for the suppressing of it.

to abandon the further prosecution of his scheme; by which means he sustained a considerable loss. It was afterwards revived by Mr. Giffard with some degree of success.

The patent for Drury-lane being renewed, Mr. Booth, who found his disorder increase, began to think it was time to dispose of his share and interest in the theatre. The person upon whom he fixed for a purchaser was John Highmore, Esq; a gentleman of fortune, who unhappily had contracted an attachment to the stage from having performed the part of *Lotbario* one night for a wager. A treaty between them was set on foot soon after Mr. Wilks's death, and was concluded by Mr. Highmore's agreeing to purchase one half of Mr. Booth's share, with the whole of his power in the management, for the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds. Before his admission, Mrs. Wilks had deputed Mr. Ellis to attend to the conduct of the theatre in her behalf. The introduction of two people into the management, who were totally unqualified either by their abilities or experience for the offices they were to fill, gave offence to Mr. Cibber: he therefore, to avoid being troubled with the importance of the one or the ignorance of the other

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other of his brethren, authorized his son Theophilus to act for him as far as his interest was concerned. The first season was ended with some profit to the new patentees; but Mr. Highmore, being hurt by the impertinence of young Cibber, determined to get rid of his interference, and purchased the father's share for the sum of three thousand guineas⁵⁷.

This second purchase by Mr. Highmore was made at the beginning of the season of 1733, about the same time that Mrs. Booth sold her husband's remaining share to Mr. Giffard. Mr. Highmore's connection with the theatre began now to be attended with alarming consequences to him; two weeks had hardly passed before the principal actors, spirited up by young Cibber, determined to revolt from the patentees, and set up for themselves. The house called the little Theatre in the Hay-market was then unoccupied; they therefore agreed to rent it of the proprietor, and, after making the necessary alterations, opened it with the Comedy of *Love for Love*, to an elegant crouded audience⁵⁸.

⁵⁷ Victor's History of the Theatres, vol. i. p. 8.

⁵⁸ Ibid. p. 11.

The patentees also, though weakened by the desertion of their best performers, began to act at the usual time. To supply the places of those who had left their service, they were obliged to have recourse to such assistance as the country companies would afford. With all the help they could obtain, their performances were so much inferior to those exhibited at the Hay-market, that a constant loss was sustained until the end of the season. Mr. Highmore in the mean time buoyed himself up with hopes of obtaining redress, first from the Lord Chamberlain, and afterwards by putting the laws concerning vagrants in force against the delinquent players. In both these expectations he found himself disappointed. The losses fell so heavy upon him, that he was under the necessity of giving up the contention, in order to secure a small part of the property he had imprudently risked in this unfortunate undertaking.

The person who now succeeded to the patent of Drury-lane playhouse was Charles Fleetwood, a gentleman who at one period of his life had possessed a very large fortune, of which at this time a small portion only remained. He purchased not only the share belonging to Mr. Highmore,

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Highmore, but those of all the other partners; and so little value was then set upon the theatre, that the whole sum which he disbursed for it little more than exceeded the half of what Mr. Highmore had before paid. The revolting actors were by this time become dissatisfied with their situations. A treaty was therefore opened, and soon concluded, for their return to Drury-lane.

Although dramatic entertainments were not at this time supported by the abilities of any actors of extraordinary merit, and the characters of those excellent performers who had lately been lost from Drury-lane were very ill supplied, yet this period seems to have been particularly marked by a spirit of enterprize which prevailed in theatrical affairs. The ill fortune of Mr. Odell at Goodman's Fields had not extinguished the expectations of another schemer, who solicited and obtained a subscription for building a magnificent playhouse⁵⁹ in that part of the town; and in spite of all opposition it was completed

⁵⁹ "In a large oval over the pit is painted the figure of his Majesty, attended by peace, liberty, and justice, trampling tyranny and oppression under his feet: round it are the heads of Shakespear, Dryden, Congreve, and Betterton: on the coving of the left hand is painted the scene of Cato pointing to the dead body of his son, Marcus: in the middle, that of Julius Cæsar stabbed in the Senate-house:

pleted and opened on the 1d day of October, 1732, with the play of *King Henry IV.* Mr. Giffard the new proprietor, however, did not remain long there. In 1733, the house in Covent-Garden was finished, and Mr. Rich's company immediately removed thither, which occasioned the old building in Lincoln's-Inn Fields to be deserted. Mr. Giffard was then advised, that it would be more for his advantage to quit Goodman's Fields, and take the vacant edifice. He accordingly agreed for it in 1735, and acted there during the two ensuing years.

Soon afterwards, though at a time when so many theatres were employed to divert the public, and when none of them were in a flourishing state, the imprudence and extravagance of a gentleman, who possessed genius, wit, and humour in a high degree, obliged him to strike out a new species of entertainment, which in the end produced an extraordinary change in the constitution of the dramatic system. To extri-

“and on the right, that of Mark Anthony and Octavia,
“where the children are introduced in *All for Love*: on the
“founding board over the stage is a handsome piece of
“painting, of Apollo and the nine Muses.” *Gent. Mag.*
1732, p. 1028.

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cate himself out of difficulties in which he was involved, and probably to revenge some indignities which had been thrown upon him by people in power, that admirable painter and accurate observer of life, the late Henry Fielding, determined to amuse the town at the expense of some persons in high rank, and of great influence in the political world. For this purpose he got together a company of performers, who exhibited at the theatre in the Hay-market, under the whimsical title of the Great Mogul's Company of Comedians. The piece he represented was *Pasquin*, which was acted to crowded audiences for fifty successive nights. Encouraged by the favourable reception this performance met with, he determined to continue at the same place the next season, when he produced several new plays, some of which were applauded, and the rest condemned. As soon as the novelty of the design was over, a visible difference appeared between the audiences of the two years. The company, which as the plays-bills said dropped from the clouds, were disbanded; and the manager, not having attended to the voice of œconomy in his prosperity, was left no richer or more independent than when he first engaged in the project.

The severity of Mr. Fielding's satire in these pieces had galled the minister to that degree, that the impression was not erased from his mind when the cause of it had lost all effect. He meditated therefore a severe revenge on the stage, and determined to prevent any attacks of the like kind for the future. In the execution of this plan he steadily persisted; and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy, which had given him so much uneasiness, effectually restrained from any power of annoying him on the public theatres. An act of parliament passed in the year 1737, which forbad the representation of any performance not previously licenced by the Lord Chamberlain, or in any place, except the city of Westminster and the liberties thereof, or where the royal family should at any time reside. It also took from the crown the power of licencing any more theatres, and inflicted heavy penalties on those who should hereafter perform in defiance of the regulations in the statute. This unpopular act did not pass without opposition. It called forth the eloquence of Lord Chesterfield in a speech, wherein all the arguments in favour of this obnoxious law were answered, the dangers which might ensue from it were pointed out, and the little necessity

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cessity for such hostilities against the stage clearly demonstrated. It also excited an alarm in the people at large, as tending to introduce restraints on the liberty of the press. Many pamphlets were published against the principle of the act; and it was combated in every shape which wit, ridicule, or argument, could oppose it in. All these, however, availed nothing; the minister had resolved, and the parliament was too compliant to slight a bill which came recommended to it from so powerful a quarter. It therefore passed into a law, and freed the then, and all future ministers, from any apprehensions of mischief from the wit or malice of dramatic writers.

The year 1740, was rendered remarkable in the theatrical world by the appearance of an actor, whose genius seemed intended to adorn, and whose abilities were destined to support the stage. This was the late Mr. Garrick, who, after experiencing some slights from the managers of Drury-lane and Covent-Garden, determined to make trial of his theatrical qualifications at the playhouse in Goodman's Fields, under the direction of Mr. Giffard, who was at that time permitted to perform there without molestation. The part he chose
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for his first appearance was that of Richard the Third, in which he displayed so clear a conception of the character, such power of execution, and a union of talents so varied, extensive, and unexpected, as soon fixed his reputation as the first actor of his own or any former times. His fame spread through every part of the town with the greatest rapidity; and Goodman's Fields theatre, which had been confined to the inhabitants of the city, became the resort of the polite, and was honoured with the notice of all ranks and orders of people.

At Goodman's Fields, Mr. Garrick remained but one season; after which he removed to Drury-lane, where he continued to increase his reputation, and, by a prudent attention to the dictates of frugality and discretion, acquired a character which pointed him out as a proper person to succeed to the management of the theatre a few years after, and a fortune which enabled him to accomplish that point when the opportunity offered.

The affairs of Drury-lane theatre suffered all the mischiefs which could arise from the imprudence or inability of the manager. That gentleman had embarrassed his domestic concerns by almost every species of misconduct, and involved himself

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himself in such difficulties, that there remained no other means of extricating himself from them than by abandoning his country, and retiring abroad. About the year 1745, the whole of his property in the theatre was either mortgaged or sold; and the patent, which had been assigned to some creditors, was advertized to be disposed of by public auction. Two Bankers soon afterwards became the purchasers, and they received into the management the late Mr. Lacey, to whom the conduct of the theatre was relinquished. The calamities of the times affected the credit of many persons at this juncture; and amongst the rest of the new managers, who found themselves obliged to stop payment. Their misfortunes occasioned the patent again to become the object of a sale. It was offered to several persons, but few appeared to have courage enough to venture upon it. At length it was proposed by Mr. Lacey, that he and Mr. Garrick should become joint-purchasers. The offer was accepted. A renewal of the patent was solicited and obtained. All the preliminaries were in a short time settled, and, in the year 1747, the house was opened with a Prologue written by Dr. Johnson, and spoken by Mr. Garrick.

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From this period may be dated the flourishing state of the theatre. The new partners were furnished with abilities to make their purchase advantageous to themselves, and useful to the publick. Mr. Garrick's admirable performances insured them great audiences; and the industry and attention of Mr. Lacey were employed in rendering the house convenient to the frequenters of it. They both exerted their endeavours to acquire the favour of the town; and the preference which was given to them over their rivals at the other theatre sufficiently proved the superior estimation they were held in. The harmony which subsisted between them contributed to the success of their undertaking, and their efforts in the end procured them both riches and respect.

The month of December, 1761, was marked with the death of Mr. Rich, who had been manager under the patents granted by Charles the Second almost fifty years. His peculiar excellence in the composition of those performances which demanded shew and expence enabled him, with an indifferent company of actors, to make a stand against the greatest performers of his time: he was unrivalled in the representation of his favourite character Harlequin, and possessed

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feffed with many foibles some qualities which commanded the esteem of his friends and acquaintance. On his decease, the business of Covent-Garden theatre was conducted by his son-in-law Mr. Beard.

In the year 1763, Mr. Garrick, by the advice of his physicians, went abroad, in order to relax from the fatigues of his profession, and to re-establish his health, which had been much broken by an uninterrupted exertion of his abilities on the stage. He was absent two seasons, and then returned to the theatre, where he remained until the year 1776.

The theatre in the Hay-market had for some years been occupied in the summer time by virtue of licences from the Lord Chamberlain. In the month of July, 1766, it was advanced to the dignity of a theatre royal; a patent being then made out to Mr. Foote, authorizing him to build a theatre in the city and liberties of Westminster, and to exhibit dramatic performances, &c. therein, from the 14th day of May to the 14th of September, during his life. On this grant being passed, the patentee purchased the old playhouse, which had been built in 1720, and immediately pulled it down. It was rebuilt in the course of the next year, and opened in
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the month of May, 1767. Mr. Foote very successfully managed this theatre until the season before his death.

From the decease of Mr. Rich, Covent-Garden theatre had been intrusted to the direction of his son-in-law Mr. Beard, who introduced several musical pieces to the stage, which were received with applause, and brought considerable profits to those concerned in the house. The taste of the publick inclined very much to this species of performance for several seasons; but about the year 1766 the audiences beginning to lessen, and the acting manager finding no relief for a deafness which he had long been afflicted with, he became desirous of retiring from the bustle of a theatre to the quiet of private life. In the summer of 1767, a negotiation was set on foot by Messieurs Harris and Rutherford, for the purchase of all the property in the play-house which belonged to the then proprietors; but the advantage of having a capital performer as one of the sharers being suggested, Mr. Powell was invited to join with them, and he recommended Mr. Colman as a person from whom the undertaking would receive great advantage. The proposal being assented to by the several parties, the property of the theatre was

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was assigned in August, 1767; the conduct of the stage was intrusted to Mr. Colman, and the house opened on the 14th of September with the Comedy of the Rehearsal; and a Prologue written by Paul Whitehead, and spoken by Mr. Powell.

The disputes which soon afterwards arose amongst the new managers are unworthy of any notice, on account of the virulence and acrimony with which each party seems to have been inflamed; it is sufficient to observe, that after they had continued a long time, and had received a judicial determination, they were amicably ended.

Mr. Rutherford sold his share to Messieurs Leake and Dagge. Mr. Powell died in July, 1769; and his widow afterwards married Dr. Fisher, who by that means became entitled to some part of her late husband's interest in the theatre. Mr. Colman managed the affairs of the stage until the year 1774, when his right was purchased by the rest of his partners, to whom it was immediately assigned.

In 1776, an event took place, which the admirers of theatrical entertainments had long expected with concern, and now viewed with regret. Mr. Garrick, at a period when his powers had suffered little injury from time, and in the
3 height

height of his fame and popularity, determined to relinquish all connections with the stage, and retire to the honourable enjoyment of a large fortune, acquired in the course of near forty years spent in the service of the publick. His last appearance was in the character of Don Felix in the Play of the Wonder, acted on the 10th day of June, for a charitable benefit. He was honoured with a brilliant and crowded audience, and was dismissed with the loudest applauses ever heard in a theatre. The obligations which the publick are under to him for the decency and propriety of our present dramatic performances, will ever intitle him to the grateful respect of the world, independent of his extraordinary merit either as an actor or as an author.

As this is the period at which the present imperfect account of the English theatre is intended to be closed, some apology may be expected for the defects of it. A more copious and particular detail would not have been consistent with the plan of this work ; and the materials for a history executed with such minuteness as the subject deserves are too much scattered, and too difficult to be obtained, to be readily brought together. Many circumstances
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and much information might be procured from those who have access to the interior of the present playhouses; the neglected pamphlets of former times would afford a great fund of intelligence; and the remembrance of many individuals would furnish particulars of considerable value to any person who had leisure and abilities for such an undertaking. The History of the Drama seems intitled to more regard than hath been bestowed upon it. To excite the attention of those who are best qualified for such a work, hath been the chief end of the present slight view of the English theatres, which can only be entitled to pardon, as it may probably at some future time be the means of producing a performance with fewer imperfections and more worthy of public notice.

March 31, 1780.



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OLD P. L. A. Y. S.

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M A N Y F E S T Y N G

The chiefe promyses of God unto man by all ages
in the old lawe, from the fall of Adam to the
incarnacyon of the Lorde Jesus Christ.

Compyled by JOHAN BALE,

Anno Domini M D X X V I I I.

*In the worde (which now is called the eternall sonne of God) was
lyfe from the begynnyng, and that lyfe was the lyght of men.
This lyght yet shyneth in the darknesse, but the darknesse com-
prehendeth it not. JOAN. i.*

VOL. I.

A

THE ACADEMY

OF

THE FINE ARTS

AND

OF THE HISTORY OF ARTS

AND OF THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE

AND OF THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE



AND OF THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY

AND OF THE HISTORY OF MATHEMATICS

AND OF THE HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY

AND OF THE HISTORY OF PHYSICS

AND OF THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE

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AND OF THE HISTORY OF COMMERCE

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JOHAN BALE, author of the Morality of God's Promises, is more known as an Historian, and Controversialist, than as a Dramatick writer. He was born on the 21st of November, 1495, at Cove, a small village near Dunwich, in Suffolk. His parents, having many other children, and not being in very affluent circumstances, sent him, at the age of twelve years, to the monastery of Carmelites at Norwich, where he received part of his education, and from whence he removed to St. John's College, Cambridge*. While he continued at the University, being as he says seriously stirred up by the illustrious the Lord Wentworth, he renounced the tenets of the church of Rome; and, that he might never more serve so execrable a beast, I took, says he, to wife the faithful Dorothy, in obedience to that divine command, "Let him that cannot contain, marry." Bishop Nicholson insinuates, that his dislike to a state of celibacy was the means of his conversion, more than any doubts which he entertained about the truth of his faith. The change of his religion exposed him to the persecution of the Romish clergy, particularly of Lee archbishop of York, and Stokesley bishop of London: but he found an able and powerful protector in the person of Lord Cromwell, the favourite of Henry the Eighth. On the death of this nobleman, he withdrew into the Low Countries, and resided there eight years; in which time he wrote several pieces in the English language. On the accession of King Edward the Sixth, he was recalled into England, and obtained the living of Bishops Stocke, in the county of Southampton. During his residence at his living, he was almost brought to the point of death by

* The writer of Bale's article in the Biographia Britannica hath fallen into a mistake, asserting him to have been of St. John's College, Oxford. Bale's own words are these: "In omni literarum barbarie ac mentis cœcitate illic et Cantabrigiæ pervagabar, nullum habens tutorem aut Mœcenatem; donec, lucente Dei verbo, ecclesiæ revocari cœpissent ad veræ theologiæ purissimos fontes." Dr. Berkenhout hath adopted the same error.

an ague; when hearing that the king was come in progress to Southampton, five miles only from where he dwelt, he went to pay his respects to him. "I toke my horse, says he, about 10 of the clocke, for very weaknesse scant able to fytt hym, and so came thydre. Betwixt two and three of the clocke, the same day, I drew towards the place where as his majestie was, and stode in the open strete ryght against the gallerye. Anon, my frinde Johan Fylpot, a gentylman, and one of hys previe chambre, called unto him two more of hys companyons, which in moving their heades towards me, shewed me most frendely countenaunces. By one of these three the kynge havynge informacion that I was there in the strete, he marveled therof, for so much as it had bene tolde hym a lytle afore that I was bothe dead and buried. With that hys grace came to the wyndowe, and earnestly behelde me a poore weake creature, as though he had had upon me so symple a subject, an earnest regard, or rather a very fatherly care." This visit to the king occasioned his immediate appointment to the bishoprick of Ossory, which was settled the next day, as he declared * afterwards, *against his will, of the king's own mere motion only, without suit of friends, meed, labour, expences, or any other sinister means else.* On the 20th of March, 1553, he was consecrated at Dublin by the archbishop of that see, and underwent a variety of persecutions from the Popish party in Ireland, which at length compelled him to leave his diocese, and conceal himself in Dublin. Endeavouring to escape from thence in a small trading vessel, he was taken prisoner by the captain of a Dutch man of war, who rifled him of all his money, apparel, and effects. The ship was then driven by stress of weather into St. Ives in Cornwall, where he was taken up on suspicion of high treason, but soon discharged. From thence, after a cruize of several days, the ship arrived in Dover Road, and he was again put in danger by a false accusation. On his arrival in Holland, he was kept prisoner three weeks, and then obtained his liberty on payment of a sum of money. From Holland he retired to Basil in Switzerland, and continued abroad during the remainder of Queen Mary's reign. On the accession of Queen Elizabeth, he returned to England; but being disgusted with the treatment

* See his Vocacyon.

he met with in Ireland, he went thither no more. He was promoted on the 15th of January, 1560, to a prebend in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury, and died in that city in Nov. 1563, in the 68th year of his age. According to the manners of the times in which he wrote, he appears to have taken very indecent liberties with all his Antagonists in his religious Controversies, and to have considered himself as not bound by any rules of decorum in replying to those from whom he differed in matters wherein the interests of Religion were concerned. The acrimony of his style on these occasions acquired him the appellation of *Bilious Bale*, and it was applied to him with singular propriety. His principal work is esteemed the *Scriptorum illustrium majoris Brytanniae quam nunc Angliam et Scotiam vocant Catalogus; a Japheto per 3618 annos usque ad annum hunc domini 1557, &c.* first printed imperfectly at Wesel 1549, and afterwards more compleat in 1557 and 1559. He was the Author of a great number of Dramatick Pieces, three of which only appear to have been published, viz.

“ A Tragedye or Enterlude, manifesting the chiefe promyses
 “ of God unto Man in all ages of the olde lawe from the fall
 “ of Adam to the Incarnacyon of the Lorde Jesus Christ.
 “ Compyled by Johan Bale, Anno Domini 1538, 8vo.”

Another Edition of this performance was printed in 4to. by John Charlewood 1577, and in the title-page said to be now fyrst imprinted. (See Ames, 369).

“ A brefe Comedy or Enterlude of Johan Baptystes preach-
 “ yng in the Wilder nesse, the crafty assaultes of the hypo-
 “ crytes, with the gloryouse baptysme of the Lorde Jesus
 “ Christ. Compyled by Johan Bale, Anno 1538, 8vo.”

Re-printed in the Harleian Miscellany, vol. I. p. 37.

“ A brefe Comedy or Enterlude, concernynge the tempta-
 “ tyon of our Lorde and Saver Jesus Christ by Sathan in the
 “ desart. Compyled by Johan Bale, Anno 1538, 8vo.”
 (Ames, 497, 498.)

According to Ames all these pieces were originally printed abroad.

This present Copy is taken from an Old Black Letter Edition in 4to. in the valuable Collection of David Garrick, Esq. The Title-page being damaged, I am unable to give the date of it.

It will not be imagined, that any of the Pieces in this Volume, except *Ferrex* and *Porrex*, are given as good; but only as Curioſities, and to ſhew from what low Beginnings our Stage has ariſen. If in this view they afford any Entertainment, it is all that is intended. What is remarkable in this Drama is, that it is divided into ſeven Acts, and at the End of each Act has a kind of Chorus, which was performed with Voices and Inſtruments. The curious Reader will obſerve, in this and the other Pieces which compoſe this Volume, how very looſe and undetermined the Orthography of our Language was about 200 years ago: the ſame Words being ſo conſtantly ſpelled different ways, makes it very certain they had no fixed Rule of Right and Wrong in ſpelling; and provided the Letters did but in any manner make out the Sound of the Word they would expreſs, it was thought ſufficient,

INTER.

INTERLOCUTORES.

PATER COELESTIS.

Iustus NOAH.

MOSES *sanctus*.

ESAIAS *propheta*.

ADAM *primus homo*.

ABRAHAM *fidelis*.

DAVID *rex pius*.

JOANNES *Baptista*.

BALEUS Prolocutor.

GOD'S PROMISES, &c.

THE PROLOCUTOR.

BALEUS prolocutor.

IF profyght maye growe, most christen audyence,
 By knowlege of thynges whych are but transytorye,
 And here for a tyme: Of moch more congruence,
 Advantage myght sprynge, by the serche of causes heavenlye,
 As those matters are, that the gospel specyfye.
 Without whose knowledge no man to the truthe can come,
 Nor ever atteyne to the lyfe perpetuall.

For he that knoweth not the lyvyng God eternall,
 The Father, the Sonne, and also the Holye Ghost,
 And what Christ suffered for redempcyon of us all,
 What he commaunded, and taught in every coost,
 And what he forbode, That man must nedes be lost,
 And cleane seclused, from the faythfull chosen sorte,
 In the heavens above, to hys most hygh dysconforte.

Yow therfor (good fryndes) I lovyngely exhort
 To waye soche matters, as wyll be uttered here,
 Of whom ye may loke to have no tryfeling spote
 In fantasyes fayned, nor soche lyke gaudyish gere,
 But the thyngs that shall your inwarde stomake chear,
 To rejoyce in God for your justyfycacyon,
 And alone in Christ to hope for your saluacyon.

Yea, first ye shall have the eternal generacyon
 Of Christ, like as Johan in hys first chaptre wryght,
 And consequentelye of man the first creacyon,
 The abuse and fall, through hys first oversyght,
 And the rayse agayne, through God's hygh grace and myght:
 By promyses first, whych shall be declared all,
 Then by hys owne Sonne, the worker pryncypall.

After that Adam bywayleth here hys fall,
 God wyll shewe mercye to every generacyon,
 And to hys kyngedome, of hys great goodnesse call

Hys

GOD'S PROMISES, &c.

Hys elected spouse, or faythfull congregacyon,
As here shall apere by open protestacyon,
Which from Christe's birthe shall to hys death conclude,
They come that therof wyll shewe the certytude.

A C T. I.

Pater Galileis.

IN the begynnynge, before the heavens were create,
In me and of me was my Sonne sempytternall
With the Holy Ghost, in one degre or estate
Of the hygh godhed, to me the Father coequall,
And thys my Sonne was with me one God essencyall,
Without separacyon at any tyme from me.
True God he is, of equall dignyte.
Sens the begynnynge, my Sonne hath ever be,
Joined wyth hys Father in one essencyall beyng.
All thynges were create by hym in yche degre,
In heaven and earthe, and have their dyverse workynge:
Wythout hys power, was never made anye thyng,
That was wrought. But through hys ordynaunce,
Each have hys strength and whole contynuaunce.

In hym is the lyfe and the just recovaunce
For Adam and hys, which nought but deathe deserved,
And thys lyfe to men is an hygh perseveraunce,
Or a lyght of faythe, wherby they shall be saved.
And thys lyght shall shyne amonge the people darkened
With unfaythfulnesse. Yet shall they not with hym take,
But of wyllfull hart hys lyberall grace forfake.

Whych wyll compell me agaynst man for to make
In my dyspleasure, and sende plagis of coreccyon,
Most grevouise and sharpe, hys wanton lustes to slake
By water and fyre, by sycknesse and infeccyon,
Of pestylent sores, molestynge hys compleccyon,

By

By troublouse warre, by derthe and peynefull scarsenesse,
And after thys lyfe by an extreme heavynesse.

I wyll first begynne with Adam for hys lewdenesse,
Which for an apple neglected my commaundement.
He shall contynue in laboure for hys rashenesse,
Hys onely sweate shall provyde hys food and rayment:
Yea, yet must he have a greater ponyshment,
Most terribble deathe shall brynge hym to hys ende,
To teache hym how he hys Lorde God shall offende.

*Hic præceptis in terram cadit Adamus, ac post quartum versum
denuo refurgit.*

Adam primus homo.

Mercyfull Father, thy pytiefull grace extende
To me carefull wretche, whych have me fore abused,
Thy precept breakynge. O Lorde, I mynde to amende,
If thy great goodnesse wolde now have me excused,
Most heavenlye Maker, lete me not be refused,
Nor cast from thy syght for one pore synnefull cryme,
Alas I am frayle, my whole kynde ys but slyme.

Pater cælestis.

I wott it is so, yet art thou no lesse faultye,
Than thou haddyst bene made of matter moch more worthye,
I gave the reason, and wytte to understande
The good from the evyll. And not to take on hande,
Of a braynelesse mynde, the thyng whych I forbad the.

Adam primus homo.

Soch heavye fortune hath cheselye chaunced me,
For that I was left to myne owne lyberte.

Pater cælestis.

Then thou art blamelesse, and the faulte thou layest to me.

Adam primus homo.

Naye all I ascribe to my own imbecylltye.
No faulte in the Lorde, but in my infirmyte,
And want of respect in soche gyftes as thou gavest me.

Pater cælestis.

For that I put the at thyne owne lyberte,
Thou oughtest my goodnesse to have in more regarde.

Adam

Adam primus homo.

Avoide it I cannot, thou layest it to me so harde.
 Lorde, now I perceyve what power is in man,
 And strength of hymselfe, whan thy swete grace is absent.
 He must nedes but fall, do he the best he can,
 And daunger hymselfe, as apereth evydent;
 For I synned not so longe as thou wert present;
 But whan thou wert gone, I fell to synne by and by,
 And the dyspleased. Good Lorde I axe the mercy.

Pater celestis.

Thou shalt dye for it, with all thy posteritye.

Adam primus homo.

For one faulte, good Lorde, avenge not thyself on me,
 Who am but a worme, or a fleshelye vanyte.

Pater celestis.

I saye thou shalt dye, with thy whole posteritye.

Adam primus homo.

Yet mercy swete Lorde, yf anye mercy maye be,

Pater celestis.

I am immutable, I maye change no decre.
 Thou shalt dye (I saye) without anye remedye.

Adam primus homo.

Yet gracyouse Father, extende to me thy mercye,
 And throwe not awaye the worke whych thou hast create
 To thyne owne image, but avert from me thy hate.

Pater celestis.

But art thou sorye from bottom of thy hart?

Adam primus homo.

Thy dyspleasure is to me most heavye smart.

Pater celestis.

Than wyll I tell the what thou shalt stycke unto,
 Lyfe to recover, and my good faver also.

Adam primus homo.

Tell it me, swete Lorde, that I maye thereafter go.

Pater celestis.

Thys ys my covenant to the and all thy ofsprynge.
 For that thou hast bene deceyved by the serpent,
 I wyll put hatred betwixt hym for hys doynge,
 And the woman kynde. They shall hereafter dyssent;
 Hys fede with her fede shall never have agreement;

Her

Her fede shall presse downe hys heade unto the grounde,
Slee hys suggestiions, and hys whole power confounde.

Cleave to thys promyse, with all thy inwarde powre,
Fyrmelye enclose it in thy remembraunce fast;
Folde it in thy saythe with full hope day and houre,
And thy salvacyon it wyll be at the last.
That fede shall clere the of all thy wyckednesse past,
And procure thy peace, with most hygh grace in my syght.
Se thou trust to it, and holde not the matter lyght.

Adam primus homo.

Swete Lorde, the promyse that thyself here hath made me,
Of thy mere goodnesse, and not of my deservynge,
In my saythe I trust shall so establyshed be,
By helpe of thy grace, that it shall be remaynyng
So longe as I shall have here contynuyng,
And shewe it I wyll to my posterite,
That they in lyke case have therby felycite.

Pater celestis.

For a cloyng up, take yet one sentence with the.

Adam primus homo.

At thy pleasure, Lorde, all thynges myght ever be.

Pater celestis.

For that my promyse maye have the deper effect
In the saythe of the and all thy generacyon,
Take thys sygne with it, as a seale therto connect.
Crepe shall the serpent, for hys abhomynacyon;
The woman shall sorowe in paynfull propagacyon.
Like as thou shalt finde thys true in outwarde workynge,
So thynke the other, though it be an hydden thyng.

Adam primus homo.

Incessaunt prayfynge to the most heavenly Lorde
For thys thy focoure, and undeserved kyndnesse.
Thou byndest me in hart thy gracyouse gyfies to recorde,
And to beare in mynde, now after my heavynesse,
The brute of thy name, with inwarde joye and gladnesse.
Thou dysdaynest not, as wele apereth thys daye,
To fatche to thy folde thy first shepe goynge astraye.

Most myghtye maker, thou castest not yet awaye
Thy synnfull servaunt, whych hath done most offence.
It is not thy mynde for ever I shuld decaye,

But

But thou reservest me, of thy benyvolence,
And hast provyded for me a recompence,
By thy appoyntment, like as I have recevved
In thy stronge promyse, here openly pronounced.

Thys goodnesse, dere Lorde, of me is undeserved,
I so declynynge from thy first instytucion,
At so lyght mocyons. To one that thus hath swerved,
What a Lorde art thou, to geve soche retrybucion!
I, damnable wretche, deserved execucion
Of terryble deathe, without all remedye,
And to be put out of all good memorye.

I am enforced to rejoyce here inwardelye,
An ympe though I be of helle, deathe, and dampnacyon,
Through my owne workynge: for I consydre thy mercye
And pytiefull mynde for my whole generacyon.
It is thou, swete Lorde, that workest my salvacyon,
And my recover. Therfor of a congruence,
From hens thou must have my hart and obedyence.

Though I be mortall, by reason of my offence,
And shall dye the deathe *, like as God hath appoynted:
Of thys am I sure, through hys hygh influence,
At a ferten daye agayne to be revyved.
From grounde of my hart thys shall not be removed,

* This scriptural expression occurs very frequently in our ancient dramatick writers.

Never this heart shall have the thoughtful dread
To die the death that by your grace's doom,
By just desert, shall be pronounc'd to me:

Ferrex & Porrex, A. 4. S. 2.

Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

Midsummer's Night Dream, A. 1. S. 1.

Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance.

Measure for Measure, A. 2. S. 4. See Dr. Johnson and
Mr. Steevens's Notes on the two latter passages.

Wert thou my bosom-love, thou dy'st the death;
Best ease for madness is the loss of breath.

Machin's Dumb Knight, A. 2.

14 GOD'S PROMISES, &c.

I have it in saythe and therfor I wyll synge,
Thys antheme to hym that my saluacyon shall brynge.

*Tunc sonora voce, provolutis genibus, Antiphonam incipit, O
sapientia, quam prosequetur chorus cum organis, eo interim
exeunte.*

Vel sub eodem tono poterit sic Anglice cantari.

O eternal sapyence, that procedest from the mouth of the
hyghest, reachynge fourth with a great power from the begyn-
nyng to the ende, with heavenlye swetnesse dysposynge all
creatures, come now and enstruct us the true waye of thy
godlye prudence.

Finit Actus primus.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Pater cœlestis.

I HAVE bene moved to stryke man dyverselye,
Sens I leste Adam in thys same earthly mansyon;
For whye? he hath done to me dyspleasures manye,
And wyll not amende hys lyfe in anye condycyon:
No respect hath he to my worde nor monycyon,
But doth what hym lust, without discrete advysement,
And wyll in no wyse take myne advertysement.

Cain hath slayne Abel, hys brother, an innocent,
Whose bloude from the earthe doth call to me for vengeaunce:
My children with mennis so carnallye consent,
That their vayne workynge is unto me moche grevaunce.
Mankynde is but fleshe in hys whole dalysaunce.
All vyce encreaseth in hym contynuallye,
Nothyng he regardeth to walke unto my glorie.

My hart abhorreth hys wylfull myserye,
Hys cankred malyce, hys cursed covetousenesse,
Hys lustes lecherouse, hys vengeable tyrannye,

Unmercyfull

Unmercyfull mourther, and other ungodlynesse.
 I wyll destroye hym for hys outragiousnesse,
 And not hym onlye, but all that on earthe do stere *,
 For it repenteth me that ever I made them here.

Iustus Noab.

Most gentyll maker, with hys fraylenesse sumwhat beare,
 Man is thy creature, thyselfe cannot saye naye.
 Though thou ponnysh hym, to put hym sumwhat in feare,
 Hys faulte to knowledge, yet seke not hys decaye.
 Thou mayest reclayme hym, though he goeth now astraye,
 And brynge hym agayne, of thy abundaunt grace,
 To the fold of saythe, he acknowlegynge hys trespase.

Pater cælestis.

Thou knowest I have geven to him convenyent space,
 With laufull warnynges, yet he amendeth in no place.
 The naturall lawe, which I wrote in hys harte,
 He hath outraced, all goodnesse puttynge a parte:
 Of helkhe the covenaut, whych I to Adam made,
 He regardeth not, but walketh a damnable trade.

Iustus Noab.

All thys is true, Lorde, I cannot thy words reprove,
 Lete hys weaknesse yet thy mercyfull goodnesse move.

Pater cælestis.

No weaknesse is it, but wylfull workynge all,
 That reigneth in man through mynde dyabolycall.
 He shall have therfor lyke as he hath deserved.

Iustice Noab.

Lose hym not yet, Lorde, though he hath depelye swerved.
 I knowe thy mercye is farre above hys rudenesse,
 Beyenge infynyte, as all other thynges are in the.
 Hys folye therfor now pardone of thy goodnesse,
 And measure it not beyonde thy godlye pytie.
 Esteeme not hys faulte farder than helpe may be,
 But graunt hym thy grace, as he offendeth so depelye,
 The to remembre, and abhorre hys myserye.

Of all goodnesse, Lorde, remembre thy great mercye
 To Adam and Eve, breakynge thy first commaundement.
 Them thou relevedest with thy swete promyse heavenlye,

* *Stir.* Glossary to Mandeville's Voyages, 1725.

Synnefull though they were, and their lyves neglygent.
 I knowe that mercye with the is permanent,
 And will be ever, so longe as the worlde endure;
 Than close not thy hande from man, which is thy creature.

Beynge thy subject, he is undreneth thy cure,
 Correct hym thu mayest, and so brynge hym to gráce.
 All lyeth in thy handes, to leave or to allure,
 Bytter deathe to geve, or graunte most suffren solace.
 Utterlye from man averte not then thy face,
 But lete hym savor thy swete benyvolence,
 Sumwhat, though he fele thy hande for hys offence.

Pater celestis.

My true servaunt Noah, thy ryghtousnesse doth move me
 Sumwhat to reserve for mannys posterite.
 Though I drowne the worlde, yet wyll I save the lyves
 Of the and thy wyfe, thy three sonnes and their wyves,
 And of ych kynde two, to maynteyne yow herafter.

Iustus Noab.

Blessed be thy name, most myghtye mercyfull maker,
 With the to dyspute, it were unconvenyent.

Pater celestis.

Whye doest thou saye so? be bolde to speke thy intent.

Iustus Noab.

Shall the other dye without any remedye?

Pater celestis.

I wyll drowne them all, for their wylfull wycked folye,
 That man herafter therby maye knowe my powre,
 And feare to offende my goodnesse daye and houre.

Iustus Noab.

As thy pleasure is, so myght it alwayes be,
 For my helthe thou art, and fowle's felycyte.

Pater celestis.

After that thys floude have had hys ragynge passage,
 Thys shall be to the my covenaut everlastynge.
 The sees and waters so farre never more shall rage,
 As all fleshe to drowne, I wyll so tempre their workynge;
 Thys sygne wyll I adde also, to confirme the thyng.
 In the cloudes above, as a seale or token clere,
 For savegarde of man, my raynebowe shall apere.

Take thou thys covenaut for an earnest confirmacyon
 Of my former promyse to Adam's generacyon.

Iustus

Iustus Noab.

I wyll, blessed Lorde, with my whole hart and mynde.

Pater celestis.

Farewele than, iust Noab, here leave I the behynde.

Iustus Noab.

Most myghtye maker, ere I from hens depart,
I must geve the prayse from the bottom of my hart.

Whom may we thanke, Lorde, for our helthe and salvacyon
But thy great mercye and goodnesse undeserved?
Thy promyse in faythe, is our justyfycacyon,
As it was Adam's, whan hys hart therin rested,
And as it was theirs, whych therein also trusted.
Thys faythe was grounded in Adam's memorye,
And clerelye declared in Abel's innocencye.

Faythe in that promyse, olde Adam ded justyfyte,
In that promyse faythe, made Eva to prophecye.
Faythe in that promyse, proved Abel innocent,
In that promyse faythe, made Seth full obedyent.
That faythe taught Enos, on God's name first to call,
And made Mathusalah the oldest man of all.

That fayth brought Enoch to so hygh exercyse,
That God toke hym up with hym into paradyse.
Of that faythe the want, made Cain to hate the good,
And all hys ofsprynge to peryshe in the flood.
Faythe in that promyse, preserved both me and myne,
So wyll it all them whych folowe the same lyne.

Not onlye thys gyfte thou hast geven me, swete Lorde,
But with it also thyne everlastynge covenaut,
Of trust for ever, thy raynebowe bearynge recorde,
Nevermore to drowne the worlde by floude inconstaunt,
Makynge the waters more peaceable and plesaunt.
Alas I can not to the geve prayse condygne,
Yet wyll I synge here with harte meke and benygne.

*Magna tunc voce Antiphonam incipit, O oriens splendor, &c.
in genua cadens; quam chorus prosequetur cum organo ut supra.*

Vel Anglice sub eodem tono.

O most orient clerenesse, and lyght shynynge of the
sempiternall bryghtnesse! O clere sunne of justyce and hea-
VOL. I. B venlye

venlye ryghtousnesse! come hyther and illumyne the prisoner, fyttyng now in the darke prison and shaddowe of eternall deathe.

Finit Actus secundus.

INCIPIT ACTUS TERTIUS.

Pater celestis.

MYNE hygh dyspleasure must nedes returne to man,
 Consyderynge the synne that he doth daye by daye:
 For neyther kyndenesse, nor extreme handelynge can,
 Make hym to knowe me by any faythfull waye,
 But styll in myschefe he walketh to hys decaye.
 If he do not sone hys wyckednesse consydre,
 He is lyke, doubtlesse, to perysh all togydre.

In my syght, he is more venym than the spyder,
 Through loch' abuses as he hath exercysed,
 From the tyme of Noah, to this same season hyder.
 An uncomelye acte without shame Cham commysed,
 When he of hys father the secrete partes reveled.
 In lyke case Nemrod against me wrought abusyon,
 As he rayfed up the castell of confusyon.

Ninus hath also, and all by the devyl's illusyon,
 Through ymage makynge, up rayfed idolatrye,
 Me to dyshonoure. And now in the conclusyon,
 The vyle Sodomytes lyve so unnaturallye,
 That their synne vengeance axeth contynuallye.
 For my covenante's sake, I wyll not drowne with water,
 Yet shall I vyfite their synnes with other matter.

Abraham fidelis.

Yet, mercyfull Lorde, thy gracyousnesse remembre
 To Adam and Noah, both in thy worde and promes.
 And lose not the sowles of men in so great nombre,
 But save thyne owne worke, of thy most dyscrete goodnes.
 I wote thy mercyes are plentyfull and endles.

Never

Never can they dye, nor fayle, thyself enduryng,
Thys hath faythe fixed fast in my understandyng.

Pater caelestis.

Abraham my servaunt, for thy most faythfull meanyng,
Both thou and thy stocke shall have my plentouse blessing.
Where the unfaythfull, undre my curse evermore,
For their wayne workyng, shall rewe their wyckednesse sore.

Abraham fidelis.

Tell me, blessed Lorde, where wyll thy great malyce lyght.
My hope is, all fleshe shall not perysh in thy syght.

Pater caelestis.

No trulye Abraham, thou chauncest upon the ryght.
The thyng I shall do, I wyll not hyde from the,
Whom I have blessyd for thy true fydelite.
For I knowe thou wilt cause both thy chyldren and servauntes
In my wayes to walke, and trust unto my covenantes,
That I may perfourme with the my earnest promes.

Abraham fidelis.

All that wyll I do, by assystence of thy goodnes.

Pater caelestis.

From Sodom and Gomor, the abhomynacyons call
For my great vengeance, whych wyll upon them fall.
Wylde fyre and brymstone shall lyght upon them all.

Abraham fidelis.

Pytiefull maker, though they have kyndled thy furye,
Cast not away yet the just sort with the ungodlye.
Paraventure there maye be fiftye ryghteous persones
Within those cyties, wylt thou lose them all at ones?
And not spare the place, for those fyftye ryghteous sake?
Be it farre from the soch rygoure to undertake.

I hope there is not in the so cruell hardenesse,
As to cast awaye the just men with the rechelesse,
And so to destroye the good with the ungodlye.
In the judge of all, be never soch a furye.

Pater caelestis.

At Sodom, if I may fynde just persones fiftye,
The place wyll I spare for their sakes verelye.

Abraham fidelis.

I take upon me, to speake here in thy presence,
More then become me, Lorde pardon my neglygence.
I am but ashes, and were lothe the to offende.

Pater cælestis.

Saye fourth, good Abraham, for yll dost thou non intende.

Abraham fidelis.

Happlye there maye be fyve lesse in the same nombre;
For their sakes I trust thou wyll not the rest accombre*.

Pater cælestis.

If I amonge them myght fynde but fyve and fortye,
Them wolde I not lose for that just cumpanye.

Abraham fidelis.

What if the cytie maye fortye ryghteous make?

Pater cælestis.

Then wyll I pardone it for those same fortye's sake.

Abraham fidelis.

Be not angrye, Lorde, though I speake undyscretelye.

Pater cælestis.

Utter thy whole mynde, and spare me not hardelye.

Abraham fidelis.

Parauenture there maye be thirty founde amonge them,

Pater cælestis.

Maye I fynde thirty, I wyll nothyng do unto them.

Abraham fidelis.

I take upon me to moche, Lorde, in thy syght.

Pater cælestis.

No, no, good Abraham, for I knowe thy faythe is right.

Abraham fidelis.

No, lesse, I suppose, than twenty can it have.

* Chaucer, in his Canterbury Tales, l. 509. describing the Parson, says,

"He sette not his benefice to hire,

"And lette his shepe *acombred* in the mire, &c."

Dr. Morell spells the word *acumbrit*, and explains it in this manner:

"*Acumbrit* may be interpreted to *swallow*, to *lie down*, qu *accumbere*. But

"Chaucer sometimes uses it in another sense.

"That they were *acombrit* in their own distreyt.

Merchants 2d Tale, 2910.

"i. e. they were encumbred, brought into great Streights. A vet. Gall.

"*Combre* or *Comble*.

"Thro' Wine and Women ther was Loth *acombred*."

Pierce Plowman's Visions.

None of these explanations exactly agree with the text. Bishop Bale certainly means, agreeably to the passage in the Bible to which he alludes, *to destroy or overwhelm*.

Pater

GOD'S PROMISES, &c.

21

Pater cælestis.

Could I fynde twenty, that cytie wolde I save.

Abraham fidelis.

Ones yet wyll I speake my mynde, and than no more.

Pater cælestis.

Spare not to utter so moche as thou hast in store.

Abraham fidelis.

And what if there myght be ten good creatures founde?

Pater cælestis.

The rest for their sakes myght so be safe and sounde,
And not destroyed for their abhomynacyon.

Abraham fidelis.

O mercifull maker, moche is thy tolleracyon
And sufferance of synne. I se it now in dede,
Wit I yet of faver out of those cyties to leade
Those that be faythfull, though their flocke be but small.

Pater cælestis.

Loth and hys howsholde, I wyll delyver all,
For ryghteousnesse sake, which is of me and not them.

Abraham fidelis.

Great are thy graces in the generacyon of Sem.

Pater cælestis.

Well Abraham, well, for thy true faythfulnes,
Now wyll I geve the my covenaut, or third promes,
Loke thou beleve it, as thou coveryst ryghtuousnesse.

Abraham fidelis.

Lorde so regarde me, as I receyve it with gladnesse.

Pater cælestis.

Of manye peoples the father I wyll make the,
All generacyons in thy fede shall be bleffyd.
As the starres of heaven, so shall thy kyndred be;
And by the same fede the worlde shall be redressed,
In cyrcumcysyon shall thys thyng be expressed,
As in a sure seale, to prove my promyse true,
Prynt thys in thy faythe, and it shall thy fowle renue.

Abraham fidelis.

I wyll not one jote, Lorde, from thy wyll dyssent,
But to thy pleasure be alwayes obedyent,
Thy lawes to fullfyll, and most precyouse commaundement.

Pater celestis.

Farwele Abraham, for heare in place I leave the.

Abraham fidelis.

Thanks wyll I rendre, lyke as it shall behove me.

Everlastynge prayse to thy most gloryouse name,
Whych savedyt Adam through saythe in thy sweet promes
Of the womannys fede, and now confyrmeist the same.
In the fede of me. Fosothe great is thy goodnes
I can not perceyve, but that thy mercye is endles,
To soch as feare the, in every generacyon,
For it endureth without abreyacyon.

Thys have I prynted in depe confyderacyon,
No worldly matter can race it out of mynde.
For ones it wyll be the synall restauracyon
Of Adam and Eve, with other that hath synde.
Yea, the sure helthe and rayse of all mankynde.
Helpe have the saythfull therof, though they be infect,
They condempnacyon where as it is reject.

Mercyfull maker, my crabbed voyce dyrect,
That it maye breake out in some swete prayse to the.
And suffre me not thy due lawdes to neglect,
But lete me shewe forth thy commendacyons fre.
Stoppe not my wynde pypes, but geve them lyberte,
To founde to thy name, whyoh is most graciouslye,
And in it rejoyce with hart melodyouse.

*Tunc alta voce canit Antiphonam, O rex gentium, oboro eandem
prosequente cum organis, ut prius:*

Vel Anglice hoc modo.

O most myghtye governour of thy people, and in hart most
desyred, the harde rocke and true corner stone, that of two
maketh one, unynge the Jews with the Gentyles in one
churche, come now and releve mankynde whom thou hast fourmed
of the vyle earthe.

Finit actus tertius.

INCIPIT

INCIPIT ACTUS QUARTUS.

Pater celestis.

STYLL so increaseth the wyckednesse of man,
 That I am moved with plagues hym to confounde.
 Hys weakenesse to ayde, I do the best I can,
 Yet he regardeth me no more than doth an hounde.
 My worde and promyse, in hys saythe taketh no grounde,
 He wyll so longe walke in hys owne lustes at large,
 That nought he shall fynde hys folye to dyscharge.

Sens Abraham's tyme, whych was my true elect,
 Ismael have I founde both wycked, scarce, and cruell,
 And Esau in mynde with hatefull murther infect.
 The sonnes of Jacob to lustes unnatural fell,
 And into Egypte ded they their brother sell.
 Laban to ydolles gave saythfull reverence,
 Dina was corrupt through Sichem's vyolence.

Ruben abused hys father's concubyne,
 Judas gare chyldren of his own doughter in lawe.
 Yea, her in my syght went after a wycked lyne.
 Hys sede Onan spylte, his brother's name to withdrawe.
 Achan lyved here without all godlye awe.
 And now the chyldren of Israel abuse my powre,
 In so vyle maner, that they move me everye howre.

Moses sanctus.

Pacyfye thy wrathe, swete Lorde, I the desyre,
 As thou art gentyll, benygne and pacyent.
 Lose not that people in fearenesse of thyne yre,
 For whom thou hast shewed soche tokens evydent,
 Convertinge thys rodde into a lyvelye serpent,
 And the same serpent into thys rodde agayne,
 Thy wonderfull power declarynge very playne.

For their sakes also puttest Pharao to payne
 By ten dyverse plagues, as I shall here declare.
 By bloude, frogges, and lyce, by flies, death, botche, and
 blayne,

By hayle, by grasshoppers, by darkenesse, and by care.
 By a foden plage, all their first-gotten ware
 Thou slewest in one nyght, for hys fearce cruelpesse,
 From that thy people, witholde not now thy goodnesse.

Pater cœlestis.

I certyfy the, my chosen servaunt Moses,
 That people of myne is full of unthankfulness.

Moses sanctus.

Dere Lorde, I knowe it, alas, yet waye their weakenesse,
 And beare with their faultes, of thy great bounteousnesse.
 In a flamynge bushe, havynge to them respect,
 Thou appoyntedest me their passage to direct.
 And through the reade see thy ryght hande ded us lede,
 Where Pharae's hoost the floude overwhelmed in dede.

Thou wentest before them in a shynynge cloude all daye,
 And in the darke nyght, in fyre thou shewedest their waye,
 Thou sentest them manna from heaven, to be their food.
 Out of the harde stone thou gavest them water good.
 Thou appoyntedest them a lande of mylke and honye,
 Let them not perysh for want of thy great mercye.

Pater cœlestis.

Content they are not with foule nor yet with fayre,
 But murmour and grudge, as people in dyspayre.
 As I sent manna, they had it in dysdayne,
 Thus of their welfare they manye tymes complayne,
 Over Amalech I gave them the vycorye.

Moses sanctus.

Most gloryouse maker, all that is to thy glorie.
 Thou sentest them also a lawe from heaven above,
 And daylye shewedest them manye tokens of great love,
 The brazen serpent thou gavest them for their healyng,
 And Balaam's curse thou turnedest into a blessing.
 I hope thou wilt not dysdayne to help them styll.

Pater cœlestis.

I gave them preceptes, which they will not fulfyll.
 Nor yet knowledge me for their God and good Lorde,
 So do their vyle dedes with their wycked hartes accorde.
 Whyls thou hast talked with me famylyarlye
 In Synai's mountayne, the space but of dayes fortye,

Those

Those sightes all, they have forgotten clerely,
And are turned to shamefull ydolatrie.
For their God, they have sett up a golden calfe.

Moses sanctus.

Let me saye sumwhat, iwete Father, in their behalfe.

Pater celestis.

I wyll first conclude, and then saye on thy mynde.
For that I have founde that people so unkynde,
Not one of them shall enjoye the promyse of me,
For enterynge the lande, but Caleb and Josue.

Moses sanctus.

Thy eternall wyll evermore fulfilled be.
For dysobeydence thou slewest the sonnes of Aaron,
The earth swollowed in both Dathan and Abiron.
The adders ded styng other wycked persones els,
In wonderfull nombre. Thus hast thou ponnyshed rebels.

Pater celestis.

Never wyll I spare the cursed iniquyte
Of ydolatrie, for no cause, thou mayst trust me.

Moses sanctus.

Forgeve them yet Lorde for thys tyme, if it may be.

Pater celestis.

Thynkest thou that I wyll so sone change my decre?
No, no, frynde Moses; so lyght thou shalt not fynde me,
I wyll ponnysh them, all Israel shall it se.

Moses sanctus.

I wote, thy people hath wrought abhomynacyon,
Worshyppynge false goddes, to thy honour's derogacyon,
Yet mercyfullie thou mayest upon them loke.
And if thou wilt not, thrust me out of thy boke.

Pater celestis.

Those great blasphemers shall out of my boke cleane,
But thou shalt not so, for I knowe what thou doest meane.
Conduct my people, myne angell shall assyst the,
That synne at a day wyll not uncorrected be.
And for the true zele that thou to my people hast,
I adde thys covenaut unto my promyses past.

Rayse them up I wyll a prophete from amonge them,
Not onlyke to the, to speake my wordes unto them.

Whofo

Whoso heareth not that he shall speake in my name,
 I wyll revenge it to hys perpetual shame.
 The passover lambe wyll be a token just,
 Of thys stronge covenaut. Thys have I clerely dyscuste,
 In my appoyntement thys houre for your delyveraunce.

Moses sanctus.

Never shall thys thyng depart from my remembraunce.
 Laude be for ever to the most mercyfull Lorde,
 Whych never withdrawest from man thy heavenlye confort,
 But from age to age thy benefytes doth recorde
 What thy goodnesse is, and hath bene to hys sort.
 As we fynde thy grace, so ought we to report.
 And doubtlesse it is to us most bounteous,
 Yea, for all our synnes most rype and plenteouse.
 Abraham our father founde the benyvoulouse.
 So ded good Isaac in hys dystresse amonge.
 To Jacob thu wert a gyde most gracyouse.
 Joseph thu savedest from daungerouse deadlye wronge.
 Melchisedech and Job felt thy great goodnesse stronge,
 So ded good Sara, Rebecca, and fayre Rachel,
 With Sephora my wyfe, the daughter of Raguel.
 To prayse the, swete Lorde, my saythe doth me compell,
 For thy covenantes sake, wherein rest our salvacyon.
 The sede of promyse, all other sedes excell,
 For therein remayneth our full justyfycacyon,
 From Adam and Noah, in Abraham's generacyon.
 That sede procureth God's myghty grace and powre,
 For the same sede's sake, I wyll synge now thys howre.

*Clara tunc voce Antiphonam incipit, O Emanuel, quam Chorus
 (ut prius) prosequetur cum organis.*

Vel Anglice canat:

O hygh kynge Emanuel, and our lege Lorde! the longe
 expectacyon of Gentyles, and the myghtye savor of their
 multytude, the helthe and consolacyon of synners, come now
 for to save us, as our Lorde and our Redemer.

Finit actus quartus.

INCIPIT

INCIPIT ACTUS QUINTUS.

Pater celestis.

FOR all the faver I have shewed Israel,
 Delyverynge her from Pharaoe's tyrannye,
 And gevyng the lande, fluentem lac & mel,
 Yet wyll she not leave her olde ydolatrie,
 Nor know me for God. I abhorre her myserye.
 Vexed her I have with battayles and decayes,
 Styll must I plague her, I se no other wayes.

David rex pius.

Remembre yet, Lorde, thy worthye servaunt Moses,
 Walkyng in thy syght, without rebuke of the.
 Both Aaron, Jetro, Eleazar, and Phinees,
 Evermore feared to offende thy mageste,
 Moch thou acceptedest thy servaunt Josue.
 Caleb and Othoniel fought the with all their hart,
 Aioth and Sangar for thy folke ded their part.

Gedeon and Thola thy enemyes put to smart,
 Jayr and Jephthe gave prayses to thy name.
 These, to leave ydolles, thy people ded coart.
 Samson the strongest, for hys part ded the same.
 Samuel and Nathan thy messages ded proclame.
 What though scarce Pharae wrought myschef in thy syght:
 He was a pagane, laye not that in our lyght.

I wote the Benjamytes abused the wayes of ryght,
 So ded Helye's sonnes, and the sonnes of Samuel.
 Saul in hys offyce was slouthful daye and night,
 Wycked was Semei, so was Achitophel.
 Measure not by them the faultes of Israel,
 Whom thou hast loved of longe tyme so inteyrlye,
 But of thy great grace remyt her wycked folye.

Pater celestis.

I cannot abyde the vyce of ydolatrie,
 Though I shuld suffer all other vyllanye.

Whan

28 GOD'S PROMISES, &c.

Whan Josue was dead, that sort from me ded fall
To the worshyppynge of Aferoth and Baal,
Full uncleane ydolles, and monsters bestyall.

David rex pius.

For it they have had thy righteouse ponnyshment,
And for as moch as they did wyckedly consent
To the Palestynes and Chananytes ungodlye
Idolaters, takynge to them in matrymonye,
Thu throwest them undre the kynge of Mesopotamyē,
After thu subduedest them for their idolatrye.

Eyghtene years to Eglon, the kynge of Moabytes,
And XX years to Jabin, the kynge of Chananytes,
Oppressed they were VII years of the Madyanytes,
And XVIII years vexed of the cruell Ammonytes.
In three great battayles, of threescore thousand and fyve,
Of thys thy people, not one was left alyve.
Have mercye now, Lorde, and call them to repentaunce.

Pater celestis.

So longe as they synne, so longe shall they have grevaunce.
David my seruaunt, sumwhat must I saye to the;
For that thu latelye hast wrought soch vanyte.

David rex pius.

Spare not, blessed Lorde, but saye thy pleasure to me.

Pater celestis.

Of late dayes thu hast mysused Bersabe,
The wyfe of Urye, and slayne hym in the fyelde.

David rex pius.

Mercye Lorde, mercye, for doubtlesse I am defyelde.

Pater celestis.

I constytute the a kynge over Israel,
And the preserved from Saul, whych was thy enemye.
Yea, in my faver, so moch thu dedyst excell,
That of thy enemyes I gave the vyctorye.
Palestynes and Syryanes to the came trybutarye.
Why hast thu then wrought soch folye in my syght,
Despyfynge my worde, against all godlye ryght?

David rex pius.

I have synned, Lorde, I besyche the pardone me.

Pater celestis.

Thu shalt not dye, David, for thys inyquyte,
For thy repentaunce; but thy sonne by Bersabe

Shall

Shall dye, for as moch as my name is blasphemed
Among my enemyes, and thu the worse esteemed.
From thy howse for thys the swerde shall not depart.

David rex pius.

I am sorre, Lorde, from the bottom of my hart.

Pater celestis.

To furt her anger thu doest me yet compell.

David rex pius.

For what matter, Lorde? I besyche thy goodnesse tell.

Pater celestis.

Why dedest thu numbre the people of Israel?
Supposest in thy mynde, therin thu hast done well?

David rex pius.

I can not saye naye, but I have done undyscretelye,
To forget thy grace, for a humayne pollycye.

Pater celestis.

Thu shalt of these three chose whych plage thou wylt have,
For that synnefull acte, that I thy fowle maye save.
A scarfenesse vii. years, or else iii. monthes exyle,
Eyther for iii. dayes the pestylence most vyle,
For one thu must have, there is no remedye.

David rex pius.

Lorde, at thy pleasure, for thu art full of mercye,

Pater celestis.

Of a pestylence, then iii. score thousand and ten,
In iii. dayes shall dye of thy most puyfaunt men.

David rex pius.

O Lorde, it is I whych have offended thy grace,
Spare them and not me, for I have done the trespase.

Pater celestis.

Though thy synnes be great, thy inwarde harte's contricyon
Doth move my stomake in wonderfull condycyon.

I fynde the a man accordynge to my hart,
Wherfor thys promyse I make the, ere I depart.

A frute there shall come forth yssuynge from thy bodye,
Whom I wyll aduance upon thy seate for ever.
Hys trone shall become a seate of heavenlye glorye,
Hys worthy scepture from ryght wyll not dyssever,
Hys happye kyngedome, of faythe, shall perysh never.
Of heaven and of earthe he was autor pryncypall,
And wyll contynue, though they do perysh all.

Thys

3 **GOD'S PROMISES, &c.**

Thys sygne shalt thou have for a token speeryall,
That thou mayst beleve my wordes unsaynedlye,
Where thou hast mynded, for my memoryall,
To buylde a temple, thou shalt not synyssh it trulye.
But Salomon thy sonne shall do that accyon worthye,
In token that Christ must synyssh every thyng
That I have begonne, to my prayse everlastyng.

David rex pius.

Immortall glorye to the, most heavenlye kyng,
For that thou hast geven continuall vycorye
To me thy servaunt, ever sens my annoyntyng,
And also before, by manye conquestes worthye.
A beare and lyon I slewe through thy strength onlye.
I slew Goliath, which was vi. cubites longe.
Agaynst thy enemyes thou madest me ever stronge.
My fleshye fraylenesse made me do deadlye wronge,
And cleane to forget thy lawes of ryghteousnesse.
And though thou vnsyfydest my synnesfulnesse amonge,
With pestilent plagues, and other unquyetnesse;
Yet never tokest thou from me the plenteousnesse
Of thy godly sprete, whych thou in me dedyst plant.
I havynge remorse, thy grace coulde never want.

For in conclusyon, thy everlastyng covenaut
Thou gavest unto me for all my wycked synne;
And hast promysed here by protestacyon constant,
That one of my sede shall soch hygh fortune wyne,
As never ded man sens thys worlde ded begynne.
By hys power he shall put Sathan from hys holde,
In rejoyce wherof to synge wyll I be bolde.

*Canora voce tunc incipit Antiphonam, O Adonai, quam (ut prius)
prosequetur chorus cum organis.*

Vel sic Anglice:

O Lorde God Adonai, and gyde of the faythfull howse of
Israel, whych sumtyme aperedest in the flamyng bushe to
Moses, and to hym dedst geve a lawe in mounte Syna, come
now for to redeme us in the strengthe of thy ryght hande.

Finit Actus quintus.

INCIPIT

INCIPIIT ACTUS SEXTUS.

Pater cœlestis.

I BROUGHT up chyldren from their first infancy,
 Whych now despyseth my godlye instruccyons.
 An oxe knoweth hys Lorde, an asse hys master's dewtye,
 But Israel wyll not know me, nor my condycyons.
 Oh frowarde people! geuen all to supersticyons,
 Unnaturall chyldren, expert in blasphemyes,
 Provoketh me to hate, by their ydolatries.

Take hede to my wordes, ye tyrauntes of Sodoma,
 In vayne ye offer your sacryfyce to me.
 Dyscontent I am with yow beastes of Gomorra,
 And have no pleasure whan I your offerynges se,
 I abhorre your fastes and your solemnyte.
 For your tradycyons my wayes ye set apart,
 Your workes are in vayne, I hate them from the hart.

Esaias propheta.

Thy cytie, swete Lorde, is now become unfaythfull,
 And her condycyons are turned up so downe.
 Her lyfe is unchast, her actes be very hurtefull,
 Her murther and thefte hath darkened her renowne.
 Covetouse rewardes doth so their conscyence drowne,
 That the fatherlesse they wyll not help to ryght,
 The poore wydowe's cause come not afore their syght.
 Thy peceable pathes seke they neyther daye nor nyght;
 But walke wycked wayes after their fantasiye.
 Convert their hartes, Lorde, and geve them thy true lyght,
 That they maye perceyve their customable folye:
 Leave them not helpleffe in so depe myserye,
 But call them from it of thy most specyall grace,
 By thy true prophetes, to their sowle's helthe and solace.

Pater cœlestis.

First they had fathers, than had they patryarkes,
 Than dukes, than judges to their gydes and monarkes.

GOD'S PROMISES, &c.

Now have they slowte kynges, yet are they wycked styll,
And wyll in no wyse my pleasaunt lawes tullyll.
Alwayes they applye to ydolles worshyppe,
From the vyle begger to the anoynted kynge.

Esaias propheta.

For that cause thou halt in two deuyded them,
In Samaria the one, the other in Hierusalem.
The kynge of Juda in Hierusalem ded dwell,
And in Samaria the kynge of Israel.
Ten of the twelue trybes bycame Samarytanes.
And the other two were Hierosolymytanes.

In both these cuntreyes, accordynge to their doynge,
Thou permyttedest them to have most cruell kynges.
The first of Juda was wycked kynge Roboam,
Of Israel the first was that cruell Hieroboam;
Abia than folowed, and in the other Nadab,
Than Bafa, then Hela, then Zambri, Joram and Achab.

Then Ochofias, then Athalia, then Joas;
On the other part was Joathan and Ahas.
To rehearce them all that have done wretchydlye
In the syght of the, it were longe verelye

Pater celestis.

For the wycked synne of fylthye ydolatrie,
Whych the ten trybes ded in the lande of Samarye,
In space of one daye fyfty thousand men I slewe,
Thre of their cyties also I overthrewe,
And left the people in soche captyvte,
That in all the worlde they wist not whyther to fle.

The other ii. trybes, whan they from me went back
To ydolatrie, I left in the hande of Sefack,
The kynge of Egipt, whych toke awaye their treasure,
Convayd their cattel, and slewe them without measure.
In tyme of Ahas, an hondred thousande and twentye
Were slayne at one tyme for their ydolatrie.

Two hondred thousande from thens were captyve led,
Their goodes dyspersed, and they with penurye fed.
Seldom they sayle it, but eyther the Egipcyanes
Have them in bondage, or els the Assyreanes.
And alone they maye thanke their ydolatrie.

Esaias propheta.

Wele, yet blessed Lorde, releve them with thy mercye.

Though

Though they have been yll, by other prynces dayes.
 Yet good Ezechias hath taught them godlye wayes.
 Whan the prynce is good, the people are the better;
 And as he is nought, their vyces are the greater.
 Heavnylve Lorde, therfor send them the consolacyon,
 Whych thu hast covenanted with every generacyon.

Open thu the heavens, and lete the lambe come hither,
 Whych wyll delyver thy people all togyther.
 Ye planetes and cloudes, cast downe your dewes and rayne,
 That the earth maye beare out helthful faver playne.

Pater caelestis.

Maye the wyfe forget the chylde of her owne bodye?

Esaïas propheta.

Naye, that she can not in anye wyfe verelye.

Pater caelestis

No more can I them whych wyll do my commaundementes,
 But must preserve them from all inconvenyentes.

Esaïas propheta.

Blessed art thou, Lorde, in all thy actes and judgements.

Pater caelestis.

Wele, Esaïas, for thys thy fydelite,
 A covenant of helthe thou shalt have also of me.
 For Syon's sake now I wyll not holde my peace,
 And for Hierusalem, to speake wyll I not cease,
 Tyll that ryghteous Lorde become as a sunne beame bryght,
 And their just faver as a lampe extende hys lyght.

A rodde shall shut fourth from the olde stocke of Jesse,
 And a bryght blossome from that rote wyll aryse,
 Upon whom alwayes the sprete of the Lorde shall be,
 The sprete of wysdome, the sprete of heavenly practyse,
 And the sprete that wyll all godlynesse devyse.
 Take thys for a sygne, a mayde of Israel
 Shall conceyve and beare that Lorde Emmanuel.

Esaïas propheta.

Thy prayses condygne no mortal tunge can tell,
 Most worthy maker and kynge of heavnylve glorie,
 For all capacitytes thy goodnesse doth excell,
 Thy plenteouse graces no brayne can cumpas trulye,
 No wyt can conceyve the greatnesse of thy mercye,

Declared of late in David thy true seruaunt
And now confirmed in thys thy latter covenaut.

Of goodnesse thou madest Salomon of wyt most prenaunt,
Afa and Josaphat, with good kynge Ezechias,
In thy fyght to do that was to the ryght pleasaunt.
To quench ydolatrie, thou raystedest up Helias,
Jehu, Heliseus, Michas, and Abdias,
And Naaman Syrus thou pouredst of a leprye.
The workes wonderfull who can but magnifye?

Aryse, Hierusalem, and take saythe by and bye,
For the verye lyght that shall save the is commynge.
The Sonne of the Lord apere wyll evydentlye,
Whan he shall resort, se that no joye be wantynge.
He is thy savor, and thy lyfe everlastynge,
Thy release from synne, and thy whole ryghteousnesse.
Help me in thys songe to knowledge his great goodnesse.

*Concinna tunc voce Antiphonam inchoat, O radix Jesse, quam
chorus prosequetur cum organis.*

Vel Anglice hoc modo canet:

O frutefull rote of Jesse, that shall be set as a sygne amonge
people, agaynst the worldly rulers shall fearcely open their
mouthes. Whom the Gentyles worthypp as their heavenly
Lorde, come now for to delyver us, and delaye the tyme no
longar.

Finit actus Sextus.

ACTUS SEPTIMUS.

Pater cœlestis.

I HAVE with fearcenesse mankynde oft tymes corrected,
And agayne, I have allured hym by swete promes.
I have sent fore plagues, when he hath me neglected,

And

And then by and by, most comfortable swetnes.
 To wyne hym to grace, bothe mercye and ryghteousnes
 I have exercysed, yet wyll he not amende.
 Shall I now lose hym, or shall I hym defende?

In hys most myschefe, most hygh grace will I sende.
 To overcome hym by favoure, if it may be.
 With hys abusyons no longer wyll I contende
 But now accomplysh my first wyll and decre.
 My worde beyng flesh, from hens shall set hym fre.
 Hym teachyng a waye of perfyght ryghteousnesse,
 That he shall not nede to perysh in his weaknesse.

Johannes Baptista.

Manasses (Lorde) is past, whych turned from the hys harte,
 Achas and Amon have now no more ado,
 Jechonias with other, whych ded themselves avarte
 From the to ydolles, may now no farther go.
 The two false judges, and Bel's wycked prestes also,
 Phassur and Semeias, with Nabuchodonosore,
 Antiochus and Triphon, shall the dyplease no more.

Thre score yeares and ten, thy people into Babylon
 Were captyve and thrall for ydolles worshyppynge.
 Hierusalem was lost, and left voyde of domynyon,
 Brent was their temple, so was their other buyldynge,
 Ther hygh prestes were slayne, ther treasure came to nothyng,
 The strength and bewtye of thyne owne heretage.
 Thus dedest thou leave then in myserable bondage.

Oft had they warnynges, sumtyme by Ezechiell,
 And other prophetes, as Esaye and Hieremye,
 Sumtyme by Daniel, sumtyme by Ose and Johel,
 By Amos and Abdias, by Jonas and by Sophonye,
 By Nahum and Micheas, by Agge and by Zacharye,
 By Malachias, and also by Abacuch,
 By Olda the wydowe, and by the prophete Baruch.

Remembre Josias, whych toke the abhomynacyon
 From the people, then restorynge thy lawes agayne.
 Of Rechab confydre the faythfull generacyon,
 Whom to wyne-drynkynge no fryndshyppe myght constrayne.
 Remembre Abdemelech, the frynde of truthe certayne,
 Zorobabel the prynce, whych ded repara the temple,
 And Jesus Josedeck, of vertu the exemple.

Confydre Nehemias, and Esdras the good scribe,
 Mercyfull Tobias, and constaunt Mardocheus.
 Judith and quene Hester, of the same godly trybe,
 Devoute Mathias, and Judas Machabeus.
 Have mynde of Eleazar, and then Joannes Hircanus,
 Waye the earnest faythe of thys godlye companye,
 Though the other cleane fall from thy memorye.

Pater celestis.

I wyll Johan, I wyll, for as I sayd afore,
 Rygour and hardenesse I have now set apart,
 Myndynge from hens fourth to wyne man evermore
 By wonderfull kyndenesse to breake hys stubberne hart,
 And change it from synne. For Christ shall suffre smart,
 In mannys frayle nature for hys iniquyte,
 Thys to make open, my messenger shalt thou be.

Joannes Baptista.

As thy pleasure is, so blessed Lorde appoynt me,
 For my helthe thou art, and my soule's felycyte.

Pater celestis.

Longe ere I made the, I the predestynate,
 Before thou wert borne I the endued with grace.
 In thy mother's wombe wert thou sanctifycate
 By my godlye gyft, and so confirmed in place,
 A Prophete, to shewe a waye before the face
 Of my most dere sonne, whych wyll come: the untill
 Applye the apace thyne offyce to fulfyll.

Preache to the people, rebukynge their neglygence,
 Doppe them in water, they knowledgyng their offence;
 And saye unto them, The kyngedome of God doth cum.

Joannes Baptista.

Unmete, Lorde, I am, *Quia puer ego sum.*
 An other than that, alac, I have no scyence
 Fyt for that offyce, neyther yet cleane eloquence.

Pater celestis.

Thou shalt not saye so, for I have given the grace,
 Eloquence and age, to speake in the desert place.
 Thou must do therefor as I shall the advyse,
 My appoynted pleasure fourth utter in any wyse
 My stronge myghtye wordes put I into thy mouth,
 Spare not, but speake them to east, west, north and southe.

Hic

*Hic extendens Dominus manum, labia Joannis digito tanget, ac ori
imponet auream linguam.*

Go now thy waye fourth, I shall the never fayle,
The sprete of Helias have I geven the alrede.
Persuade the people, that they their synnes bywayle.
And if they repent their customable folye,
Longe shall it not be ere they have remedye.
Open thu their hartes, tell them their helth is commynge
As a voyce in desart, se thu declare the thyng.

I promyse the sure, thou shalt washe hym amonge them
In Jordane, a floude not farre from Hierusalem.

Johannes Baptista.

Shewe me yet, good Lorde, whereby shall I knowe that man,
In the multytude whych wyll resort to Jordan.

Pater cæstis.

In thy mother's wombe of hym haddest thou cognycyon.

Johannes Baptista.

Yea, that was in sprete. I wolde now knowe hys person.

Pater cæstis.

Have thou no feare, Johan, hym shalt thou knowe full well,
And one specyall token afore wyll I the tell.

*Super quem videris spiritum descendentem & manentem
Super eum, hic est qui baptizat spiritu sancto.*

Amonge all other whom thou shalt baptyse there,
Upon whom thou seyest the Holy Ghost descende
In shappe of a dove, restyng upon hys shuldere,
Holde hym for the same, that shall the worlde amende
By baptysm of sprete, and also to man extende
Most specyall grace. For he must repare hys fall,
Restorynge agayne the justyce crygynall.

Take now thy journaye, and do as I the advyse.
First preache repentaunce, and than the people baptyse.

Johannes Baptista.

Hygh honour, worshypp, and glorye be unto the,
My God eternall, and patrone of all puryte.

Repent, good people, for synnes that now are past,
The kyngdome of heaven is at hande very nye.
The promysed lyght to yow approacheth fast,
Have faythe, and applye now to receyve him boldelye.

I am not the lyght, but to beare testimonye
Of hym am sent, that all men maye beleve,
That hys bloude he wyll for their redemptyon geve.

He is soch a lyght as all men doth illumyne,
That ever were here, or shall be after thys.
All the worlde he made by hys myghtye power devyne,
And yet that rude worlde wyll not knowe what he is.
Hys owne he enterynge, is not regarded of hys.
They that receyve hym, are God's true chyl dren playne,
In sprete regenerate, and all grace shall attayne.

Manye do reckon, that I Johan Baptyst am he,
Deceyved are they, and that wyll apere in space.
Though he come after, yet he was longe afore me.
We are weake vessels, he is the welle of grace,
Of hys great goodnesse all that we have we purchase.
By hym are we like to have a better increes
Than ever we had by the lawe of Moses.

In Moses' harde lawe we had not els but darkenes,
Fygure and shaddowe. All was not els but nyght,
Ponnyshment for synne, much rygour, payne and roughnes.
An hygh change is there, where all is turned to lyght,
Grace and remys syon anon wyll thyne full bryght.
Never man lyved that ever se God afore,
Whych now in our kynde mannys ruyne wyll restore.

Helpe me to geve thanks to that Lorde evermore,
Whych am unto Christ a cryar's voyce in the desart,
To prepare the pathes and hygh wayes hym before,
For hys delyght is on the poore symple hart.
That innocent lambe from soch wyll never depart,
As wyll faythfullye receyve hym with good mynde.
Let e our voyce then founde in some swete musycall kynde.

Resona tunc voce Antiphonam incipit, O clavis David, quam pro-
sequetur chorus cum organis, ut prius.

Vel in Anglico sermone sic :

O perfyght keye of David, and hygh scepture of the
kyndred of Jacob, whych openest and no man spear-
eth;

eth *, thu speakest and no man openeth ; come and delyver thy
servaunt mankynde, bound in prison, sytting in the darknesse
of synne and bytter dampnacyon.

B A L E U S Prolocutor.

TH E matters are soch that we have uttered here,
As ought not to flyde from your memoryall.
For they have opened soch comfortable gere,
As is to the helthe of thys kynde univerfall,
Graces of the Lorde and promyses lyberall,
Whyth he hath geven to man for every age,
To knytt hym to Christ, and so clere hym of bondage.
As Saynt Paule doth write unto the Corinthes playne,
Our fore fathers were undre the cloud of darkenes,
And unto Christe's dayes ded in the shaddowe remayne:
Yet were they not left, for of hym they had promes,
All they receyved one spirytual fedyng doubteles,
They dronke of the rocke whych them to lyfe refreshed,
For one savyng helthe, in Christ, all they confessed.

* i. e. asketh, enquireth.

So Chaucer's Testament of Creseide.

" Who had been there, and liking for to here,
" His faconde tonge and termis exquisite,
" Of rethorike the practike he might lere.
" In brefe sermon a preignant sentence write ;
" Before Cupide valing his cappe a lite
" *Speris* the cause of that vocacion,
" And he anon shewde his entencion."

Again, Douglas's Virgil, B. iii. p. 72.

" The seik ground deny is frute and fudis,
" My fader exhortis us turn againe our studis
" To Delos, and Apollois ansuere *speris*,
" Be seiking him of succours us to lere ;"

Again, B. v. p. 140.

" Ane uthir mache to him was socht and *speris*."

In the woman's fede was Adam first iustified,
 So was faythfull Noah ; so was iust Abraham.
 The saythe in that fede in Moses fourth multiplyed,
 Lykewyse in David and Esaye, that after cam.
 And in Johan Baptyst, whych shewed the very lam.
 Though they se asarre, yet all they had one iustyce,
 One Masse (as they call it) and in Christ one sacryfyce,

A man can not here to God do better seruyce,
 Than on thys to grounde hys saythe and understandynge.
 For all the worlde's synne alone Christ payed the pryce,
 In hys only deathe was mannys lyfe alwayes restynge,
 And not in wyll workes, nor yet in mennys deservynge.
 The lyght of our saythe make thys thyng euydent,
 And not the practyse of oþer experiment.

Where is now fre wyll, whom the hypocrytes comment ?
 Whereby they report they maye at their owne pleasure
 Do good of themselves, though grace and sayth be absent,
 And have good intentes their madnesse with to measure.
 The wyll of the fleshe is proved here small treasure,
 And so is mannys wyll, for the grace of God doth all.
 More of thys matter conclude hereafter we shall.

Thus endeth thys Tragedy or Enterlude, manyfestyng
 the chiefe premysses of God unto man by all ages in the olde
 lawe, from the fall of Adam, to the incarnacyon of the Lorde
 Jesus Christ.

Compyled by Johan Bayle, Anno Domini 1538.

THE FOUR P^s.

THE FORTY

JOHAN HEYWOOD, or Heewood, one of the most ancient Dramatick Writers in the English language, was born in the city of London *, and educated in the University of Oxford, at the antient Hostle called Broadgate's, in St. Aldgate's Parish. He was in his time more celebrated for his wit than his learning; and having some fair possessions at North Mims, he resided there after he left Oxford, and became intimately acquainted with Sir Thomas More, who lived in that neighbourhood †. Here the latter wrote his celebrated work called *Utopia*, and is supposed to have assisted Heywood in the composition of his Epigrams ‡. Through Sir Thomas More's means, it is probable our Author was introduced to the knowledge of King Henry the Eighth, and of his daughter the Princess, afterwards Queen Mary: by the former, of whom he was held in much esteem for the mirth and quickness of his conceits; and so much § valued by the latter, that he was often, after she came to the throne, admitted to the honour of waiting upon and exercising his fancy before her, even to the time she lay languishing on her death bed. His education having been in the Roman catholick faith, he continued steadily attached to the tenets of that religion; and during the

* Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. I. p. 149. positively fixes his birth at this place. Other writers have made him a native of North Mims in Hertfordshire, but apparently without any authority. Bale, who lived nearest to the Author's time, calls him *Civis Londinensis*; which words, though they do not absolutely prove that he was born in London, yet surely are sufficient in a matter of this uncertainty to warrant any one to conclude that he was a native of that city, as no circumstance appears to induce a belief that he acquired the title of Citizen of London otherwise than by birth.

† Peacham's *Compleat English Gentleman*, 4to, 1627, p. 95.

‡ Gabriel Harvey's Ms. Note to Speyght's Chaucer, as quoted in Mr. Steevens's *Shakspeare*, vol. V.

§ Athen. Oxon. vol. I. p. 149.

reign

reign * of Edward the Sixth, fell under the suspicion of practising against the government, and narrowly escaped the halter. After the death of his patroness the queen, he left the nation, says Wood †, for religion sake, and settled at Mechlen in Brabant, where he died about the year 1565, leaving several children; one of whom, Jasper Heywood, translated three of Seneca's Plays, and wrote several Poems, printed in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 4to, 1578. This Jasper Heywood was, according to Fuller, executed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but more probably, as Sir Richard Baker asserts, was among those who were taken in 1585, and sent out of England.

John Heywood ‡ appears to be the second English dramatick writer. Oldys § says, he began to write about the year 1530, but that he could not find he published any thing so early.

The following is a List of his Works:

" A Play betwene Johan the Husband, Tyb the Wife, and
" Sir Johan the Priest, by John Heywood, 4to. Imprynted
" at London by William Rastall, the 12 Day of February,
" 1533." (Oldys's Ms. Notes, and Companion to the Playhouse).

" A Mery Play betwene the Pardoner and the Frere, the
" Curate, and neybour Pratte, 4to. Imprynted by Will^m
" Rastell, 5th of April, 1533." (Ames, 182. Oldys's Ms. Notes, and Companion to the Playhouse).

" The Playe called the Foure P. P. A newe and a very
" mery Enterlude of A Palmer, A Pardoner, A Potycary,
" A Pedler. Made by John Heewood, 4to. Imprynted at

* " But to step backe to my teske (though everie place I step to, yeeldes
" me sweeter discourse), what thinke you by *Haywood*, that scaped hanging with his mirth; the King being graciously and (as I thinke) truly
" perswaded, that a man that wrate so pleasant and harmelesse verses,
" could not have any harmefull conceit against his proceedings, and so by
" the honest motion of a gentleman of his Chamber saved him from the
" jerke of the six-string'd whip."

Harrington's *Metamorphoses of Ajax*, 1596, p. 25.

† Athen. Oxon. vol. I. p. 149.

‡ Dr. Palsgrave, whose *Play of Acolastus* was printed in the year 1529, seems to have been the first. See Ames, 166.

§ Ms. Notes on Langbaine.

" London in fletestrete, at the syng of the George, by
 " Wyllyam Myddylton, 4to. no date." Also,

" A Play of Genteelness and Nobilitie. An Interlude
 " in two Parts, 4to. no date." (Companion to the Play-
 house).

" A Play of Love. An Interlude, 4to. 1533." (Com-
 panion to the Playhouse).

" A Play of the Weather, called A new and a very merry
 " Interlude of all manner of Weathers, 1553, Fo." (Com-
 panion to the Playhouse. Oldys's Ms.). Also in 12mo.
 printed by Robert Wyer, no date. (Ames, 157).

" The Spider and the Flie, a Parable, made by John Hey-
 " wood. Imprinted by Tho. Powell, 1556, B. L. 4to."

" John Heywood's Woorke. A Dialogue conteyning the
 " Number of the effectual Proverbs in the English Tongue,
 " compacte in a matter concerning two Maner of Mariages :
 " with one Hundreth of Epigrammes ; and three Hundreth
 " of Epigrammes uppon three Hundred Proverbs, and a fifth
 " hundred of Epigrammes. Whereunto are newly added,
 " a sixte hundred of Epigrammes, by the said John Hey-
 " woode. Imprinted by Tho. Marthe, 1576, 4to. B. L."

Another Edition was printed by Felix Kyngston, in 4to.
 B. L. 1598.

" A Breve Balet, touching the trayterous takynge of Scar-
 " borow Castle. Imprinted at London by Thomas Powel." On a broad side of two Columns, B. L. (Among the Folio Volumes of Dyson's Collections, in the Library of the Society of Antiquarians.) Tho. Stafford, who took that Castle 23 April, 1557, and proclaimed himself Protector of the realm, was beheaded 28 May following, and three of his accomplices were hanged. Oldys's Ms.

" A Balade of the meeting and marriage of the King and
 " Queenes Highness. Imprinted by W. Ryddel." One
 side of a large half sheet. Oldys.

Winstanly * hath expressed a doubt, whether the Author of
 the Epigrams and of the Plays were not different persons. The
 following Epigram will be sufficient to set that fact beyond con-
 tradiction, and at the same time exhibit a specimen of the
 Author's manner :

* Lives of English Poets, p. 45.

Art thou *Heywood*, with thy mad merry wit?

Yea, forsooth, Master, that name is even hit.

Art thou *Heywood*, that appliest mirth more than thrift?

Yes, Sir, I take merry mirth a golden gift.

Art thou *Heywood*, that hast made many mad plays?

Yea, many plays, few good works in my days.

Art thou *Heywood*, that hath made men merry long?

Yea, and will, if I be made merry among.

Art thou *Heywood*, that wouldst be made merry now?

Yes, Sir, help me to it now, I beseech you.

Winstanly and Phillips ascribe to him, I think, falsely, *The Pinner of Wakefield* * and *Philotus*, printed at Edinburgh, 1603.

Dr. Fuller † mentions a Book written by our Author, intitled, *Monumenta literaria*; which are said to be *Non tam labore condita, quam lepore condita*.

* Vol. III.

† Worthies, p. 221.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A PALMER,

A PARDONER,

A POTICARY,

A PEDLER.

THE

1873

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

A. PARMENTER

A. PARMENTER

A. PARMENTER

A. PARMENTER

THE

T H E F O U R P ' s .

¹ *Palmer speaketh.*

N OW God be here ; who kepeth this place ?

Now by my fayth, I crye you mercy ;

Of reason I must few for grace,

My rewdnes sheweth me so homely.

Wherof your pardon axt and wonne,

I few you ², as curtesy doth me bynde,

To tell this whiche shalbe begonne,

In order as may come beste in mynde.

I am a Palmer, as ye ³ se,Whiche of my lyfe mucche part have ⁴ spentIn many a fayre and farre ⁵ cuntrie,

As pilgryms do of good intent.

At Hierusalem ⁶ have I bene

Before Chryste's blessed sepulture :

The mount of Calvary have I sene ⁷,

A holy place ye may be sure.

To Josaphat and Olyvete ⁸,

On

¹ *Palmer*] "The difference between a pilgrim and a palmer was thus: The pilgrim had some home or dwelling place; but the palmer had none. The pilgrim travelled to some certain designed place or places; but the palmer to all. The pilgrim went at his own charges; but the palmer professed wilful poverty, and went upon alms. The pilgrim might give over his profession, and return home; but the palmer must be constant till he had obtained the palm, that is, victory over all spiritual enemies, and life by death, and thence his name *Palmer*, or else from a staff, or boughs of palm, which he always carried along him." Staveley's *Roman Horsleece*, 1769, p. 93.

² *few you*] sue now, edition 1569.

³ *ye*] you, edit. 1569.

⁴ *have*] hath, 1st edit.

⁵ *fayre and farre*] far and faire, edit. 1569.

⁶ *Hierusalem*] Jerusalem, edit. 1569.

⁷ *have I*] I have, edit. 1569.

⁸ *To Josaphat and Olyvete*] Maundevile thus mentions these places.

"And towards the Est syde, withoute the walles of the cytee (i. e. Jerusalem) is the vale of Josaphathe, that touchethe to the walles, as though it were a large dyche. And anen that vale of Josaphathe out of the cytee, is the chirche of Seynt Stevene, where he was stoned to dethe."

Vol. I.

D

"*Voyage*

On fote, God wote, I went ryght bare :
 Many a salte tere dyd I swete,
 Before thys carkes coude⁹ come thare.
 Yet have I bene at Rome also,
 And gone the statyons¹⁰ all a row ;
 Saynt Peter's shryne and many mo,
 Than yf I told all ye do know.
 Except that there be any fuche,
 That hath ben there, and diligently
 Hath taken hede, and marked muche,
 Then can they speke as muche as I.
 Then at the Rodes¹⁰ * also I was ;
 And rounde about to Amias¹¹.
 At Saynt Toncomber and Saynt Tronion¹² :
 At Saynt Bothulph¹³ and Saynt Anne of Buckston¹⁴.

Voiage and Travaile, 8vo. 1725, p. 96. "And above the vale, is the
 "mount of *Olyvete*: and it is cleped so, for the plentee of olyves, that
 "growen there. That mount is more highe than the cytee of Jerusalem
 "is; and therfore may men upon that mount, see many the stretes of the
 "cytee. And betwene that mount and the cytee, is not but the vale of
 "*Josaphathe*, that is not fulle large. And fro that mount, steighe oure
 "Lord Jesu Crist to hevене, upon Ascencion-day: and zit there schew-
 "ethe the schapp of his left foot in the ston." *Voiage and Travaile*, 8vo.
 1725, p. 116.

⁹ *coude*] would, edit. 1569.

¹⁰ *the statyons* (*stationes*, or *jurnee*)] Answered to the stages between
 London and Rome, or Holy Land; of which there is a map in a *Mss.*
 of Math. Paris Roy. Libr. 14 C. VII. and Benet. Coll. c. ix. and
 Pl. VII. Brit. Topog. vol. I. p. 85. G.

¹⁰ * *Rodes*] *Rhodes*, an island to which the Knights Hospitallers, now
 Knights of Malta, retired, on being driven out of Jerusalem.

¹¹ *Amias*] Probably Emaus, near Jerusalem.

¹² *Saynt Toncomber and Saynt Tronion*] Of these saints, or places,
 I can give no account.

¹³ *Saynt Bothulph*] Saint Bothulph is said to have been born in Corn-
 wall, and was eminent for working miracles about the time of Lucius.
 He was buried at Boston, in Lincolnshire.

¹⁴ *Saynt Anne of Buckston*] "Within the parish of Bacwell, in Derby-
 "shyre, is a chappel (*somtyme dedicated to St. Anne*), in a place called
 "*Buckston*, wheare is a hotte bathe, of such like qualitie as those men-
 "tioned in Bathe be, *Hytber they wære wont to run on pilgrimage*, ascrib-
 "inge to St. Anne miraculously, that thinge which is in that and sondrye
 "other waters naturally." *Lambarde's Dictionarium*, p. 48. Drayton says,

"— I can again produce those wondrous wells

"Of Buckston, as I have, that most delicious fount

"Which

On the hylles of Armeny, where I saw ¹⁵ Noe's arke ¹⁶;
 With holy Job, and Saynt George in Southwarke ¹⁷;
 At Waltham ¹⁸ and at Walsyngham ¹⁹;

And

"Which men the second Bath of England do account,
 "Which in the primer reigns, when first this well began
 "To have her virtues known unto the blest St. Anne,
 "Was consecrated then."

Poly Olbion, Song xxvi.

¹⁵ *saw*] see, 1st edition.

¹⁶ *hylles of Armeny, where I saw Noe's arke;*] "And so passe men be
 "this *Ermonie*, and entren the see of *Perfie*. Fro that cytee of *Artyroun*,
 "go men to an hille that is clept *Sobiffocolle*. And there besyde is an-
 "other hille, that men clepen *Ararabe*: but the Jewes clepen it *Taneco*;
 "where *Noes* schipp rested, and zit is upon that montayne: and men may
 "seen it a ferr, in cleer wedre: and that montayne is wel a 7 myle highe.
 "And sum men seyn, that thei han seen and touched the schipp; and put
 "here syngres in the parties, where the seend went out, whan that *Noe*
 "seyde, *Benedicite*. But they that seyn suche wordes, seyn here wille:
 "for a man may not gon up the montayne, for gret plentee of snow, that
 "is alle weys on that montayne; nouthur somer ne wynter: so that no
 "man may gon up there, ne nevere man dide, sith the tyme of *Noe*, saf
 "a monk, that, be the grace of God, broughte on of the planks down;
 "that zit is in the mynstre, at the foot of the montayne." Maundeville's
Voiage and Travaile, 1727, p. 179.

¹⁷ *Saynt George in Southwarke*] Formerly belonging to the priory of
 Bermondsey. See Stow's *Survey*.

¹⁸ *Waltham*] The famous holy Crofs of Waltham; which tradition
 says was discovered in the following manner: A carpenter, in the reign
 of Canute, living at Lutegaresbyry, had a vision in the night of Christ
 crucified, by whom he was commanded to go to the parish priest, and
 direct him to walk, accompanied with his parishioners, in solemn pro-
 cession to the top of an adjoining hill, where on digging they would find
 a crofs, the very sign of Christ's passion. The man neglecting to perform
 the orders of the image was visited by it a second time, and his hands
 were then griped in such a manner, that the marks remained some time
 after. He then acquainted the priest, and, as they were ordered, they
 proceeded to the place pointed out, where they discovered a great marble,
 having in it of black flint the image of the crucifix. They then in-
 formed the lord of the manor of the transaction; and he immediately resolved
 to send the crofs first to Canterbury, and afterwards to Reading; but on
 attempting to draw it to these places, although with the force of twelve
 red oxen, and as many white kine, it was found impracticable, and he
 was obliged to desist. He then determined to fix it at Waltham, and im-
 mediately the wain began to move thither of itself. In the way many per-
 sons were healed of disorders; and the relick soon became much resorted to
 by the pilgrims on account of the miracles performed by it. Lambarde's
Dictionarium Anglie Topographicum & Historicum, 4to. 1730, p. 431.

¹⁹ *Walsyngham*] "Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an
 "image

And at the good rood²⁰ of Dagnam²¹;
At Saynt Cornelys²²; at Saynt James in Gales²³;

"image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his Account of the VIRGO PARATHALASSIA, in his Colloquy, intitled, PEREGRINATIO RELIGIONIS ERGO. He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shewn him, were incredible; there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present, to our LADY OF WALSINGHAM. At the dissolution of the monasteries, in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners." See Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. II. p. 79.

Robert Longland, in *Pier's Plowman's Vision*, 1550, p. 1. says,

"Hermets on a heape, wyth hoked staves,
"Wenten to Walsingham, and her wenches after.
"Great loubies and longe, y^e loth were to swinke,
"Clothed him in copes to be knowen from other,
"And shopen hem her mets, her ease to have."

See also Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 131.

²⁰ rood] Hearne, in his Glossary to Peter Langtoft, p. 544. under the word *cross*, observes, that although *the cross* and *the rood* are commonly taken for the same, yet *the rood* properly signified formerly the image of Christ on the cross, so as to represent both the cross and the figure of our blessed Saviour as he suffered upon it. The *roods* that were in churches and chapels were placed in shrines, that were styled *Rood-lofts*. "*Rood-loft* (saith Blount) a shrine, whereon was placed the cross of Christ. "*The rood* was an image of Christ on the cross, made generally of wood, and erected in a loft for that purpose, just over the passage out of the church into the chancel." But *rood-loft* sometimes also signifies a shrine, on which was placed the image or relics of a saint, because generally a crucifix, or a cross, used likewise to attend such image or relics.

²¹ Dagnam] i. e. Dagenham, in Essex.

²² Saynt Cornelys] Saint Cornelys, according to the *Legenda Aurea*, succeeded Fabian in the papacy, and was beheaded in the reign of Decian, for refusing to sacrifice in the Temple of Mars. There was a fraternity in his honour at Westminster. See their pardon, Brit. Top. I. 772.

²³ Saynt James in Gales] Weever, in his *Funeral Monuments*, p. 172. observes, that "—the Italians, yea those that dwell neare Rome, will mocke and scoffe at our English (and other) pilgrims that go to Rome to see the Pope's holinesse, and St. Peter's chaire, and yet they themselves will runne to see the reliques of Saint James of Compostella in the kingdom of Galicia, in Spaine, which is above twelve hundred English miles." See also Dr. Geddes's *Tracts*.

And

And at Saynt Wynefryde's well²⁴ in Wallas;
At our lady of Boston²⁵; at Saynt Edmund's Bury²⁶;
And streyght to Saynt Patrike's purgatory²⁷;

²⁴ *Saynt Wynefryde's well*] Saint Wenefrede's well, near Holywell, in the county of Flint, is a spring which rises at the foot of a steep hill out of a rock, and is formed into a beautiful polygonal well, covered with a rich arch supported by pillars; the roof exquisitely carved in stone; over the fountain, the legend of St. Wenefrede on a pendent projection, with the arms of England at the bottom. Numbers of fine ribs secure the arch, whose intersections are coupled with some sculpture. To this place the resort of pilgrims was formerly very great; and, though considerably diminished, there are still to be seen in the summer a few in the water in deep devotion up to their chins for hours, sending up their prayers, or performing a number of evolutions round the polygonal well; or threading the arch between well and well a prescribed number of times. The legend of St. Wenefrede is well known. Those who desire more information on this subject; may be referred to *The Legenda Aurea*, Bishop Fleetwood's Works; or Mr. Pennant's *Tour into Wales*, p. 28.

²⁵ *At our Lady of Boston*] Or Botolph's town, in Lincolnshire, where St. Botolph was buried.

"Delicious Wytham leads to holy Botolph's town."

Pely Olbion, Song xxv,

²⁶ *At Saynt Edmund's Bury*] "— is named of Kinge Edmunde, whom the comon Chronicles call St. Edmund, or Edmund the Martyr; for Bury, is but to say a court or palace. It was first a colledge of priestes, founded by Athelstane the kinge of England, to the honour and memorye of Edmund that was slayne at Hoxton (then called Bylef- dund [or Eglefdon], as Leland thinketh), whose bones he removed thither. The hole hystorie of this matter is so enterlaced with miracles, that Polydor himselfe (who beleaved them better than I) began to dalye with it; sayinge, *that Monkes were muche delighted with them.*" Lambarde's *Diſtionarum*, p. 35.

²⁷ *Saynt Patrike's purgatory*] This place, which was much frequented by pilgrims, was situate on a lake called Lough Derg, in the Southern part of the county of Donegall, near the borders of Tyrone and Fermanagh. It was surrounded with wild and barren mountains, and was almost inaccessible by horsemen even in summer time, on account of great bogs, rocks, and precipices, which environed it. The popular tradition concerning it is as ridiculous as is to be found in any Legend of the Romish Martyrology. After continuing in great credit many years, it began to decline; and in the 13th of Henry the Seventh was demolished with great solemnity, on St. Patrick's-day, by the Pope's expresse order. It, however, afterwards came into reputation again, inſomuch that, by an order of the Privy Council, dated 13th of September, 1632, it was a second time destroyed. From this period, as pilgrimages grew less in fashion, it will appear extraordinary that the place should be a third time restored to its original state, and as much visited as in any former period. In this condition it continued until the second year of

At Ridybone²⁸, and at the blood of Hayles²⁹,
Where pilgrymes paynes ryght muche avayles;

Queen Anne, when an act of the Irish Parliament declared, that all meetings and assemblies there should be adjudged riots and unlawful assemblies, and inflicted a penalty upon every person meeting or assembling contrary to the Statute. The ceremonies to be performed by the pilgrims are very exactly set forth in Richardson's *Great Folly, Superstition, and Idolatry, of Pilgrimages in Ireland, especially of that to St. Patrick's Purgatory Dublin*, 8vo. 1727.

It is mentioned in Erasmus's *Praise of Folly*, 1549, Sign. A: "Whereas before ye satte all heavie and glommyng, as if ye had come lately from Troponius cave, or Saint Patricks's purgatorie."

²⁸ Ridybone] i. e. Redburne, within three miles of St. Alban's. "At this place, says Norden, were founde the reliques of Amphiball, who is saide to be the instructour and convertour of Alban from Paganisme, of whose reliques such was the regard that the abbottes of the monasterie of Alban had, that they should be devoutly preserved, that a decree was made by Thomas then abbott, that a prior and three munckes should be appointed to this holie function, whose allowance in those dayes amounted yearly to 20 pound, or upwardes, as much as three hundred pound in this age." *Description of Hartfordshire*, p. 22.

See also Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 585. Dr. Middleton, in his *Letter from Rome*, says, Bishop Usher has proved that this Saint never existed, and that we owe the honour of his faintship to a mistaken passage in the Legend of St. Alban, where the *Amphibolus* there mentioned is nothing more than a cloak.

²⁹ blood of Hayles] The abbey of Hailes, in Gloucestershire, was founded by Richard, king of the Romans, brother to Henry the Third. This precious relick, which was commonly called the blood of Hailes, was brought out of Germany by Richard's son Edmund, who bestowed a third part of it upon his father's abbey of Hailes, and some time after gave the other two parts to an abbey of his own foundation at Ashrug, near Berkhamstead. It was given out, and believed to have this property, that, if a man was in mortal sin, and not absolved, he could not see it; otherwise, he might see it very well: therefore every man that came to see this miracle, this most precious blood, confessed himself first to one of the priests there; and then, offering something at the altar, was directed to a chapel, where the miracle was shewed; the priest who confessed him, in the mean time, retiring to the back part of the said chapel, and putting forth a little cabinet, or vessel of crystal; which being thick on the one side, that nothing could be seen through it; but on the other side, thin and transparent, they used diversely, as their interest required. On the dissolution of the abbey, it was discovered to be nothing more than honey clarified and coloured with saffron, "an untowse gumme coloured, which in the glasse apperyd to be a glisteringe red rememblyng partlie the color of blood, and owte of the glasse appaunte glystering yelow colour like ambre or basse gold." Certificate of visitors, printed at end of Hearne's *Benedictus Abbas II.* 751.

At Saynt Davys³⁰, and at Saynt Denis³¹;
 At Saynt Mathew, and Saynt Mark in Venis³²;
 At mayster Johan Shorne in Canterbury³³;
 The graet God of Katewade³⁴, at kyng Henry³⁵

³⁰ *Saynt Davys*] i. e. Saint David. Drayton, in his *Poly Olbion*, Song xxiv. says,

"Whose Cambro Britons so their saints as duly brought,
 "T' advance the Christian faith, effectually that wrought;
 "Their *David* (one deriv'd of th' royal British blood),
 "Who 'gainst Pelagius' false and damn'd opinions stood;
 "And turn'd Menenia's name to *David's* sacred see,
 "The patron of the Welch deserving well to be."

See an account of him in an extract from Bale, in *Godwin de Præsulibus Angliæ*, p. 573. edit. 1743. He is said to have been bishop 65 years, and to have lived 146. He died, according to some accounts, in the year 546; according to others, in the year 542. His shrine, I am informed, remains in the wall of his cathedral in Pembrokeshire.

³¹ *Saynt Denis*] St. Denis, the patron of France, is said to have been the disciple of St. Paul, and the first who preached the gospel to the French. The Legend concerning him affirms, that, after he was beheaded near Paris, he walked four miles with his head in his hands. His body was said to be intombed very magnificently at the abbey of St. Denis, to which the pilgrims used to resort.

³² *Saynt Mark in Venis*] At the Church of St. Mark, in Venice, they pretend to have the body of that Evangelist, which was brought thither by certain merchants from Alexandria in Egypt in the year 810. Coryat says, that the treasure of this church was of that inestimable value, that it was thought no treasure whatsoever in any other place in Christendom might compare with it, neither that of St. Denis in France, nor St. Peter's in Rome, nor that of Madonna de Loretto in Italy, nor that of Toledo in Spain, nor any other. See Coryat's *Cruities*, p. 214: and *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, by Contareno, translated by Lewes Lewknor, Esq; 1599, p. 175.

³³ *mayster Johan Shorne in Canterbury*] Who this John Shorne was I can give no account. In the Preface to *The Accedence of Armorie*, 4to. 1597, a story is told of one who had been called to worship in a city within Middlesex, and who being desired by a herald to shew his coat (i. e. of arms), "called unto his mayd, commanding her to fetch his coat, which, being brought, was of cloth garded with a burgunian gard of bare velvet, well bawdesied on the halfe placard, and squalloted in the fore quarters. Lo, quoth the man to the herault, here it is, if ye will buy it, ye shall have time of payment, as first to pay halfe in hand, and the rest by and by. And with much boste he said, he ware not the same since he came last from Sir John Shorne, &c."

³⁴ *Katewade*] Catwade-bridge is in Sampford hundred, in the county of Suffolk, where there may have been a famous chapel and rood. G.

³⁵ *Henry*] Herry, edit. 1569.

At Saynt Savvour's ³⁶; at our Lady of Southwelle ³⁷;
 At Crome ³⁸, at Wylfdome ³⁹, and at Muswel ⁴⁰;
 At Saynt Rycharde ⁴¹, and at Saynt Roke ⁴²;

³⁶ *Saynt Savvour's*.] "In September, the same yeare (says Weever, p. 111.), viz. an. 30 Hen. VIII. by the special motion of great Cromwell, all the notable images, unto the which were made any especiall pilgrimages and offerings, as the images of our *Lady of Walsingham*, *Ipswich*, *Worcester*, the *Lady of Wilton*, the rood of grace of our *Lady of Boxley*, and the image of the rood of *Saint Saviour at Bermondsey*, with all the rest, were brought up to London, and burnt at Chelsey, at the commandment of the foresaid Cromwell, all the jewels, and other rich offerings, to these, and to the shrines (which were all likewise taken away, or beaten to pieces) of other saints throughout both England and Wales were brought into the king's treasure."

³⁷ *at our Lady of Southwelle*] The church dedicated to *Saint Mary* at Southwel, in Nottinghamshire.

³⁸ *Crome*] In the County of Kent, near Greenwich.

³⁹ *Wylfdome*] In Finsbury hundred, Middlesex, the chapel dedicated to *St. Mary*. See above, Note 36.

⁴⁰ *at Muswel*] "*Muswell-hill*, called also *Pinsenall-hill*: there was a chapple sometime bearing the name of our ladie of *Muswell*: where now Alderman Roe hath erected a proper house, the place taketh name of the well and of the hill, *Mousewell-hill*; for there is on the hill a spring of faire water, which is now within the compas of the house. There was sometime an image of the ladie of *Muswell*, whereunto was a continuall resort, in the way of pylgrimage, growing as is (though as I take it fabuloussie) reported in regard of a great cure which was performed by this water, upon a king of Scots, who being strangely diseased, was, by some devine intelligence, advised to take the water of a well in England, called *Muswell*, which after long serutation and inquisition, this well was found and performed the cure." Norden's *Spectulum Britannie*, p. 36. edit. 1723. I am informed, that the mosaic pavement and other ruins of this well and its chapel were to be seen about 25 years ago.

⁴¹ *Saynt Rycharde*] This was probably Richard Fitznige, bishop of London, and treasurer of England, in the time of Henry the Second. His shrine was, as Weever observes, p. 714. in *St. Paul's Church*; and as he contributed largely to the building of the church, he conjectures it to have been erected there on that account. Drayton, however, in his *Poly Olbion*, Song xxiv. speaks of others of that name, as

"Richard, the dear son to Lothar king of Kent,
 "When he his happy days religiously had spent;
 "And feeling the approach of his declining age,
 "Desirous to see Rome in holy pilgrimage;

"Into

⁴² *Saynt Roke*] *Saint Roke*, or *Roch*, was born at *Montpelier*, in France; and died in prison at *Anglerye*, in the province of *Lombardy*, where a large church was built in honour of him. See *Legenda Aurea*, p. 238.

And

And at our Lady that standeth in the oke,
 To these, with other many one,
 Devoutly have I prayed and gone,
 Praying to them, to pray for me
 Unto the blessed Trynytye,
 By whose prayers and my dayly payne,
 I truste the soner to obtain ⁴³
 For my salvacyon, grace and mercy.
 For be ye sure I thynke assuredly ⁴⁴,
 Who seketh saynts for Chryste's sake,
 And namely suche as payne do take
 On fote, to punyssh their ⁴⁵ frail body,
 Shall therby meryte more hyely
 Then by any thyng done by man.

Pardoner ⁴⁶.

And when ye have gone as far as ye ⁴⁷ can,
 For all your labour and gostely entente,
 Ye ⁴⁸ will come home as wyse as ye wente.

Palmer.

Why, syr, dyspyse ye pylgrymage?

"Into thy country come, at Lucca left his life,
 "Whose miracles there done, yet to this day are rife."

Again,

"So countries more remote with ours we did acquaint,
 "As *Richard* for the same his holiness had won,
 "And for the wondrous things that through his prayers were done;
 "From this his native home into Calabria call'd,
 "And of St. Andrew's there the bishop was install'd;
 "For whom she hath profess'd much reverence to this land."

Again,

"So other southern fees, here either less or more,
 "Have likewise had their saints——
 "—— we have of Chichester
 "Saint *Richard*, and with him St. Gilbert, which do stand
 "Inroll'd amongst the rest of this our mitred band."

⁴³ obtain] obtayne, 1st edit.

⁴⁴ assuredly] surely, 1st edit.

⁴⁵ their] thy, 1st edit.

⁴⁶ *Pardoner*] "Pardoners were certain fellows that carried about the
 "Pope's Indulgences, and sold them to such as would buy them;
 "against whom Luther, by Sleydan's report, incensed the people of
 "Germany in his time, exhorting them *ne merces tam viles tanti emerent*."

COWEL.

⁴⁷ ye] you, edit. 1569.

⁴⁸ Ye will come home] Yet welcome, 1st edit.

Pardoner.

Pardoner.

Nay, fore ⁴⁹ God, fyr, then dyd I rage;
 I thynke ye ryght well occupied;
 To seke these saynts on every fyde.
 Also your paynes ⁵⁰ I nat dyspraise it;
 But yet I discomende your wit:
 And or ⁵¹ we go even so shall ye,
 If you in this wyl answere me.
 I pray you shew what the cause is.
 Ye wente all these pylgrymages?

Palmer.

Forsoth, this lyfe I did begyn,
 To rydde the bondage of my syn:
 For whiche these sayntes reherfed or this:
 I have both fought and sene, I wys;
 Besechynge them to bear recorde
 Of all my payne, unto the Lord,
 That gyveth all remyssion,
 Upon eche man's contricyon:
 And by thyr good mediacion,
 Upon myne ⁵² humble submyssion,
 I trust to have in very dede,
 For my soule helth the better spede.

Pardoner.

Nowe is your owne confellyon lykely
 To make yourselfe ⁵³ a fool quickly.
 For I perceyve ye wolde obtayn
 No other ⁵⁴ thyng for all your payne,
 But onely grace your soule to save:
 Now marke in this what wyt ye have.
 To seke so farre, and helpe so nye;
 Even here at home is remedy:
 For at your dore myselfe doth dwell,
 Who coulede have saved your soule aswel;
 As all your wyde wandrynge shall do,
 Though ye wente thryes to Jericho.

⁴⁹ fore] for, 1st edit.⁵¹ or] ere, edit. 1569.⁵³ yourselfe] you, edit. 1569.⁵⁰ paynes] payne, 1st edit.⁵² myne] my, edit. 1569.⁵⁴ no other] nother, 1st edit.

Nowe

THE FOUR P's.

Nowe fyns ye myght have spedde at home,
What have ye wonne by running⁵⁵ to Rome?

Palmer.

If this be true that you have moved,
Then is my wyt in dede reproved.
But let us here fyrste what ye are?

Pardoner.

Truly I am a Pardoner.

Palmer.

Truly a Pardoner! that may be true;
But a true Pardoner doth nat ensue.
Ryght selde is it sene, or never,
That trueth and Pardoners dwell together.
For be your pardons never so great,
Yet then to enlarge ye wyl nat let,
With suche lyes, that oft tymes, Cryste wot,
Ye seme to have that ye have nat.
Wherefore I went my selfe to the selfe thyng
In every place, and without faynyng:
Had as muche pardon there assuredly,
As ye can promyse me here doutefully.
Howe be it, I thynke ye do but scoffe⁵⁶:
But yf ye hadde all the pardon ye speak⁵⁷ of,
And no whyt of pardon graunted
In any place, where I have haunted;
Yet of my labour I nothyng repent;
God hathe respect how eche tyme is spent.
And as in his knowlege all is regarded;
So by his goodnes all is rewarded,

Pardoner.

By the⁵⁸ fyrste parte of this laste tale,
It seemeth ye came of late⁵⁹ from the ale.
For reason on your syde so farre doth fayle,
That ye leve reasoning⁶⁰, and begyn to rayle.
Wherin you⁶¹ forget your owne part clerely
For you⁶² be as untrue as I:

⁵⁵ *running*] ronnyng, 1st edit.

⁵⁷ *speak*] kepe, 1st edit.

⁵⁹ *ye came of late*] you come late, 1st edit.

⁶¹ *you*] ye, 1st edit.

⁵⁶ *scoffe*] scofte, 1st edit.

⁵⁸ *the*] this, edit. 1569.

⁶⁰ *reasoning*] sonyng, 1st

⁶² *you*] ye, 1st edit.

And

And in one poynte ye are beyonde me,
 For you ⁶³ may lie by aucthoryte,
 And all that have ⁶⁴ wandred so farre,
 That no man can be theyr controller.
 And where you ⁶⁵ esteeme your labour so muche;
 I say yet agayne my pardons are ⁶⁶ suche,
 That yf there were a thousande soules on a hepe,
⁶⁷ I wold brynge them all to heven, as good chepe,
 As ye have brought yourselfe on pylgrymage,
 In the last ⁶⁸ quarter of your voyage,
 Which is ⁶⁹ far a this side heven, by God:
 There your labour and pardon is od.
 With smale cost without any payne,
 These pardons bring ⁷⁰ them to heven playne.
 Geve me but a peny or two pens,
 And assone as the soule departeth hens,
 In halfe an houre, or thre quarters at the moste,
 The soule is in heven; with the Holy Ghost.

Poticary.

Send ye any souls to heven by water?

Pardoner.

If we doo⁷¹, sir, what is the mater?

Poticary.

By God, I have a drye soule shulde thither;
 I praye you let our soules go to heven togyther,

⁶³ you] ye, 1st edit. . ⁶⁴ have] hath, 1st edit. ⁶⁵ you] ye, 1st edit.
⁶⁶ are] be, 1st edit.

⁶⁷ I wold brynge them all to heven, as good chepe] Cheap, as Dr. Johnson observes, is *market*, and *good cheap* therefore is *bon marche*. The expression is very frequent in ancient writers, as in Churchyard's *Worthyness of Wales*. Evans's Edition 1776, p. 3.

"Victuals *good cheap* in most part of Wales."

Euphues, 1581, p. 8. "Seeing thou wilt not buie counsaile at the
 "first hande *good cheape*, thou shalt buy repentance at second hand, at
 "such an unreasonable rate that thou wilt curse thy hard penyworth,
 "and ban thy hard heart."

Dekkar's *Belman's Night-walks*, H 4. "He buyes other men's cunning *good cheap* in London, and sels it deare in the countrey."

See other instances in Mr. Steevens's Note on *First Part of King Henry IV.* A. 3. S. 3.

⁶⁸ last] leste, 1st edit. least edit. 1569.

⁶⁹ is] as, 1st edit.

⁷⁰ bring] bryngeth, 1st edit

⁷¹ doo] dyd, 1st edit.

So byfy you twayn be in foules helth;
 May nat a Potycary come in by stelth?
 Yes, that I wyl⁷², by Saynt Antony,
 And by the leve of thys company,
 Prove ye falſe knaves bothe, ere⁷³ we goo,
 In parte of your ſayings, as thys, lo,
 Thou, by thy travayle, thynkeſt heven to gete:

[To the Palmer.

And thou by pardons and reliques counteſt no let⁷⁴,

[To the Pardoner.

To ſende thyre owne ſoule to heven ſure;
 And all other whome thou lyſte to procure.
 If I toke an accion, then were they blanke;
 For lyke theeves the knaves⁷⁵ rob away my thanke.
 All ſoules in heven, havynge releefe,
 Shall they thanke your craſtes? nay, thanke myn cheſe.
 No ſoule, ye knowe, entreth heven gate,
 Tyll from the bodye he be ſeparate:
 And whome have ye knowen dye honeſtly⁷⁶,
 Without helpe of the Potycary?
 Nay, all that commeth to our handlynge,
 Except ye happe to come to hangynge;
 That way, perchaunce, ye ſhall nat myſter,
 To go to heven without a glyſter.
 But be ye ſure I wolde be wo⁷⁷,
 If⁷⁸ ye ſhulde chaunce to begyle me ſo.
 As good to lye with me a nyght,
 As hang abrode in the mone light.
 There is no choyſe to fle my hand;
 But, as I ſayd, into the bande.

⁷² I wyl] we will, edit. 1569.

⁷³ ere] or, 1st edit.

⁷⁴ let] i. e. hindrance.

⁷⁵ rob] they rob, edit. 1569.

⁷⁶ honeſtly] hoſtely, 1st edit.

⁷⁷ I wolde be wo] *To be woe*, is often uſed by old writers to ſignify *to be ſorry*. So Shakſpeare's *Tempeſt*, A. 5. S. 1.

"I am woe for't, Sir."

Chaucer's *Court of Love*:

"—— I wolde be wo,

"That I preſume to her is writin ſo."

See Mr. Steevens's Note on Shakſpeare, vol. I. p. 106.

⁷⁸ If] That, edit. 1569.

Syns of our soules the multitude
I sende to heaven, when all is vewd,
Who shulde but I then all togyther,
Have thanke of all their comynge thither?

Pardoner.

If ye kyl'd a thousande in an houre space,
When come they to heven dyenge out of grace?⁷⁹

Poticary.

If a thousande pardons about your necks were teyd;
When come they to heven, yf they never dyed?

Palmer.

Long lyfe after good workes in dede,
Doth hinder manne's receyt of mede.
And deth before one dewry done,
May make us thynke we dye too sone.
Yet better tary a thing then⁸⁰ have it;
Then go to sone, and vaynly crave it.

Pardoner.

The longer ye dwell in communicacion,
The lesse shall ye lyke thys ymagynacyon.
For ye⁸¹ may perceyve even at the fyrst chop,
Your tale is trapt in such a stop,
That, at the lesse, ye seme worse than we.

Poticary.

By the masse, I holde us nought all thre.

Pedler.

By our lady, then have I gone wronge;
And yet to be here I thought it longe.

Poticary.

Brother, he have gone wrong no wyt,
I prayse your fortune and your wyt,
That can dyrecte you so discretely,
To plante you in this company.
Thou a Palmer, and thou a Pardoner,
I a Poticary.

Pedler.

And I a Pedler.

⁷⁹ dyenge out of grace] from state of grace, 1st edit.

⁸⁰ then] Mr. Doddsley reads, and.

⁸¹ ye] you, edit. 1569.

Poticary.

Poticary.

Nowe, on my fayth, ful well watched;
Where the devyll were we foure hatched?

Pedler.

That maketh no mater, since we be matched,
I coude be mery yf that I had catchyd
Some money for parte of the ware in my packe.

Poticary.

What the devyll hast thou there at thy back?

Pedler.

What dost thou nat knowe, that every Pedler
In all kinde of trifles⁸² must be a medler?
Specyally in women's tryflinges;
Those use we cheefly⁸³ above all thynges.
Whiche thyngs to se, yf ye be disposed,
Beholde what ware here is disclosed;
This gere sheweth itself in suche bewte,
That eche man thynketh⁸⁴ it saith come hye me.
Loke were yourself can lyke to be chooser,
Yourselfe shall make pryce, though I be a looser.
Is here⁸⁵ nothyng for my father Palmer?
Have ye nat a wanton in a corner?
For all your walkyng to holy places,
By Cryste, I have herde of as straunge cases.
Who lyveth in love, and love wolde wyne,
Even at this packe he must begynne.
Wherin⁸⁶ is ryght many a proper token,
Of which by name parte shal be spoken:
Gloves, pynnes, combes, glasses unspottyd,
Pomanders, hookes, and lasses knotted⁸⁷;
Broches, rynges, and all manner of bedes:
Laces⁸⁸ rounde and flat for women's hedes;
⁸⁹Nedyls, threde, thymbell, shers, and all suche knackes,
Where lovers be, no suche thynges lacks:

⁸² all kind of trifles] every tryfull, 1st edit.
edit.

⁸⁴ thynketh] thinks, edit. 1569.

⁸³ cheefly] chefe, 1st

⁸⁵ here] there, edit. 1569.

⁸⁶ Wherin] Where, 1st edit.

⁸⁷ knotted] unknotted, edit. 1569.

⁸⁸ Laces] Lace, 1st edit.

⁸⁹ Nedles, thred, thimbles, and such other knacks] Edition 1569.

Sypers⁹⁰, swathbonds⁹¹, rybandes, and sleeve laces;
Gyrdyls, knives, purses, and pyncaces.

Poticary.

Do women bye their pyncaces of you?

Pedler.

Ye, that they do, I make God a vow.

Poticary.

So mot I thryve then for my parte,
I beshrewe thy knave's nakyd herte,
For makynge my wifys pyncace so wyde,
The pynnes fall out, they cannat abyde;
Yet pynnes she must have, one or other;
Yf she lese one, she wyll fynde another.
Wherin I fynde cause to complayne;
New pynnes to her pleasure, but to my payne.

Pardoner.

Syr, ye seme wel sene in women's causes;
I praye you tell me, what causeth this:
That women after theyr aryfyng⁹²,
Be so longe in theyr apparelleng?

Pedler.

Forsoth, women have many lettes,
And they be masked in many nettes:
As frontlettes⁹³, fyllettes, partlettes⁹⁴, and bracelettes:
And then theyr bonettes and theyr poynettes⁹⁵.

⁹⁰ *Sypers*] i. e. *Cyprus*; thin stuff of which women's veils were made.
So, in Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 3.

"Lawn as white as driven snow,

"*Cyprus* black as any crow."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"—— a *cyprus*, not a bosom

"Hides my poor heart." S.

⁹¹ *swathbonds*] i. e. rollers in which infants were swath'd. So, in
Timon of Athens.

"Had thou, like us from thy first swath, &c." S.

⁹² *aryfyng*] uprising, edit. 1569.

⁹³ *frontlettes*] *Frontal*, Fr. *A frontlet*, or *forehead-band*. COTGRAVE.
A frontlet is mentioned as part of a woman's dress, in Lyly's *Midas*,
1592: "Hoods, *frontlets*, wires, cauls, curling irons, periwigs, bodkins,
"fillets, hair laces, ribbons, rolls, knotstrings, glasses, &c."

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *King Lear*, A. 1. S. 4.

⁹⁴ *partlettes*] Ruffs or bands for women. See Glossary to Douglas's
Translation of Virgil.

⁹⁵ *poynettes*] Little bodkins or puncheons. Cotgrave, *vece poinçonnet*.

By

By these lettes and nettes, the lette is fuche ;
That speede is small, whan haste is much.

Poticary.

Another cause why they come nat forwarde,
Whiche maketh them dayly to drawe backward ;
And yet ⁹⁶ is a thyng they cannat forbere ;
The trymyng and pynnyng up of theyr gere ;
Specyally theyrydlyng with the tayle pyn ;
And when they wolde have it prickt ⁹⁷ in,
If it chaunce to double in the clothe,
⁹⁸ Then be they ⁹⁹ wode, and swere ¹⁰⁰ an othe.
Tyl it stande reght they wyll nat forsake it,
Thus though it may not, yet wyll ¹⁰¹ they make it.
But be ye sure they do but defarre it ;
For when they wolde make it, ofte times they marre it.
But prycke them and pynne them as nyche as ye wyll,
And yet wyll they loke for pynnyng styll.
So that I durste holde with you a joynt,
Ye shall never have them at a ful ¹⁰² point.

Pedler.

Let women's maters passe, and marke myne :
What ever theyr poyntes be, these poyntes be fyne.
Wherefore yf ye be wyllinge to bye,
Lay downe money, come off ¹⁰³ quykely.

Palmer.

Nay, by my trowth, we be lyke fryers ;
We are but beggars, we be no byers.

⁹⁶ yet] it, edit. 1569.

⁹⁷ prickt] prycke, 1st edit.

⁹⁸ Then be they wode] *Wode* signifies mad, furious, or violent. So, in Ascham's *Toxophilus*, Bennet's Edition, 4to. p. 86. "How will you thincke that fuche furiousnesse, with *wode* countenance, and brenninge eyes, with staring and bragginge, with hart redye to leape out of the bellye for swellinge, can be expressed the tenth part to the uttermost."

Churchyard's *Worthiness of Wales*, p. 103. Evans's Edition 1776.

"It flowes with winde, although no rayne there bee,

"And swelles like sea, with waves and foming flood :

"A wonder sure, to see this river Dee,

"With winde alone, to waxe so wyld and wode,

"Make such a sturre, as water would be mad,

"And shewe such life, as though some sprete it had."

⁹⁹ they] they be, edit. 1569.

¹⁰⁰ swere] swereth, 1st edit.

¹⁰¹ wyll] wil, edit. 1569.

¹⁰² ful] fall, 1st edit.

¹⁰³ come off] i. e. pay down. See Note 65 to *The Wits*, vol. VIII. p. 512.

VOL. I.

E

Pardoner.

Pardoner.

Syr, ye may shoue your ware for your mynde,
But I thynke ye shall no profyte fynde.

Pedler.

Well, though this journey acquyte no cosse,
Yet thynke I nat my labour losse:
For by the fayth of my body,
I lyke ful well thys company.
Up shall this packe, for it is playne
I came not hyther al for gayne.
Who may nat play one day in a weke,
May thynke hys thryfte is farre to seyke.
Devyse what pastyme that ye thynke beste,
And make ye sure to fynde me prest¹⁰⁴.

Poticary.

Why? be ye so unyversall,
That ye can do what so ever ye shall?

Pedler.

Syr, yf ye lyste for to appose me;
What I can do, then shall you se.

Poticary.

Then tell me thys, are you perfyt in drynkyng?

Pedler.

Perfyt in drynkyng, as may be wysht by thynkyng.

Poticary.

Then after your drynking, how fall ye to wynking?

Pedler.

Syr, after drynkyng, whyle the shot¹⁰⁵ is tynkyng;
Some hedes be swymmyng¹⁰⁶, but myne will be synkyng,

And

¹⁰⁴ *prest*] i. e. ready; *pres*, Fr. So, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

"What must be, must be; Cæsar's *prest* for all."

See a Note on *The Merchant of Venice*, A. i. S. i. S.

Again, Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593, p. 80.

"Then shall my mouth, my muse, my pen and all,

"Be *prest* to serve at each good subject's call."

Cynthia's *Revels*, A. 5. S. 4.

"I am *prest* for the encounter."

¹⁰⁵ *shot*] i. e. the reckoning. See Mr. Steevens's Note to *The First Part of King Henry IV.* A. 5. S. 3.

Again, in Churchard's *Worthyness of Walke*

"Behold

THE FOUR P's.

67

And upon drynkyng, my eyse will be pynkyng:
For wynkyng to drynkyng is alway lynkyng.

Poticary.

Then drynke and slepe you can well do;
But yf ye were desyred therto,
I pray you tell me, can you syng?

Pedler.

Syr, I have some syght in syngyng.

Poticary.

¹⁰⁷ But is your brest any thyng swete?

Pedler.

What ever my breste be, my voyce is mete.

"Behold besides, a further thing to note,

"The best cheap cheare they have that may be found;

"The *shot* is great when each mans pais his groate,

"If all alike the reckoning runneth round."

¹⁰⁶ *swymmyng*] The second edition reads, *swynking*. See Note 26 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. p. 22.

¹⁰⁷ *But is your brest any thyng swete*] In Sir John Hawkins's *History of Musick*, vol. III. p. 466. a passage, in *Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Husbandry*, 1580, is cited; in which this line occurs:

"The better *brest*, the lesser rest;"

upon which he makes this observation: "In singing the sound is originally produced by the action of the lungs; which are so essential an organ in this respect, that to have a good *brest* was formerly a common periphrasis to denote a good singer. The Italians make use of the terms *Voce de Petto*, and *Voce di Testa*, to signify two kinds of voice, of which the first is the best. In Shakespeare's Comedy of *Twelfth Night*, after the Clown is asked to sing, Sir Andrew Aguecheek says,

"By my troth, the fool has an excellent *brest*."

"And in the statutes of Stoke College, in Suffolk, founded by Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, is a provision in these words: Of which said queristers, after their *breasts* are changed (i. e. their voices broke), we will the most apt of wit and capacity be helped with exhibitions of forty shillings, &c."

See also the Notes of Mr. Warton and Mr. Steevens to *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 3.

Again, in Middleton's *More Dissemblers besides Women*, A. 1. S. 1. Dondolo, after a song by his Page, says, "Oh rich, ravishing, rare, and inticing. Well, go thy ways, for as sweet a *brested* page as ever lay at his master's feet in a truckle-bed."

Women beware of Women, A. 3. S. 2.

Duke. "Yea the voice too, sir?"

Fab. "I and a sweet *brest* too, my lord, I hope,

"Or I have cast away my money wisely."

E 2

Poticary.

Poticary.

That answere sheweth you a ryght syngynge man.
Now what is your wyll, good father, than?

Palmer.

What helpeth wyll, where is no skyll?

Pardoner.

And what helpeth skyll, where is no wil¹⁰⁸?

Poticary.

For wyll or skyll what helpeth it,
Where frowarde knaves be lackynge wit¹⁰⁹?
Leve of thys curiositie;
And who that lyste, syng after me.

[Here they synge]

Pedler.

Thys lyketh me wel, so mot I the.

Pardoner.

So helpe me God, it lyketh nat me.
Where company is met and well agreed,
Good pastyme dooth ryght well in dede.
But who can syt in dalyaunce,
Men syt in suche a variaunce?
As we were set, or¹¹⁰ ye came in,
Whiche stryfe thys man dyd fyrst begynne;
Alledgyng that suche men as use
For love of God, and not¹¹¹ refuse
On fot to god from place to place
A pylgrimage, callynge for grace,
Shall in that payne with penitence,
Obtayne discharge of conscience:
Comparyng that lyfe for the beste
Enduccion to your endles rest.
Upon these workes our mater grewe:
For yf he coude avow them true,
As good to be a gardener,
As for to be a Pardoner.
But when I harde hym so farre wyde,
I then aproched and replied:

¹⁰⁸ wil] wyt, 1st edit.¹⁰⁹ wis] wyll, 1st edit.¹¹⁰ or] ere. See Note 48 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. p. 37.¹¹¹ and not] not and, 1st edit.

Sayenge this, that this ¹¹² indulgence,
 Havyng the foresaid penitence,
 Dyschargeth man of all offence,
 With muche more profyt then this pretence.
 I aske but two pens at the moste:
 I wys this is nat very great coste,
 And from ¹¹³ all payne without dyspayre,
 My soule for his kepe ¹¹³ * even his chayre.
 And when he dyeth, he may be sure
 To come to heven, even at pleasure.
 And more then heven he can ¹¹⁴ nat get,
 How farre so ever he lyst to jet.
 Then is hys payne more then hys wit,
 To walke ¹¹⁵ to heven, syns he may syt.
 Syr, as we were in this contencion,
 In came thys daw with hys invencyon;
 Revelynge us, hymselfe avauntynge,
 That all the soules to heven assendynge,
 Are most bounde to the Poticary,
 Bycause he helpeth moste men to dye
 Before whiche deth he sayeth in dede,
 No soule in heven can have hys mede.

Pedler.

Why, do Poticaries kyll men?

Poticary.

By God, men say so now and then.

Pedler.

And I thought ye wolde nat have myst
 To make them lyve as longe as ye lyst.

Poticary.

As longe as we lyst? nay, as longe as they can.

Pedler.

So myght we lyve without you than.

Poticary.

Ye, but yet it is ¹¹⁶ necessary
 For to have a Poticary:

¹¹² *this*] his, edit. 1569

¹¹³ *from*] for, edit. 1569.

¹¹³ * *his kepe*] for to keep even in his chair, edit. 1569.

¹¹⁴ *can*] may, edit. 1569.

¹¹⁵ *walks*] wake, 1st edit.

¹¹⁶ *yet it is*] it is very, edit. 1569.

For when ye fele your conſeyens redy,
 I can ſende you to heven very ¹¹⁷ quickly.
 Wherefore concernynge our mater here,
 Above theſe twayne I am beſt, clere;
 And yf ye lyſte to take me ſo,
 I am content; you and no mo
 ſhal be our judge, as in thys caſe,
 Whiche of us thre ſhall take the beſt place.

Pedler.

I neyther wyll judge the beſte nor worſte;
 For be ye bleſte or be ye curſte,
 Ye know it is no whyt my ſleyght,
 To be a judge in maters of weyght.
 It behoveth no Pedlers nor proctours,
 To take on them judgemente as doctours;
 But yf your myndes be onely ſet
 To worke for ſoule helthe, ye be well met;
 For eche of you ſomwhat doth ſhowe
 That ſoules towarde heven by you doe growe,
 Then yf ye can ſo wel agree,
 To contynue togyther all thre;
 And all you thre obay one wyll,
 Then all your myndes ye may fulfyll.
 As yf ye came all to one man,
 Who ſhulde goo pylgrymage ¹¹⁸ more then he can?
 In that ye Palmer, as debite,
 May clerely dyscharde hym, parde.
 And for all other ſyns, ones had contriſſyon,
 Your pardons geveſt hym full remyſſyon.
 And then ye mayſter Poticary,
 May ſende hym to heven by and by.

Poticary.

Yf he taſte this boxe nye aboute the pryme;
 By the maſſe, he is in heven or even-ſonge tyme.
 My craft is ſuche, that I can ryght well
 Sende my fryndes to heven, and myſelfe to hell,
 But, ſyrs, marke this man, for he is wyſe;
¹¹⁹ Who coulde devyſe ſuche a devyſe?

¹¹⁷ very] added in, edit. 1569.
 on pilgrimage, edit. 1569.

¹¹⁸ ſhulde goo pylgrymage] ſhould go
¹¹⁹ Who] Howe, 1st edit.

For yf we thre may be as one,
 Then be we ¹²⁰ lordes everych one;
 Betwene us all coulde nat be myste,
 To save the soules of whome we lyste.
 But for good order, at a worde,
 Twayne of us must wayte on the thyrd.
 And unto that I do agree,
¹²¹ For bothe you twayne shall wayt on me.

Pardoner.

What chaunce is this, that suche an elf
 Commaund two knaves beside himself?
 Nay, nay, my frende, that wyll nat be;
 I am to good to wayt on the.

Palmer.

By our lady, and I wolde be loth
 To wayt on the better of you both.

Pedler.

Yet be ye sewer, for all thys dour,
 This waytynge must be brought about.
 Men cannat prosper wylfully ledde;
 All things decay ¹²² where is no hedde.
 Wherefore doubtlesse, marke what I say,
 To one of you thre, twayne must obey.
 And synnes ye cannat agree in voyce,
 Who shall be hed, there is no choyce,
 But to devyse some maner of thyng,
 Wherin ye all be lyke connyng:
 And in the same who can do beste,
 The other twayne to make them preste,
 In every thyng of hys entente,
¹²³ Holy to be at commaundement.

¹²⁰ *be we*] were we as, edit. 1569.

¹²¹ *For both, &c.*] First edition reads,
 For bothe you twayne shall wayt on me.

What chaunce is this, that suche an elf
 Commaunded two knaves be besyde hymselfe.

¹²² *things decay*] thyng decayed, 1st edit.

¹²³ *Holy*] Holly, 1st edit.

And now have I founde one mastery ¹²⁴,
 That ye can do indifferently ;
 And is nother sellynge nor byenge,
 But evyn onely very lyenge
 And all ye thre can lye as well,
 As can the falsest devyll in hell.
 And though afore ye harde me grudge,
 In greater maters to be your judge ;
 Yet in lyenge I can bolste some skyll,
 And yf I shall be judge, I wyll.
 And be you sure without flatery,
 Where my consciens fyndeth the masterye,
 Ther shall my judgement strait be founde,
 Though I myght wyne a thousande pounce.

Palmer.

Syr, for lyeng though I can do it ;
 Yet am I loth for to goo to it.

Pedler.

Ye have no ¹²⁵ cause to fear, be bolde ¹²⁶,
 For ye may here ¹²⁷ lie uncontrold.
 And ye in this have good avauntage,
 For lyeng is your comen usage.
 And you in lyenge be well spedde,
 For all your craft doth stande in falsshed,
 Ye nede nat care who shall begyn ;
 For ech of you may hope to wyn.
 Now speke all thre evyn as ye fynde :
 Be ye agreed to folowe my mynde ?

Palmer.

Ye, by my trouth, I am contente.

Pardoner.

Now, in good fayth, and I assente,

Poticary.

If I denyed, I were a nody :
 For all is myne, by Goddes body. [*Here the Poticary boppeth.*]

¹²⁴ *one mastery*] i. e. one magisterium ; a chymical term expressive of the highest powers of transmutation, and sometimes used for any mastery performance. S.

¹²⁵ *no*] not, 1st edit.

¹²⁶ *be bolde*] beholde, edit. 1569.

¹²⁷ *may here*] may here, 1st edit. may lie, edit. 1569.

Palmer.

Palmer.

Here were a hopper to hop for the ryngel
But, syr ¹²⁸, this gere goth nat by hoppyngel.

Poticary.

Syr, in this hoppyngel I wyll hop so well,
That my tonge shall hop better ¹²⁹ then my hele:
Upon whiche hoppyngel, I hope and nat doute it;
To hop ¹³⁰ so, that ye shall hop ¹³¹ without it.

Palmer.

Syr, I wyll neyther boſte ne brawll,
But take ſuche fortune as may fall;
And yf ye wynde this mayſtery,
I wyll obaye you quietly;
And ſure I thynke that quietneſſe
In any man is great richeſſe.
In any manner of company,
To rule or be ruled ¹³² indifferently.

Pardoner.

By that boſt thou ſemeſt a begger indede,
What can thy quietneſſe helpe us at nede?
Yf we ſhulde ſtarve, thou haſt nat, I thynke,
One peny to bye us one potte of drynke.
Nay yf richeſſe myghte rule the roſte,
Beholde what cauſe I have to boſte:
Lo, here be ¹³³ pardons halfe a doſyn,
For goſtely ryches they have no coſyn.
And moreover to me they brynge
Sufficient ſuccour for my lyvyngel.
And here be ¹³⁴ relykes of ſuche a kynde,
As in this worlde no man can ¹³⁵ fynde.
Knele down all thre, and when ye leve kyſſyngel,
Who lyſt to offer, ſhall have my blyſſyngel.

¹²⁸ *syr,*] ſirs, edit. 1569.¹²⁹ *better*] as well as, 1st edit.¹³⁰ *hop*] hope, 1st edit.¹³¹ *hop*] hope, 1st edit.¹³² *be ruled*] to be ruled, edit. 1569.¹³³ *here be*] here are, edit. 1569.¹³⁴ *be*] are, edit. 1569.¹³⁵ *can*] may, edit. 1569.

Friendes, here shall ye se evyn anone,
Of All-hallowes, the bleffyd jaw-bone ¹³⁶,
Kisse it hardely with good devocion.

Poticary.

Thys kyffe shall brynge us muche promocyon.
Fogh, by saynt Savvour I never kyst a wars;
Ye were as good kyffe All-hallowe's ars;
For by All-hallowes, yet me thynketh,
That All-hallowe's breth stynketh.

Palmer.

Ye judge All-hallowes breth unknowen;
Yf any breth stynke, it is your owne.

Poticary.

I knowe myne owne breth from All-hallowes,
Or els it were tyme to kisse the galows.

Pardoner.

Nay syrs, beholde, here may ye se
The great toe of the Trinite,
Who to thys toe any money voweth,
And ones may role it in his moueth,
All hys lyfe after, I undertake,
¹³⁷ He shall never be vext with the tooth ake.

Poticary.

I praye you torne that relyke aboute:
¹³⁸ Either the Trinite had the goute,
Or elles, bycause it is three toes in one,
God made it asmuche ¹³⁹ as thre toes alone.

Pardoner.

Well, lette that passe, and loke upon thys;
Here is a relyke that doth nat mys,
To helpe the leste as well as the mooste:
This is a buttocke-bone of Pentecoste.

¹³⁶ *All-hallowes, the bleffyd jaw-bone*] *All-hallowes* is *All-Saints*. Mr. Steevens, in his Note on *The First Part of King Henry IV. A. 1. S. 2.* remarks on the absurdity of appropriating a word formed to express a community of saints to a particular one of the number.

¹³⁷ *He shall never be vext with the tooth ake*] He shall be ryd of the tooth ake, 1st edit.

¹³⁸ *Either*] Other, 1st edit.

¹³⁹ *asmuche*] *much*, 1st edit.

Poticary.

Poticary.

By Chryste, and yet for all your boste,
This relyke hath bestyten the roste.

Pardoner.

Mark well thys, thys relyke here is a whipper,
My frendes ¹⁴⁰ unfayned, here ¹⁴¹ is a slypper
Of one of the seven sleepers be sure ¹⁴²;
Doutlesse thys kyss shall do you great pleasure:
For all these two dayes it shall so ease you,
That none other favours shall displease you.

Poticary.

All these two dayes! nay, all these ¹⁴³ two yere;
For all the favours that may come heer
Can be no worse; for at a worde,
One of the seven sleepers trode in a torde.

Pedler.

Syr, me thynketh your devocion is but smal.

Pardoner.

Small! mary me thynketh he hath none at all.

Poticary.

What the devyll care I what ye thinke?
Shall I prayse relykes when they stynke?

Pardoner.

Heer is an eye-toth of the great Turke:
Whose eyes be ones sette on thys pece of worke,
May happely lese parte of his eye-syght,
But nat all tyll he be blynde outtryght.

¹⁴⁰ *frendes*] freend, edit. 1569.

¹⁴¹ *here*] this, 1569.

¹⁴² *One of the seven sleepers be sure*] These seven sleepers are said to have lived at Ephesus in the time of the emperor Decian. Being commanded to sacrifice according to the Pagan manner, they fled to a cave in mount Celyon, where they fell asleep, and continued in that state 372 years, as is asserted by some, though according to others only 208 years. They awoke in the reign of the emperor Theodosian, who, being informed of this extraordinary event, came from Constantinople to see them, and to satisfy himself of the truth of the relation. Having communicated to him the several circumstances of their case, they all, as the *Legenda Aurea* expresses it, "enclyned theyr hedes to th'erth, and redred their spyrites at the commaundement of our Lorde Jesu Cryst, and soo deyed." See *Legenda Aurea*, 196.

¹⁴³ *these*] thys, 1st edit.

Poticary.

Poticary.

What so ever any man seeth,
I have no devocion unto ¹⁴⁴ Turkes teeth :
For although I never sawe a greter,
Yet me thynketh I have sene many better.

Pardoner.

Here is a box ful of humble bees,
That stonge Eve as she sat on her knees,
Tastynge the frute to her forbydden :
Who kysleth the bees within this hidden,
Shall have as muche pardon of ryght,
As for any relyke he kysit this nyght.

Palmer.

Syr, I will kysse them with all my herte.

Poticary.

Kysse them agayne, and take my parte,
For I am nat woorthy ; nay lette be,
Those bees that stonge Eve shall nat styng me.

Pardoner.

Good frendes, I have yet here ¹⁴⁵ in thys glas,
Which on the drynke at the weddyng was
Of Adam and Eve undoubtedly :
If ye honor this relyke devoutly,
Although ye thurst no whyt the lesse,
Yet shall ye drynke the more, doubtlesse.
After whiche drynkyng ye shal be as mete
To stande on your hede as on your fete.

Poticary.

Ye mary, now I con ¹⁴⁶ you thanke ¹⁴⁷ ;
In presens of thys the rest be blanke.
Wolde God this relyke had come rather ;
Kysse that relyke well, good father.
Suche is the payne that ye Balmers take,
To kysse the pardon bowle for the drynke sake.
O holy yeste, that loketh full sowe and stale,
For Goddes body, helpe me to a cuppe of ale.

¹⁴⁴ to, 1st edit.¹⁴⁵ yett, edit, 1569.¹⁴⁶ can, 1st edit.

¹⁴⁷ con you thanke] See Note 34 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II,
p. 28.

The more I beholde ¹⁴⁸ thee, the more I thurste:
 The oftener I kyffe the, the more lyke to burste:
 But sins I kyffe the so devoutely,
 Hyre me and helpe me with drynke tyll I dye.
 What, so muche prayeing and so lytell spede?

Pardoner.

Ye, for God knoweth when it is nede
 To sende folkes drynke; but by saynt Antony,
 I wene he hath sent you to muche allredy.

Poticary.

If I have never the more for the,
 Then be thy relykes no ryches to me;
 Nor to thy self, excepte they be
 More benefycyall then I can se.
 Rycher is one boxe of this tryacle ¹⁴⁹,
 Then all thy relykes, that do no myrakell.
 If thou haddest prayed but halfe so muche to me,
 As I have prayed to thy relykes and the,
 Nothyng concernyng myne occupacion,
 But itreyght shulde have wrought one ¹⁵⁰ operation.
 And as in value I pas you an ace,
 So here lyeth muche rycheesse in a lytell space.
 I have a boxe of rebard here,
 Whiche is as deynty as it is dere.
¹⁵¹ So helpe me God, and hollydam,
 Of this I wolde not geve a dram
 To the beste frende I have in England's grounde,
 Though he wolde give me twentie pounce.
 For though the stomake do it abhor,
 It pourgeth you clene from the coler;
 And maketh your stomake fore to walter,
 That ye shall never come to the halter.

Pedler.

Then is that medycyn a soverayn thinge,
 To preserve a man from hangyng.

Poticary.

If ye wyll taste but thys crome that ye see,
 If ever ye be hanged never truste me.

¹⁴⁸ bebolde] see, edit. 1569.
 against poison. *Blount.*

¹⁵⁰ one] in, 1st edit.

¹⁴⁹ tryacle] iberiaca, a remedy

¹⁵¹ So] Addition.

Here have I Diapompholicus,
 A speciall oyntmente, as doctours discuse,
 For a fistela or for a canker,
¹⁵² Thys oyntment is even shot anker.
 For this medecyn ¹⁵³ helpeth one and other,
 Or bringeth them in case that they nedg no other.
 Here is a *Syrapus de Byzansis*,
 A lytell thyng is enough of this;
 For even the weyght of one scryppall,
 Shall ¹⁵⁴ make you as strong as a cryppull.
 Here are other, as Diosialos,
 Diagalanga and Stricados,
 Blanka, Manna, Diospoliticon,
 Mercury sublyme, and Mitridaticon;
 Pellitory, and Arse fetita;
 Cassy, and Colloquintida.
 Theie be ¹⁵⁵ the thinges that breke all sryse
 Betwene manne's sycknes and his lyfe.
 From all payne these shall you delever,
 And set you even at reste for ever.
 Here is a medecyn no mo lyke the same;
 Whiche comenly is called thus by name,
 Alikakabus or Alkagengy:
 A goodly thyng for dogges that be ¹⁵⁶ mangy.
 Suche be these medycines, that I can
 Helpe a dogge as wel as a man.
 Nat one thyng here partycularly,
 But worketh universally.
 For it doth me as muche good when I sell it,
 As all the byers that taste it, or smell it.
 Now syns my medycyns be so speciall,
 And in one operacion so generall,

¹⁵² *Thys oyntment is even shot anker*] I should suppose we ought to read *sheet anchor*. The *sheet anchor* is the largest belonging to a ship, and is the last refuge of mariners; for when that fails to take hold of the ground, the vessel is left at the mercy of the storm. The *sheet anchor* was called by the ancients, *anchora jacea*; and by the French *maitresse ancre*. S.

¹⁵³ *medecyn*] oyntment, edit. 1569.

¹⁵⁴ *Sball*] Wil., edit. 1569.

¹⁵⁵ *be*] are, edit. 1569.

¹⁵⁶ *be*] are, edit. 1569.

And redy to worke when so ever they shall,
 So that in ryches I am principall;
 If any rewarde may entreat ye,
 I besech your mast¹⁵⁷ship be good to me,
 And ye shall have a boxe of marmelade,
 So fyne that you may dyg it with a spade.

Pedler.

Syr, I thanke you, but your rewarde
 Is nat the thyng that I regarde.
 I muste and wyll be indifferent:
 Wherefore procede in your intente.

Poticary.

Nowe yf I wyft thys wyth no synne;
 I wolde to God I myght begynne.

Pardoner.

I am content that thou lye fyrste.

Palmer.

Even so am I; now¹⁵⁸ say thy worst.
 Now let us here of all thy lyes,
 The greatest lye thou mayst devyse.
 And in the fewyst wordes thou can.

Poticary.

Forsooth, ye be¹⁵⁹ an honest man.

Pedler.

There sayde ye muche, but yet no lye.

Pardoner.

Now lye ye bothe, by our Lady.
 Thou lyeist in boist of hys honestie;
 And he hath lyed in affyrminge the.

Poticary.

Yf we both lye, and ye say true,
 Then of these lies your parte adew.
 And if ye wyn, make none avaunt;
 For you are sure of one yll servaunte.
 You may perceyve by the wordes he gave,
 He taketh your mashyp¹⁶⁰ but for a knave.

¹⁵⁷ so] unto, edit. 1569.

¹⁵⁹ ye be] you are, edit. 1569.

master/ship. S.

¹⁵⁸ now] and, 1st edit.

¹⁶⁰ your mashyp] i. e. your

But who tolde truthe ¹⁶¹ or lyed in dede,
 That wyll I knowe or ¹⁶² we procede.
 Syr, after that I fyrste began
 To prayse you for an honest man,
 When ye affirmed it for no lye ¹⁶³;
 Now, by your ¹⁶⁴ sayth, speke even truly;
 Thought ye your affirmacyon true?

Palmer.

Ye mary, for I wolde ye knewe,
 I thinke my selfe an honest man.

Poticary.

What thought ye in the contrary than?

Pardoner.

In that I sayde the contrary,
 I thinke from trowth I dyd nat vary.

Poticary.

And what of my wordes?

Pardoner.

I thought ye lyed.

Poticary.

And so thought I, by God that dyed.
 Nowe have you twayne eche for hym selfe layde,
 That none ¹⁶⁵ hath lyed, but bothe true sayd.
 And of you twayne none hath denyed,
 But bothe affirmed that I have lyed.
 Now syns bothe ye ¹⁶⁶ the trouthe confes,
¹⁶⁷ How that I lyed, doo, bear witnes.
 That twain of us may sooh agree,
 And that the lyer the wyner must be.
 Who coude provyde suche evydens,
 As I have done in this pretens?
 Me thynketh this mater sufficient
 To cause you to gyve judgement;

¹⁶¹ *truibe*] true, 1st edit.

¹⁶³ *for so lye*] for no lie, edit. 1569.

¹⁶⁵ *none*] one, edit. 1569.

¹⁶⁷ *How, &c.*] First edition reads,

And that we both my lye so witnes,

That twayne of us thre in one agree.

¹⁶² *or*] ere, edit. 1569.

¹⁶⁴ *your*] our, 1st edit.

¹⁶⁶ *ye*] your, 1st edit.

And to gyve me the mastrye :
For ye perceyve these knaves cannot lye.

Palmer.

Though neyther ¹⁶⁸ of us as yet had lyed;
Yet what we can do is untryed.
For as yet we have devyfed nothyng,
But answered you, and geven you hearing,

Pedler.

Therefore I have devyfed one waye,
Wherby all thre your mindes may saye.
For eche of you one tale shall tell,
And whiche of you telleth most mervell,
And most unlikest ¹⁶⁹ to be true,
Shall most prevayle, what ever ensue.

Poticary.

If ye be set on mervaylyng,
Then shall ye here a mervaylouse thyng.
And though in deed all be nat true,
Yet suer the most parte shall be new.
I dyd a cure no longer ago,
But in *Anno Domini Millefimo*,
On a woman yonge and so fayre,
That never have I sene a gayre.
God save all women of ¹⁷⁰ that lyknes.
This wanton had the fallen syknes,
Whiche by dissent came lynyally,
For her mother had it naturally.
Wherfore this woman to recure,
It was more harde ye may be sure.
But though I boste my crafte is suche,
That in suche thynges I can do muche;
How ofte she fell were muche to reporte,
But her hed so gydy and her helys so shorte,
That with the twynglyng of an eye,
Downe wolde she falle evyn by and by.
But or ¹⁷¹ she wolde aryse agayne,
I shewed muche practyse muche to my payne.

¹⁶⁸ *neyther*] nother, 1st edit.

¹⁷⁰ *of*] from, 1st edit.

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¹⁶⁹ *unlikest*] unlyke, 1st edit.

¹⁷¹ *or*] ere, edit. 1569.

F

For

For the tallest man within thys towne
 Could ¹⁷² nat with ease have broken her swowne.
 Although for lyfe I dyd nat doute her,
 Yet I dyd take more paines ¹⁷³ about her,
 Then I wolde take with mine owne syter:
 Syr, at the last I gave her a glyster.
¹⁷⁴ I thrust a thampyon in her tewell,
 And bad her kepe it for a jewell.
 But I knew there ¹⁷⁴ * it was to heeuy to cary,
 That I sure was it wolde nat tary:
 For where gonpouder is ones fyerd,
 The Thampyon there wyll no lenger be hyerd,
 Whiche was well sene in tyme of thys chaunce,
 For when I had charged this ordynaunce,
 Sodeynly, as it had thonder'd,
 Even at a clap losed her bumberd ¹⁷⁵.
 Now marke, for here begynneth the revell:
 This thampion flew ten longe myle levell,
 To a fayre castell of lyme and stone,
 For strength I know nat suche a one;
 Whiche stode upon a hyll full hye,
 At fote wherof a ryver ranne bye,

¹⁷² Could] Shulde, 1st edit.

¹⁷³ paines] payne, 1st edit.

¹⁷⁴ I thrust a thampyon in her tewell] The allusion is to gunnery. *Thampion* (*tampon*, Fr. a bung, cork, or plug of wood) is now written *tampion*, and signifies the stopper with which the mouths of cannon are closed up, to prevent the admission of rain, or sea-water, whereby their charges might be rendered incapable of service.—A *tewel* (*tuyau* or *tuyal*, Fr.) is a *pipe*; and is here used (for the sake of continuing the metaphor) for *bore* or *caliber*. Moxon, in his *Mechanick Exercises*, defines the *tewel* to be that *pipe* in a smith's forge into which the nose of the bellows is introduced; and in a MS. fragment, said to be written by Sir Francis Drake, concerning the stores of one of the ships under his command, the word *tewel* is applied to a gun. S.

In Lambarde's *Dictionarium Topographicum & Historicum*, p. 129. it is said, "It happened in the reigne of Quene Marye, that the master of a shippe passinge by while the court lay theare, and meaning (as the manner is) with sayle and shot to honour the place, unadvisedly gave fire to a piece charged with a stone instede of a *tampion*, which lightinge on the Quene's house ranne throughe a chamber, and did no further harme."

¹⁷⁴ * there] Addition in the 2d edit.

¹⁷⁵ bumberd] A piece of ordnance. S.

THE FOUR P.

83

So depe tyll chaunce had it forbydden,
¹⁷⁶ Well myght the Regent there have ryden.
 But when this thampyon at this ¹⁷⁷ castile did lyght,
 It put the castel so fawe to flyght,
 That downe they came eche upon other,
 No stone leste standynge by Goddes mother,
 But rolled downe so faste the hyll
 In suche a number, and so dyd fyll
 From botom to bryme, from shore to shore,
 Thys foresayd ryver, so depe before,
 That who lyste nowe to walke thereto,
 May wade it over and wet no shoo.
 So was thys castell layd wyde open,
 That every man myght se the token.
 But in a good houre maye these ¹⁷⁸ wordes be spoken:
 After the thampyon on the walles was wroken,
 And pece by pece in peces broken,
 And she delyvered, with suche violens,
 Of all her inconveniens,
 I left her in good helth and luste;
 And so she doth continew, I truste.

Pedler.

Syr, in your cure I can nothyng tell;
 But to your ¹⁷⁹ purpose ye have sayd well.

Pardoner.

Well, syr, marke what I can say.
 I have ben a pardoner many a day,

¹⁷⁶ *Well myght the Regent there have ryden*] *The Regent* was one of the largest ships of war in the time of King Henry the Eighth. In the fourth year of his reign, Sir Thomas Knevet, master of the horse, and Sir John Carew of Devonshire, were appointed captains of her, and in company with several others she was sent to fight the French fleet near Brest haven. An action accordingly ensued, and the Regent grappled with a French Carrick, which would have been taken had not a gunner on board the vessel, to prevent her falling into the hands of the English, set fire to the powder-room. This communicating the flames to both ships, they shared the same fate together, being both burnt. On the part of the French 900 men were lost; and on that of the English more than 700. See Hall's *Chronicle*, tempore Henry VIII. fol. 21.

¹⁷⁷ *this*] on thys castell lyght, 1st edit.

¹⁷⁸ *these*] this, edit. 1569.

¹⁷⁹ *your*] our, 1st edit.

And done more cures gostely,
 Then ever he dyd bodely.
 Namely thys one, whiche ye shall here,
 Of one departed within thys seven yere,
 A frende of myne, and lykewyse I
 To her agayne was as frendly :
 Who sell so fyke so sodeynly,
 That dede she was even by and by,
 And never spake with preste nor clerke,
 Nor had no whyt of holy warke.
 For I was thens, it coude nat be ;
 Yet harde I say she asked for me.
 But when I bethought me howe thys chaunced,
 And that I have to heven avaunced
 So many soules to me but straungers,
 And coude nat kepe my frende from daungers,
 But she to dy so daungerously,
 For her soule helth especyally ;
 That was the thyng that greved me foo,
 That nothyng could release my woo,
 Tyll I had tryed even out of hande,
 In what estate her soule dyd stande.
 For whiche tryall, shorte tale to make,
 I toke thys journey for her sake.
 Geve ear, for here begyneth the story :
 From hens I went to purgatory,
 And toke with me thys gere in my fyste,
 Wherby I may do there what I lyfte.
 I knocked and was let in quyckly ;
 But Lorde, how lowe the soules made curtesy !
 And I to every soule agayne
¹⁸⁰ Dyd gyve a beck them to retayne,
 And axed them thys question than,
 If that the soule of suche a woman
 Dyd late amonge them there appere ?
 Wherto they sayd, she came nat here.

¹⁸⁰ Dyd gyve a beck them to retayne] A beck among other significations
 has that of a salutation with the head. So, in Shakspeare's *Timon of
 Athens* :

"A serving of becks, and jutting out of bums." S.

Then

Then ferd I mucche it was nat well;
 Alas, thought I, she is in hell.
 For with her lyfe I was so acqueynted;
 That sure I thought she was nat faynted.
 With thys it chaunced me to snefe:
 Christe helpe, quoth a soule that ley for his fees.
 Those wordes, quoth I, thou shalt nat lees:
 Then with these pardons of all degrees,
 I payed his tole and set hym so quyght,
 That strait to heaven he toke his flyght,
 And I from thens to hell that nyght,
 To help this woman yf I myght,
 Nat as who sayth by authorite;
 But by the waye of entreate.
 And fyrst to the devyll that kept the gate
 I came, and spake after this rate.
 All hayle, fyr devyll, and made lowe curtesy:
 Welcome, quoth he, thus ¹⁸¹ smillyngly.
 He knew me well, and I at laste
 Remembred him syns longe time paste.
 For as good hadde wolde have it chaunce,
 This devyll and I were of olde acqueyntaunce;
¹⁸² For oft, in the play of Corpus Cristi,
 He hath playd the devyll at Coventry.
 By his acqueyntaunce and my behavoure,
 He shewed to me ryght frendly favoure.
 And to make my returne the shorter,
 I sayd to this devyll, good mayster porter,

¹⁸¹ *thus*] thys, 1st edit.

¹⁸² *For oft, in the play of Corpus Cristi,*

He hath playd the devyll at Coventry.] "Before the suppression of
 "the monasteries, this city (i. e. COVENTRY) was very famous for the
 "pageants that were play'd therein upon *Corpus Christi* day (this is one
 "of their ancient faires), which occasioning very great confluence of
 "people thither from far and near, was no small benefit thereto; which
 "pageants being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friers of
 "this house, had theaters for the several scenes very large and high,
 "placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for
 "the better advantage of spectators, and contained the story of the New
 "Testament, composed in old English rithme, as appeareth by an ancient
 "Ms. entitled, *Ludus Corporis Christi*, or *Ludus Coventrie*, in Bibl. Cotton.
 "(sub Effigie Vesp. D. 9)." Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, p. 116.

For all olde love, yf it lye in your power,
 Helpe me to speke with my lorde and your.
 Be sure, quoth he, no tongue can tell,
 What tyme thou coudest have come so well.
 For as on ¹⁸³ thys daye Lucyfer fell,
 Whiche is our festyvall in hell,
 Nothyng unreasonable craved thys day,
 That shall in hell have any nay.
 But yet be ware thou come nat in,
 Tyll tyme thou may ¹⁸⁴ thy pasporte wyn.
 Wherefore stand styll, and I will wyt ¹⁸⁵,
 Yf I can get thy save condyt.
 He taryed nat, but shortely gat it
 Under seale, and the devyls hande at it,
 In ample wyse, as ye shall here;
 Thus it began; I Lucifere,
 By the power of God chefe devyll of hell,
 To all the devyls that there do dwell,
 And every of them we fende gretynge,
 Under streyght charge and commaundyng,
 That they aydyng and assystent be
 To suche a Pardoner, and named me,
 So that he may at lybertie
 Passe save without any ¹⁸⁶ jeopardy,
 Tyll that he be from us extyncte,
 And clere out of helle's precincte.
 And hys pardons to kepe in savegarde;
 We wyll they lye in the porter's warde.
 Gevyn in the fornes of our palys,
 In our highe courte of maters of malys,
 Suche a day and yere of our reyne.
 God save the devyll, quoth I, amain ¹⁸⁷.
 I truste thys wrytyng to be sure:
 Then put thy truste, quod he, in euer ¹⁸⁸,
 Syns thou art sure to take no harme,
 Thys devyll and I walket arme in arme,

¹⁸³ *as on*] Add in the 2d edit.

¹⁸⁵ *wyt*] Mr. Doddsley's has *writt*.

¹⁸⁷ *amain*] for playne, 1st edit.

¹⁸⁴ *may*] maist, edit. 1569.

¹⁸⁶ *any*] hys, 1st edit.

¹⁸⁸ *eur*] cure, edit. 1569.

THE FOUR P's.

So farre, tyll he had brought me thyther,
 Where all the devylls of hell togyther
 Stode in aray, in fuche apparell
 As for that day there metely fell.
 Theyr hornes well gylt, theyr clowes full clene,
 Theyr taylles wel kempt, and, as I wene,
 With sothery¹⁸⁹ butter theyr bodyes anoynted;
 I never sawe devylls so well appoynted¹⁹⁰.
 The mayster devyll sat in his jacket;
 And all the soules were playinge at racket.
 None other rackettes they hadde in hande,
 Save every soule a good fyre brand;
 Wherwith they played so pretely,
 That Lucyfer laughed merely.
 And all the resedew of the feends¹⁹¹,
¹⁹² Did laugh thereat ful wel like freends.
 But of my frende I sawe no whyt,
 Nor durst not axe for her as yet.
 Anone all this rout was brought in filens,
 And I by an usher brought to presens
¹⁹³ Of Lucifer; then lowe, as wel I could,
 I knelyd, whiche he so well alowde,
 That thus he beekte, and by Saynt Antony
 He smyled on me well favouredly,
 Bendynge his browes as brode as barne durren,
 Shakyng hys eares as ruged as burres;
 Rolyng hys eyes as rounde as two bushels;
 Flastyng the fyre out of his nosethryls;
 Gnashinge hys teeth so wayngloriously,
 That me thought tyme to fall to flatery,
 Wherwith I tolde, as I shall tell:
 O plesant pycture! O prince of hell!

¹⁸⁹ *sothery*] Sweet or fresh made from the old word *soth*.

¹⁹⁰ *well appointed*] See Note 3 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X. p. 206.

¹⁹¹ *freends*] *friendes*, 1st edit.

¹⁹² *Did, &c.*] First edition reads,
 Dyd laugh full well togyther lyke friendes.

¹⁹³ *Of Lucifer, &c.*] First edition reads,
 Then to Lucyfer low as I coude.

Feutred ¹⁹⁴ in fashyon abominable,
 And sins that it is inestimable
 For me to prayse the worthyly,
 I leve of prayle, as unworthy
 To geve the prays besechynge the
 To heare my sewte, and then to be
 So good to graunt the thyng I crave;
 And to be shorte, thys wolde I have:
 The soule of one which hyther flytted,
 Delivered ¹⁹⁵ hence, and to me remitted.
 And in thys doynge though al be nat quyt,
 Yet in some parte I shall ¹⁹⁶ deserve it;
 As thus, I am a pardoner,
 And over soules as controller,
 Throughout the erth my power doth stande,
 Where many a soule lyeth on my hande,
 That spede in maters as I use them,
 As I receyve them or refuse them.
 Wherby, what tyme thy pleasure is,
 Ye ¹⁹⁷ shall requyre any part of thys;
 The leste devyll here that can come thyther,
 Shall chose a soule and brynge him hyther.
 Ho ¹⁹⁸, ho, quoth the devyll, we are well pleased;
 What is hys name thou woldest have eased?
 Nay, quoth I, be it good or evyll,
 My comynge is for a she devyll.
 What calste her (quoth he) thou whoorson ¹⁹⁹?
 Forsooth (quoth I) Margery Coorson.
 Now by our honour, sayd Lucyfer,
 No devyll in hell shall withholde her;
 And yf thou woldest have twenty mo,
 Wert not for justyce, they shulde goo.
 For all we ²⁰⁰ devylls within thys den
 Have more to do with two women,

¹⁹⁴ *Feutred in fashionable abominable*] *Feutrer*, Fr.—faire de feutre—
 garnir de feutre.—To stuff with felt. *Feutre* d'herbe, over grown with
 grafs. S.

¹⁹⁵ *Delivered*] Deliver, edit. 1569.

¹⁹⁶ *shall*] wil, edit. 1569.

¹⁹⁷ *Ye*] I, 1st edit.

¹⁹⁸ *Ho*] Nowe, 1st edit.

¹⁹⁹ *whoorson*] horyson, 1st edit.

²⁰⁰ *we*] the, edit. 1569.

THE FOUR P.

Then with all charge we have besyde:
 Wherefore yf thou our frende wyll be tryed,
 Aply thy pardons to women so,
 That unto us there come no mo.
 To do my beste I promysed by othe;
 Whiche I have kepte, for as the sayth goth
 At thys day ²⁰¹, to heven I do procure
 Ten women to one man, you may be sure.
 Then of Lucyfer my leve I toke,
 And freyght unto the mayster coke
 I was hadde, into the kechyn,
 For Margerie's offyce was therin.
 All thyngs handled there discretely,
 For every soule bereth offyce metely:
 Woiche myght be sene to se her fyt
 So bysely turnyng of the spyt.
 For many a spyt here hath she turned;
 And many a good spyt hath she burned;
 And many a spyt ful hote hath tosted;
 Before the meat coulde be halfe rosted
 And or ²⁰² the meate were halfe rosted in dede,
 I toke her then fro the spyt with spede.
 But when she sawe thys brought to pas,
 To tell the joy wherin she was;
 And of all the devylls, for joy how they
 Did rore at her delyvery,
 And how the cheynes in hell dyd ryng,
 And how all the soules therin dyd synge,
 And how we were brought to the gate,
 And how we toke our leve therat,
 Be suer lacke of tyme sufferyth nat
 To reherse the twentie parte of that.
 Wherefore thys tale to conclude brevely;
 Thys woman thanked me chyefly,
 That she was ryd of thys endles deth,
 And so we departed on Newmarket heth.
 And yf that any man do mynde her;
 Who lyst to seke her, there shalle he fynde her.

²⁰¹ day] dayes, 1st edit.

²⁰² or] etc.

THE FOUR P's.

Pedler.

Syr, ye have fought her wunderous ²⁰³ well,
And where ye founde her as ye tell,
To here the chaunce ye had ²⁰⁴ in hell,
I finde ye were in great peril ²⁰⁵.

Palmer.

His tale is all muche perilous ²⁰⁶;
But parte is muche more mervaylous.
As where he sayde the devylls complayne,
That women put them to suche payne.
Be theyr condicions so croked and crabbed,
Frowardly fashonde, so wayward and wrabbed ²⁰⁷,
So farre in devision, and sturrynge suche stryfe,
That all the devylls be wery of theyr life?
This ²⁰⁸ in effect he tolde for ²⁰⁹ trueth;
Wherby muche marvell to me ensueth;
That women in hell suche shrewes can be,
And here so gentyll as farre as I se.
Yet have I sene many a myle,
And many a woman in the whyle.
Nat one good cytye, towne nor borough
In cristendom, but I have been thorough,
And this I wolde ye shulde understande,
I have sene women five hundred thousande;
And oft with them have longe tyme taried ²¹⁰.
Yet in all places where I have ben,
Of all the women that I have sene,
I never sawe nor knewe in my consciens,
Any one woman out of paciens.

Poticary.

By the masse, there is a great lye.

Pardoner.

I never harde a greater, by our Lady.

Pedler.

A greater! nay, knowe ye any so great?

²⁰³ *wunderous*] wonders, 1st edit.

²⁰⁵ *peril*] parell, 1st edit.

²⁰⁷ *wayward and wrabbed*] I suppose *wrabbed* to be a word coined for the sake of rhyme. S.

²⁰⁸ *This*] Thus, edit. 1569.

²¹⁰ *taried*] maryed, 1st edit.

²⁰⁴ *bad*] founde, 1st edit.

²⁰⁶ *perillous*] parellous, 1st edit.

²⁰⁹ *for*] of, edit. 1569.

Palmer.

THE FOUR P's.

91

Palmer.

Syr, whether that I lose or get,
For my parte judgement shall be prayd.

Pardoner.

And I desyer as he hath sayd.

Poticary.

Procede, and ye shall be obeyed.

Pedler.

Then shall nat judgement be delayd.

Of all these thre, yf eche mannes tale
In Poule's churche yarde were set on sale,
In some mannes hande that hath the sleighte,
He shulde sure sell these tales by weyght:
For as they wey, so be they worth,
But whiche weyth beste, to that now forth.
Syr, all the tale that ye dyd tell,
I bere in mynde, and yours as well.
And as ye sawe the mater metely,
So lyed ye bothe well and discretely.
Yet were your lyes with the lest, truste me;
For yf ye had said that ye had made fle
Ten thampyons out of ten women's tayles,
Ten tymes ten myle to ten castels or jayles,
And fild ten ryvers ten tymes so depe,
As ten of that whiche your castell stones did kepe:
Or yf ye ten tymes had bodely
²¹¹ Fet ten soules out of purgatory;
And ten tymes so many out of hell:
Yet, by these ten bonnes, I coude right well,
Ten tymes sooner all that have beleived,
Then the tenth parte of that he hath meved.

Poticary.

Two knaves before one, lacketh two knaves of fyve;
Then one, and then one, and bothe knaves alyve.
Then two, and then two, and thre at a cast,
Thou knave, and thou knave, and thou knave at laste.

²¹¹ Fet ten soules, &c.] i. e. fetch'd. The word is used by Tuffer, Spenser, and Shakspere. S.

See also Note 73 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. p. 50.

Nay

Nay knave, yf .ye tryme by number,
 I will as knavyshly you accomber ²¹².
 Your mynde is all on your pryvy tythe;
 For all in ten me thynketh your wit lythe.
²¹³ Now ten tymes I beseeche hym that hye syttes,
 Thy wives ten commaundementes may serch thy five wyttes.
 Then ten of my tordes in ten of thy teth;
 And ten on thy nose, whiche every man feth;
 And twentie tymes ten, this wythe I wolde
 That thou haddest been hanged at ten yere olde:
 For thou goest about to make me a slave;
 I wyll thou knowe yf I am a gentleman ²¹⁴ knave.
 And here is another shall take my parte.

Pardoner.

Nay fyrst I beshrew your knave's herte,
 Or I take parte in your knavery,
 I wyll speak fair, by our ²¹⁵ Lady.
 Syr, I beseeche your mayshyp to be
 As good as ye can ²¹⁶ be unto me.

Pedler.

I wolde be glade to do you good;
 And hym also, be he never so wood ²¹⁶ *.
 But dout you not I wyll now do
 The thyng my consciens ledeh me to.
 Both your tales I take farrè unpossyble,
 Yet take I his farther incredyble.
 Not only the thyng itselfe alloweth it;
 But also the boldenes therof avoweth it.
 I knowe nat where your tale to trye;
 Nor yours, but in hell or purgatorye.

²¹² accomber] overcome. See Note on *God's Promises*, p. 20.

²¹³ Now ten tymes I beseeche hym that hye syttes,

Thy wives ten commaundementes may serch thy five wyttes.] So Eleanor,
 in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* A. 1. S. 3. says,

"I'd set my ten commandments in your face."

Ten Commandments seem to have been cant terms for the nails of the hands.

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on the above passage.

²¹⁴ gentleman] gentle, edit. 1569.

²¹⁵ our] one, 1st edit.

²¹⁶ ye can] you may, edit. 1569.

²¹⁶ = wood] mad, furious. See Note 98, p. 65.

But

But hys boldnes hath faced a lye,
 That may be tryed evyn in thys companye.
 As yf ye lyst to take thys order,
 Amonge the women in thys border.
 Take thre of the yongest, and thre of the oldest,
 Thre of the hottest, and thre of the coldest,
 Thre of the wyfest, and thre of the shrewdest,
 Thre of the chastest, and thre of the lewdest ²¹⁷,
 Thre of the lowest, and thre of the hiest,
 Thre of the farthest, and thre of the nyest,
 Thre of the fayrest, and thre of the maddest,
 Thre of the foulest, and thre of the saddest:
 And when all these threes be had asonder,
 Of eche thre, two justly by number
 Shall be founde shrewes, excepte thys fall,
 That ye hap to fynde them shrewes all.
 Hymselfe for trouth all this doth knowe;
 And oft hath tryed some of thys rowe.
 And yet he swereth by his consciens,
 He never saw woman breke patiens.
 Wherefore confydered with true entente,
 Hys lye to be so evident,
 And to appere so evydently,
 That both you affyrmed it a lye;
 And that my consciens so depely,
 So depe hath sought thys thyng to try,
 And tryed it with mynde indyfferent;
 Thus I awarde by way of judgement:
 Of all the lies ye all have spent,
 His lye to be most excellent.

Palmer.

Syr, though ye were bounde of equite
 To do as ye have done to me;
 Yet do I thanke you of your payne,
 And wyll requyte some parte agayne.

Pardoner.

Mary, syr, ye can no les do,
 But thanke hym asmucho as it cometh to;

²¹⁷ Addition in the second edition.

And so wyll I do for my parte;
 Now a vengeaunce on thy knave's heart,
 I never knewe a Pedler a judge before,
 Nor never wyll truste pedlynge knave more.
 What doest thou there, thou horson nody?

Poticary.

By the masse, lerne to make curtesy,
 Curtesy before, and curtesy behynde hym,
 And then on eche syde, the devyll blynde hym.
 Nay, when ye ²¹⁸ have it perfytylly,
 Ye shall have the devyll and all of curtesy.
 But it is nat sone lerned, gentle ²¹⁹ brother,
 One knave to make curtesy to another.
 Yet when I am angry, that is the worste,
 I shall call my mayster knave at the fyrste.

Palmer.

Then wolde some mayster perhappes clowt you,
 But as for me, ye nede not doute you:
 For I had lever ²²⁰ be without ye,
 Then have suche besynesse aboute ye.

Poticary.

So helpe me God, so were ye better;
 What shulde a begger be a jetter ²²¹?
 It were no whyt your honestie,
 To have us twayne jet after ye.

Pardoner.

Syt, be you sure he telleth you true,
 Yf we shulde wayte thys wolde ensfew:
 I wolde be sayd, truste me at a worde,
 Two knaves made ²²² curtesy to the thyrd.

²¹⁸ ye] I, 1st edit.

²¹⁹ gentle] Addition in the second edition.

²²⁰ lever] rather, edit. 1569.

²²¹ a jetter] i. e. one who struts or agitates his body in a pompous manner. So, in Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*:

"How he jets under his advanced plumes." S.

See also Note 23 to *Edward II.* vol. II. p. 340.

²²² made] make, edit. 1569.

Pedler.

THE FOUR P's.

95

Pedler.

Now, by my trouth, to speke my mynde,
Syns they be so loth to be assyned ²²³.
To let them lose I thynke it beste.
And so shall ye lyve the better ²²⁴ in rest.

Palmer.

Syr, I am nat on them so fonde,
To compell them to kepe theyr bonde.
And syns ye lyst nat to wayte on me,
I clerely of waytinge do dyscharge ye.

Pardoner.

Marry, syr, I hertely thanke you.

Poticary.

²²⁵ And likewise I, to God I vow.

Pedler.

Now be ye all evyn as ye begoon;
No man hath losse, nor no man hath woon.
Yet in the debate wherewith ye began;
By waye of advyce I wyll speke as I can.
I doo perceyve that pylgrymage
Is chyese ²²⁶ the thyng ye have in usage;
Wherto in effect, for the love of Chryst,
Ye have, or shulde have been entyst.
And who so doth with suche intent,
Doth well declare hys tyme well spent.
And so do ye in your pretence,
If ye procure thus ²²⁷ indulgence
Unto your neyghbours charytably,
For love of them in God onely.
All thys may be ryght well applyed
To shew ²²⁸ you both well occupyed.
For though ye walke nat bothe one waye,
Yet walkyng thus, thys dare I saye,

²²³ *assyned*] I believe we should read *affin'd*, i. e. joined by affinity to each other. So, in *Othello*:

"If partially *affin'd* or leagued in office." S.

²²⁴ *better*] beste, 1st edit.

²²⁵ *And likewise I, &c.*] First edition reads,

And I lykewyse, I make God a vowe.

²²⁶ *chyese*] cheefest, edit. 1569.

²²⁷ *thus*] this, edit. 1569.

²²⁸ *shew*] shewell, 1st edit.

That bothe your walkes come to one ²²⁹ end;
 And so for all that do pretende
 By ayde of Goddes grace to ensee
 Any maner kynde of vertue.
 As some, great almyse for to gyve:
 Some, in wyllfull povertie to lyve:
 Some, to make hye wayes and suche lyke ²³⁰ warkes;
 And some, to mayntaine prestes and clarkes,
 To synge and praye for soule departed:
 These, with all other vertues well marked,
 Although they be of sondry kyndes,
 Yet be they nat used with sondry myndes:
 But as God only doth all those move,
 So every man onely for his love,
 With love and dred obediently
 Worketh in these vertues unyformly.
 Thus every vertue yf we lyfte to scan,
 Is pleasaunt to God and thankfull to man.
 And who that by grace of the Holy-Goste
 To any one vertue is moved moste,
 That man by that grace that one apply,
 And therein serve God moste plentyfully ²³¹,
 Yet nat that one so farre wyde to wresle,
 So lykyng the same to myslike the reste.
 For who so wresteth his worke is in vayne;
 And even in that case I perceyve you twayne,
 Lykyng your vertue in suche wyse,
 That eche other's vertue ye doo dyspyse.
 Who walketh thys way for God wolde fynde hym,
 The farther they seke hym, the farther behynde hym.
 One kynde of vertue to dyspyse another,
 Is lyke as the syster myght hange the brother,

Policary.

²³² For fere lest suche paretls to me myght fall,
 I thanke God I use no vertue at all.

²²⁹ one] on, edit. 1569.

²³⁰ like] other, 1st edit.

²³¹ plentyfully] plentequally, edit. 1569.

²³² For fere lest such paretls to me myght fall]. Perhaps by *parels* is meant *pareilles*, Fr. i. e. things similar or *parels*. Or it may be only a corruption of *perils*. S.

Pedler.

That is of all the very worste waye;
 For more harde it is, as I have harde saye,
 To begynne vertue where none is pretended,
 Then where it is begonne th' abuse to be mended.
 How be it, ye be ²³³ nat all to begynne,
 One syne of vertue ye are entred in.
 As thys, I suppose ye did saye true
 In that ye sayd ye use no vertue.
 In the whiche wordes I dare well reporte,
 You are well beloved of all thys sorte,
 By your raylynge here openly
 At pardons and relyques so leudly.

Poticary.

In that I thinke my faute nat great:
 For all that he hath I knowe is counterfete.

Pedler.

For his, and all other that ye knowe sayned,
 You be not ²³⁴ counceled nor constrayned
 To any suche thyng in any suche case,
 To give any reverence in any suche place.
 But where ye dout, the trueth nat knowynge,
 Belevynge the beste, good may be growynge,
 In judgynge the beste, no harme at the leste;
 In judging the worste, no good at the beste.
 But beste in these thynges it semeth to me,
 To make ²³⁵ no judgement upon ye.
 But as the church doth judge or take them,
 So do ye receyve or forsake them.
 And so be you sure ye cannat erre;
 But may be a frutfull folower.

Poticary.

Go ye before, and as I am true man,
 I wyll folow as fast as I can.

Pardoner.

And so wyll I, for ye hath sayd so well,
 Reason wolde we shulde folowe hys counsell.

²³³ be] are, edit. 1569.

²³⁵ make] take, edit. 1569.

²³⁴ not] nother, 1st edit.

Palmer.

Then, to our reason, God gyve us his grace,
 That we may solowe with sayth so fermely
 Hys commaundements, that we may purchase
 Hys love, and so consequently
 To byleve hys church, faste and saythfully;
 So that we may, accordynge to his promyse,
 Be kepte out of error in any wyse.
 And all that hath scaped ²³⁶ us here by neglygencē,
 We clerely revoke and forsake it;
 To passe the tyme in thys without offence,
 Was the cause why the maker dyd make it;
 And so we humbly beseeche you to take it,
 Beseechynge our Lorde to prosper you all,
 In the sayth of his church universall.

²³⁶ [scaped] escape, edit. 1569.

E D I T I O N S.

(1.) "The Playe called the Foure P P. A newe and a very
 "mery Enterlude of A Palmer, A Pardoner, A Potycary, A
 "Pedler. Made by John Heewood. Imprynted at London
 "in Fletestrete, at the syng of the George, by Wylliam
 "Myddylton."

This Edition must have been printed at least as early as the
 year 1547, at which time William Middleton either died or
 retired from business. See Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*,
 p. 218. 258.

(2.) "The Play called the Foure P. A very mery Enter-
 "lude of A Palmer, A Pardoner, A Poticary, A Pedler.
 "Imprinted at London, at the long Shop adjoyning unto
 "S. Mildreds Church in the Pultris, by John Allde, Anno
 "Domini 1569, Septembris 14."

Both these Editions are in the Collection of Mr. Garrick.

FERREX

FERREX AND PORREX.

FERRER X AND P O R R E X

THOMAS SACKVILLE, Lord Buckhurst, was related to Queen Elizabeth by her mother Ann Boleyn. He was born in 1536, and educated at Hart-Hall, in the University of Oxford; from whence he went to Cambridge, and afterwards to the Temple. In his younger days he travelled into France and Italy; and at the early period of his life only he was, as Mr. Spence¹ observes, what perhaps all persons of his birth ought to be, a poet. His father, dying in 1566, left him a large fortune, the greatest part of which he soon spent by his magnificent manner of living, but in the end became a better œconomist. He served in parliament both in the reign of Queen Mary and Elizabeth. In 1567, he was created Baron Buckhurst; in 1571, was sent ambassador to Charles IX, king of France; and in 1587, to the States of the United Provinces. In 1588, he was made one of the Knights of the Garter; in 1591, Chancellor of the University of Oxford; and in 1598, Lord High Treasurer of England. He was continued in that office by King James, and in 1603 advanced by him to the dignity of Earl of Dorset. He died suddenly at the council board, in 1608, of a fit of the apoplexy.

He was the Author of

The Induction to the *Mirror for Magistrates*, first published by William Baldwin in 4to, 1550; again, with the second part in 4to, 1563; re-published with additions in 1575; and a fourth time further augmented and published by Richard Nicols in 1610. "The wurke (says the original publisher) "was begun, and parte of it prynted in Queene Maries "tyme, but hyndred by the Lorde Chauncellour that then "was; nevertheles, through the meanes of my Lord Staf- "ford, the fyrst parte was licenced and imprynted the fyrst "yeare of the raygne of this our most noble and verruous

¹ Some account of Lord Buckhurst and his Writings, prefixed to the edition of Gorboduc printed in 1736.

“**Queene.** Since whych time, although I have bene called
 “to an other trade of lyfe, yet my good Lorde Stafforde hath
 “not ceaied to call upon me to publish so much as I had
 “gotten at other mens hands, so that through his Lord-
 “shippe’s earnest meanes I have now also setfurth an other
 “parte conteyning as little of myne owne, as the fyrst part doth
 “of other mens.” In this second part Lord Buckhurst’s
Induction first appeared. The cause of writing it was as follows:
 “After that he (Lord Buckhurst) understode that some of the
 “counsaile would not suffer the booke to be printed in suche
 “order as we had agreed and determined, he purposed with
 “himselke to have gotten at my handes al the tragedies that
 “were before the duke of Buckingham’s, which he would have
 “preserved in one volume; and from that time backward
 “even to the time of William the Conquerour, he determined
 “to continue and perfect all the story himselke in such order
 “as Lydgate (folowing Boochas) had already used; and there-
 “fore to make a meete induction into the matter, he devised
 “this poesye.” We are informed, that this design was laid
 aside on the Author’s being called to a more serious expence
 in the great state affairs of his most royal Lady and Sovereign.
 The Induction, in 1759, was re-printed by Mr. Capel, in his
Prolusions.

Those praises which were bestowed on the poetry of
 Lord Buckhurst by his contemporaries are not to be ascribed
 to his rank or fortune. The best judges have ratified the
 sentence passed by the criticks of the time, and even gone
 beyond them in their commendations. Mr. Warton, speaking
 of the *The Mirror for Magistrates*, says (Observations on Spenser,
 vol. II. p. 109.): “There is one Poem indeed among the
 “rest which exhibits a groupe of imaginary personages, so
 “beautifully drawn, that in all probability they contributed
 “to direct, at least to stimulate, Spenser’s imagination in the
 “construction of the like representations. Thus much may
 “be truly said, that *Sackville’s* INDUCTION approaches nearer
 “to the FAIRY QUEEN, in the richness of allegoric de-
 “scription, than any previous or succeeding poem.”

(2.) The Complaynt of Henrye, duke of Buckingham, in
The Mirror for Magistrates.

(3.) A

(3.) A Latin Letter to Dr. Bartholomew Clerke, prefixed to his Translation of Balthazar Castilio, *De Curiali five Aulico*, first printed at London about 1571.

(4.) Verses prefixed to Hobby's Translation of Castilio's Courtier, 4to, 1577, in commendation of the Work.

(5.) Letters in the Cabala, and one to the earl of Suffex, in Howard's Collection, p. 297.

THOMAS NORTON, who joined with Lord Buckhurst in writing this play, was, according to Wood² who gives him the title of a forward and busy calvinist, a native of, or resident at, Sharpenhaule, otherwise Sharpenhoe, in the county of Bedford. He lived some time in the Temple, became a barrister³ at law, and solicitor for the city of London⁴. He translated some of the Psalms in Sternhold and Hopkins's Version, and was the author and translator of several polemical and political Works, which are enumerated in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*⁵.

² *Athenæ Oxonienses*, 77.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Marbury's Book of Monarchy, as quoted by Oldys, in his *Ms. Notes on Langbaine*.

⁵ P. 77. p. 155.

ARGUMENT of the TRAGEDIE.

GORBODUC, king of Brittain, divided his realms in his life-time to his sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. The sonnes fell to discention. The yonger killed the elder. The mother that more dearely loved the elder, for revenge killed the yonger. The people moved with the crueltie of the fact, rose in rebellion, and slew both father and mother. The Nobilitie assembled, and most terribly destroyed the Rebels, and afterwards for want of issue of the Prince, whereby the succession of the Crowne became uncertaine, they fell to Civil Warre, in which both they and many of their issues were slain, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

The P [Printer] to the R E A D E R.

WHERE this Tragedie was for furniture of part of the grand Christmasse in the Inner-Temple, first written about nine yeares agoe by the right honourable Thomas, now Lorde Buckherst, and by T. Norton, and after shewed before her majestie, and never intended by the Authors thereof to be published: yet one W. G. getting a copie therof at some yong man's hand that lacked a little money, and much discretion in the last great plage an. 1565, about 5 yeares past, while the said lord was out of England, and T. Norton farre out of London, and neither of them both made privie, put it forth exceedingly corrupted: even as if by meanes of a broker for hire he should have entised into his house a faire maide and done her villanie, and after all to bescratched her face, torne her apparell, berayed and disfigured her, and then thrust her out of dores dishonested. In such plight after long wandring, she came at length home to the sight of her frendes, who scant knew her but by a few tokens and markes remayning. They, the authors I meane, though they were very much displeased that she ranne abroad without leave, whereby she caught her shame as many wantons do; yet seeing the case as it is, remedlesse have for common honestie and shamefastnesse new apparelled, trimmed, and attired her in such a forme as she was before. In which better forme since she hath come to me, I have harbored her for her frendes sake and her owne; and I do not dout her parentes, the authors, will not now be discontent that she goe abroad among you good readers, so it be in honest companie. For she is by my encouragement and others somewhat lesse ashamed of the dishonestie done to her, because it was by fraude and force. If she be welcome among you, and gently entertained in favor of the house from whence she is descended, and of her owne nature courteously disposed to offend no man, her frendes will thanke you for it. If not, but that she shall be still reproched with her former missehap, or quarelled at by envious persons, she, poore gentlewoman, will

will surely play Lucreces part, and of herself die for shame,
 and I shall wishe that she had taried still at home with me,
 where she was welcome: for she did never put me to more
 charge but this one poore blacke gowne lined with white,
 that I have now geuen her to goe abroad among you withall.

NAMES

NAMES of the SPEAKERS.

GORBODUC, king of Great Brittain.

VIDENA, queene and wife to king **GORBODUC**.

FERREX, elder sonne to king **GORBODUC**.

PORREX, yonger sonne to king **GORBODUC**.

CLOYTON, duke of Cornewall.

FERGUS, duke of Albanye.

MANDUD, duke of Loegris.

GWENARD, duke of Cumberland.

EUBULUS, secrearie to the king.

AROSTUS, a counsellor to the king.

DORDAN, a counsellor assigned by the king to his eldest sonne **Ferrex**.

PHILANDER, a counsellor assigned by the king to his yongest son **PORREX**.

[Both being of the olde kinges counsell before.

HERMON, a parasite remaining with **FERREX**.

TYNDAR, a parasite remaining with **PORREX**.

NUNTIUS, a messenger of the eldest brother's death.

NUNTIUS, a messenger of duke **FERGUS** rising in arms.

MARCELLA, a lady of the queenes privie-chamber.

CHORUS, foure auncient and sage men of Brittain.

The ORDER of the Domme Shew before the first Act,
and the SIGNIFICATION thereof.

First, the musicke of violenze began to play, during which came in upon the stage sixe wilde men, clothed in leaves. Of whom the first bare on his necke a fagot of small stickes, which they all both severallye and tozether assayed with all their strengthes to breake, but it could not be broken by them. At the length one of them plucked out one of the sticks, and brake it: and the rest plucking out all the other stickes one after another, did easily breake the same being severed, which being conjoynd, they had before attempted in vaine. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the musike ceased. Hereby was signified, that a state knit in unitie doth continue strong against all force, but being divided, is easily destroyed; as besel upon duke Gorboduc dividing his lande to his two sonnes, which he before held in monarchie, and upon the discention of the brethren to whom it was divided.

FERREX

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FERREX AND PORREX.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Videna. Ferrex.

Videna.

THE silent night that brings the quiet pause,
From painfull travailes of the wearie day,
Prolonges my carefull thoughtes, and makes me blame
The slowe Aurora, that so for love or shame
Doth long delay to shewe her blushing face,
And now the day renewes my griefull plaint.

Ferrex.

My gracious lady, and my mother deare,
Pardon my grieve for your so griev'd minde
To aske what cause tormenteth so your hart.

⁶ This play we are told by the printer of the second Edition was first acted at the Inner-Temple, and afterwards before Queen Elizabeth. Its first appearance was at a grand Christmas celebrated with unusual magnificence, as may be seen by the description of it in Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*, p. 150. It is here printed from the second Edition; the third, of 1590, from which it was published in 1736, by Mr. Spence and by Mr. Doddsley, in this collection before, appearing to be only a republication of the first imperfect copy complained of by the Author: as published in their absence without their knowledge or consent. The testimony of Sir Philip Sidney concerning this play is as follows: "Gorboduc is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality: which it doth most delightfully teach, and thereby obtain the very end of poetry." And Mr. Pope was of opinion, "That the writers of the succeeding age might have improved as much in other respects by copying from him a propriety in the sentiments, an unaffected perspicuity of style, and in an easy flow in the numbers; in a word, that chastity, correctness, and gravity of style, which are so essential to tragedy, and which all the tragic poets who followed, not excepting Shakespeare himself, either little understood, or perpetually neglected."

Videna.

Videna.

So great a wrong and so unjust despite,
Without all cause against all course of kinde—

Ferrex.

Such causelesse wrong and so unjust despite,
May have redresse, or, at the least, revenge.

Videna.

Neither my sonne: such is the froward will,
The person such, such my mischance and thine.

Ferrex.

Mine! know I none, but grief for your distresse.

Videna.

Yes: mine for thine, my sonne. A father? no:
In kinde a father, not in kindliness?

Ferrex.

My father? why, I know nothing at all,
Wherein I have misdane unto his grace.

Videna.

Therefore, the more unkinde to thee and mee,
For knowing well (my sonne) the tender love
That I have ever borne, and beare to thee;
He greved thereat, is not content alone,
To spoile thee of my sight, my chiefest joye,

[In kinde a father, not in kindliness] Kind is nature. Hamlet has almost the same sentiment,

A little more than *kin*, and less than *kind*.

In several other places of this play the same word in the like sense occurs. Again, in *Julius Cæsar*, A. 1. S. 3.

“ But if you would consider the true cause,

“ Why birds and beasts from quality and *kind*,

“ Why all these things change from their ordinance,

“ Their natures, and presumed faculties

“ To monstrous quality ——— ”

Titus Andronicus, A. 2. S. 1.

“ The forest walks are wide and spacious,

“ And many unfrequented plots there are

“ Fitted by *kind* for rape and villainy.”

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 5. S. 2. “ You must think this, look you
“ that the worm will do his *kind*.”

For these instances I am indebted to a writer in the *Saint James's Chronicle*, Nov. 5, 1774. See also Mr. Stevens's Note on *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 2.

But

But thee, of thy birth-right and heritage,
Causelesse, unkindly and in wrongfull wise,
Against all lawe and right he will bereave:
Halfe of his kingdome he will geve away.

Ferrex.

To whom?

Videna.

Even to Porrex his yonger sonne,
Whose growing pride I do so sore suspect,
That being raised to equall rule with thee,
Mee thinkes I see his envious hart to swell,
Filled with disdaine and with ambitious hope,
The end the goddes do know, whose altars I
Full oft have made in vaine of cattel flaine,
To send the sacred smoke to heaven's throne,
For thee my sonne, if thinges do so succede,
As now my jelous minde misdemeth sore.

Ferrex.

Madam, leave care and carefull plaint for me:
Just hath my father bene to every wight,
His first injustice he will not extend
To me, I trust, that geve no cause therof;
My brother's pride shall hurt himselfe, not me.

Videna.

So graunt the Goddes: but yet thy father so
Hath firmly fixed his unmoved minde
That plaintes and prayers can no whit availe,
(For those have I assaid) but even this day
He will endeavour to procure assent
Of all his counsell to his sonde devise.

Ferrex.

Their ancestors from race to race have borne
True sayth to my forefathers; and their seede:
I trust they eke will beare the like to me.

Videna.

There resteth all; but if they faile thereof,
And if the end bring forth an ill successe,
On them and theirs the mischief shall befall.
And so I pray the Goddes requite it them;

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And so they will, for so is wont to be
 When lordes and trusted rulers under kinges,
 To please the present fancie of the prince,
 With wrong transpōse the course of governance,
 Murders, mischief, or civill sword at length,
 Or mutual treason, or a just revenge,
 When right succeding line returnes again
 By Jove's just judgement and deserved wrath,
 Bringes them to cruell, and reprochfull death,
 And rootes their names and kindredes from the earth.

Ferrex.

Mother, content you, you shall see the end.

Videna.

The end? thy end I feare: Jove end me first!

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

Gorboduc. Aroflus. Philander. Eubulus.

Gorboduc.

MY lords, whose grave advise and faithfull aide
 Have long upheld my honour and my realme,
 And brought me to this age from tender yeres,
 Guidyng so great estate with great renowne:
 Nowe more importeth mee than erst^s to use
 Your fayth and wisdom whereby yet I reigne;
 That when by death my life and rule shall cease,
 The kingdome yet may with unbroken course
 Have certayne prince, by whose undoubted right
 Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet stay:
 And eke that they whome nature hath preparede,
 In time to take my place in princely seate,
 While in their father's tyme their pliant youth
 Yeldes to the frame of skilfull governaunce,
 Maye so be taught, and trayned in noble artes,
 As what their fathers which have reigned before
 Have with great fame derived downe to them,
 With honour they may leave unto their seede:

^s *erst*] formerly, heretofore.

And

And not be thought for their unworthy life,
 And for their lawlesse swarvyng out of kinde,
 Worthy to lose what lawe and kind them gave;
 But that they may preserve the common peace,
 (The cause that first began and still mainteines,
 The lynceall course of kinges inheritance)
 For me, for myne, for you, and for the state
 Whereof both I and you have charge and care.
 Thus do I meane to use your wonted fayth
 To me and myne, and to your native lande.
 My lordes, be playne without all wrie respect,
 Or poysonous craite to speake in pleasynge wise,
 Left as the blame of yll succedyng thinges
 Shall light on you, so light the harmes also.

Arostus.

Your good acceptance so (most noble king)
 Of suche our faithfulnessse, as heretofore
 We have employed in dueties to your grace,
 And to this realme whose worthy head you are,
 Well proves that neyther you mistrust at all,
 Nor we shall neede in boasting wise to shewe
 Our trueth to you, nor yet our wakefull care
 For you, for yours, and for our native lande.
 Wherefore (O kyng) I speake as one for all,
 Sithe all as one do beare you egall faith:
 Doubt not to use our counsellis and our aides
 Whose honours, goods and lyves are whole avowed,
 To serve, to ayde, and to defende your grace.

Gorboduc.

My lordes, I thanke you all. This is the case.
 Ye know, the Gods, who have the soveraigne care,
 For kings, for kingdomes, and for common weales,
 Gave me two sonnes in my more lusty age,
 Who nowe in my decayeng yeres are growen
 Well towards ryper state of minde and strength,
 To take in hande some greater princely charge.
 As yet they lyve and spende their hopefull daies
 With me and with their mother here in courte:
 Their age nowe asketh other place and trade,
 And myne also doth aske an other chaunge,

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Theirs

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Theirs to more travaile, myne to greater ease.
 When fatall death shall ende my mortall life,
 My purpose is to leave unto them twaine,
 The realme divided in two sondry partes :
 The one, Ferrex myne elder sonne shall have,
 The other, shall the yonger Porrex rule.
 That both my purpose may more firmly stande,
 And eke that they may better rule their charge,
 I meane forthwith to place them in the same;
 That in my life they may both learne to rule,
 And I may joy to see their ruling well.
 This is, in summe, what I would have ye wey :
 First whether ye allowe⁹ my whole devise,
 And thinke it good for me, for them, for you,
 And for our countrey, mother of us all :
 And if ye lyke it, and allowe it well,
 Then for their guydinge and their governaunce,
 Shew forth such meanes of circumstance,
 As ye think meete to be both knowne and kept :
 Loc, this is all ; now tell me your advise.

Aroftus.

And this is much, and asketh great advise :
 But for my part, my soveraigne lord and kyng,
 This do I thinke. Your majestie doth know,
 How under you, in justice and in peace,
 Great wealth and honour longe we have enjoyed,
 So as we cannot seeme with gredie mindes
 To wishe for change of prince or governaunce ;
 But if we lyke your purpose and devise,
 Our lyking must be deemed to proceede
 Of rightfull reason, and of heedfull care,
 Not for ourselves, but for our common state :
 Sithe our owne state doth neede no better change.
 I thinke in all, as erst your grace hath saide :
 Firste when you shall unlode your aged mynde
 Of hevye care and troubles manifolde,

⁹ *allows*] i. e. approve. So, in *King Lear*, A. 2. S. 4.

“ — if your sweet sway

“ *Allow obedience.*”

See Mr. Steevens's Note thereon.

And

And laye the same upon my lordes your sonnes,
 Whose growing yeres may beare the burden long,
 And long I pray the Goddes to graunt it so:
 And in your life while you shall so beholde
 Their rule, their vertues, and their noble deedes,
 Suche as their kinde behighteth¹⁰ to us all,
 Great be the profites that shall growe thereof;
 Your age in quiet shall the longer last,
 Your lasting age shal be their longer stay.
 For cares of kynges, that rule as you have ruled,
 For publique wealth, and not for private joye,
 Do waste mannes lyfe and hasten crooked age,
 With furrowed face, and with enfeebled lymmes,
 To draw on creepynge death a swifter pace.
 They two yet yong shall beare the parted reigne
 With greater ease than one, now olde, alone
 Can welde the whole, for whom muche harder is
 With lessened strength the doubled weight to beare.
 Your eye, your counsell, and the grave regarde
 Of father, yea of such a father's name,
 Now at beginning of their fondred reigne,
 When is the hazarde of their whole successe,
 Shall bridle so their force of youthfull heates,
 And so restraine the rage of insolence,
 Which most assailes the yong and noble mindes,
 And so shall guide and traine in tempred stay
 Their yet greene bending wittes with reverent awe,
 As now inured with vertues at the first,
 Custome (O king) shall bring delightfulnesse,
 By use of vertue, vice shall growe in hate:
 But if you so dispose it, that the daye
 Which ends your life shall first begin their reigne,
 Great is the perill, what will be the ende,
 When such beginning of such liberties,
 Voide of such itayes as in your life do lye,

¹⁰ *behighteth*] i. e. promiseth. So Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, B. 4. C. 11. S. 6.

"And for his paines a whistle him *behight*,

"That of a fische's shall was wrought with rare delight."

Shall leave them free to randon ¹¹ of their will
 An open prae to traiterous flatterie,
 The greatest pestilence of noble youthe:
 Whiche perill shall be past, if in your life
 Their tempred youthe with aged father's awe
 Be brought in ure ¹² of skilfull stayednesse,
 And in your life their lives disposed so
 Shall length your noble life in joyfulnessse:
 Thus think I that your grace hath wisely thought,
 And that your tender care of common weale
 Hath bred this thought, so to divide your lande,
 And plant your sonnes to beare the present rule,
 While you yet live to see their rulling well,
 That you may longer lyve by joye therein.
 What furdre meanes behovefull are and meete,
 At greater leifure may your grace devise,
 When all have said, and when we be agreed
 If this be best, to part the realme in twaine,
 And place your sonnes in present governement:
 Whereof as I have plainely said my mynde,
 So woulde I here the rest of all my lordes,

Philander.

In part I thinke as hath ben saide before:
 In parte agayne my minde is otherwise.
 As for dividing of this realme in twaine,
 And lotting out the same in egall partes
 To either of my lordes your graces sonnes,
 That thinke I best for this your realmes behofe,
 For profite and advauncement of your sonnes,
 And for your comfort and your honour eke:
 But so to place them while your life do last,
 To yelde to them your royall governaunce,

¹¹ *randon*] To go without any restraint. *Randonner*, Fr.

¹² *in ure*] *Ure* is an old word, signifying *habit*, *practise*. It is used by Spenser and others. So, in *Edward III.* A. I. S. I.

" — Ned, thou must begin

" Now to forget thy study and thy books,

" And ure thy shoulders to an armour's weight."

Ascham's *Toxophilus*, p. 87. Bennet's Edition;

" What thing a man in tender age hath most in ure,

" That same to death always to kepe he shall be sure."

To be above them onely in the name
 Of father, not in kingly state also,
 I thinke not good for you, for them, nor us.
 This kingdome since the bloudie civill fieldes
¹³ Where Morgan slaine did yeld his conquered part
 Unto his cosins sworde in Camberland,
 Conteineth all that whitome did suffice
 Three noble sonnes of your forefather Brute;
 So your two sonnes it may suffice also,
 The moe ¹⁴ the stronger, if they gree in one:
 The smaller compasse that the realme doth holde,
 The easier is the swey thereof to welde,
 The nearer justice to the wronged poore,
 The smaller charge, and yet ynoughe for one.
 And whan the region is divided so
 That brethren be the lordes of either parte,
 Such strength doth nature knit betwene them both
 In sondrie bodies by conjoynd love,
 That not as two, but one of doubled force,
 Eche is to other as a sure defence:
 The noblenesse and glory of the one
 Doth sharpe the courage of the others mynde
 With vertuous envie to contende for praisse.
 And such an eagalnesse ¹⁵ hath nature made
 Betweene the brethren of one father's seede,
 As an unkindly wrong it seemes to be,
 To throwe the brother subject under feete
 Of him, whose peere he is by course of kinde;
 And nature that did make this egalnesse

¹³ *Where Morgan slaine did yeld his conquered part*
Unto his cosins sworde in Camberland,] See Geoffry of Monmouth,
 b. ii. c. 15. He is there called Margan, and is said to have been killed
 by his brother Canedagius, in a contest similar to the present between
 Ferrex and Porrex.

¹⁴ *moer*] i. e. more. The ancient way of spelling and pronouncing this
 word.

¹⁵ *egalnesse*] i. e. equality. So, in Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, 1549,
 Sign. D: "And friendship is never properly knitte, but betweene men
 "of *egall* estate and condition."

Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry IV. p. 24: "— affirmyng farther, that no
 "kyng anointed of very dutie was either bound or obliged to answere any
 "challenge but to his pere of *egall* estate and equivalent dignitie."

Ofte so repineth at so great a wrong,
 That ofte she rayseth up a grudginge grieve
 In yonger brethren at the elders state:
 Wherby both townes and kingdomes have been rased,
 And famous stockes of royall blood destroied;
 The brother that shoulde be the brothers aide,
 And have a wakefull care for his defence,
 Gapes for his death, and blames the lyngering yeres,
 That draw not forth his ende with faster course;
 And, oft impatient of so longe delays,
 With hatefull slaughter he prevents the fates,
 And heapes a just rewarde for brothers bloode,
 With endlesse vengeance on his stocke for aye.
 Such mischiefes here are wisely mette withall,
 If egall state may nourishe egall love,
 Where none hath cause to grudge at others good,
 But nowe the head to stoupe beneth them both,
 Ne kinde ne reason, ne good ordre beares.
 And oft it hath ben seene, where nature's course
 Hath ben perverted in disordered wise,
 When fathers cease to know that they should rule,
 And children cease to know they should obey,
 That often over kindly tendernesse
 Is mother of unkindly stubborneesse,
 I speake not this in envie or reproche,
 As if I grudged the glorie of your sonnes,
 Whose honour I besech the Goddes encrease:
 Nor yet as if I thought there did remaine,
 So filthie cankers in their noble brestes,
 Whom I esteeme (which is their greatest praise)
 Undoubted children of so good a kyng;
 Onely I meane to shewe by certaine rules,
 Which kinde hath graft within the mind of man,
 That nature hath her ordre and her course,
 Which (being broken) doth corrupt the state
 Of myndes and thinges even in the best of all.
 My lordes, your sonnes, may learne to rule of you,
 Your owne example in your noble courte
 Is fittest guyder of their youthfull yeares.
 If you desire to see some present joye

By fight of their well-rulyng in your lyfe,
 See them obey, so shall you see them rule:
 Who so obeyeth not with humblenesse
 Will rule with outrage and with insolence.
 Longe may they rule I do beseeche the Goddes,
 But longe may they learne, ere they begyn to rule,
 If kinde and fates would suffre I would wishe
 Them aged princes and immortal kinges:
 Wherefore, most noble kynge, I well assent,
 Betwene your sonnes that you divide your realme,
 And as in kinde, so match them in degree.
 But while the Goddes prolong your royall life,
 Prolong your reigne, for therto lyve you here,
 And therefore have the Goddes so long forborne
 To joyne you to themselves, that still you might
 Be prince and father of our common weale:
 They when they see your children ripe to rule,
 Will make them rouse, and will remove you hence,
 That yours in right ensuyng of your life
 May rightly honour your immortall name.

Eubulus.

Your wonted true regarde of faithfull hartes
 Makes me (O kinge) the bolder to presume
 To speake what I conceive within my brest,
 Although the same do not agree at all
 With that which other here my lordes have said,
 Nor which yourselfe have seemed best to lyke.
 Pardon I crave, and that my wordes be demed
 To flowe from hartie zeale unto your grace,
 And to the safetie of your common weale.
 To parte your realme unto my lordes your sonnes
 I thinke not good for you, ne yet for them,
 But worste of all for this our native lande:
 Within one land, one single rule is best:
 Divided reignes do make divided hartes,
 But peace preserves the countrey and the prince.
 Suche is in man the greedy minde to reigne,
 So great is his desire to climbe alofte,
 In worldly stage the stateliest partes to beare,
 That faith and justice and all kindly love

H 4

Do

Do yelde unto desire of soveraigntie,
 Where egall state doth raise an egall hope
 To winne the thing that either wold attaine.
 Your grace remembreth how in passed yeres,
 The mightie Brute, first prince of all this lantle ¹⁵,
 Possessed the same, and ruled it well in one ;
 He thinking that the compasse did suffice
 For his three sonnes three kidgdoms eke to make,
 Cut it in three, as you would now in twaine :
 But how much British bloud hath since bene spilt,
 To joyne againe the sondred unitie !
 What princes slaine before their timely houre !
 What waste of townes and people in the lande !
 What treasons heaped on murders and on spolles !
 Whose just revenge even yet is scarcely ceased,
 Ruthefull remembraunce is yet rawe in minde.
 The Gods forbyd the like to chaunce againe !
 And you (O king) geve not the cause thereof.
 My lord Ferrex your elder sonne, perhappes
 Whome kinde and custome geves a rightfull hope
 To be your heire and to succede your reigne,
 Shall thinke that he doth suffer greater wronge
 Then he perchaunce will beare, if power serve :
 Porrex, the younger, so upraised in state,
 Perhappes in courage will be raysed also ;
 If flatterie then, which sayles not to assaile
 The tendre mindes of yet unskilfull youth,
 In one shall kinde and encrease disdaine,
 And envie in the others harte enflame ;
 This fire shall waste their love, their lives, their land,
 And ruthefull ruine shall destroy them both.
 I wish not this (O kyng) so to befall,
 But feare the thing, that I do most abhorre.
 Geve no beginning to so dreadfull ende,
 Kepe them in order and obedience,
 And let them both by now obeying you,
 Learne such behaviour as becomes their state ;

¹⁵ *The mightie Brute, first prince of all this land*] See Geoffrey of Monmouth, book i.

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The elder myldenesse in his governaunce,
 The younger, a yelding contentednesse:
 And kepe them neare unto your presence still,
 That they, restreyned by the awe of you,
 May live in compasse of well-temperd staye,
 And passe the perilles of their youthfull yeares.
 Your aged life drawes on to febler tyme,
 Wherin you shall lesse able be to beare
 The travailes that in youth you have susteyned,
 Both in your person's and your realme's defence.
 If planting now your sonnes in furdier partes,
 You sende them furdier from your present reach,
 Lesse shall you know how they themselves demeanē:
 'Traiterous corrupters of their plyant youth
 Shall have unspied a muche more free accessē:
 And if ambition, and inflamed disdaine
 Shall arme the one, the other, or them both,
 To civill warre, or to usurping pride,
 Late shall you rue that you ne recked¹⁷ before.
 Good is I graunt of all to hope the best,
 But not to live still dreadlesse of the worst.
 So truste the one, that th'other be forfene,
 Arme not unskilfulnesse with princely power.
 But you that long have wisely ruled the reynes
 Of royaltie within your noble realme,
 So hoide them, while the Gods for our avayles
 Shall stretch the thred of your prolonged daies,
 To soone he clumbe into the flaming carre
 Whose want of skill did set the earth on fire:
 Time and example of your noble grace,
 Shall teache your sonnes both to obey and rule:
 When time hath taught them, time shall make them place,
 The place that now is full; and so I pray
 Long it remaine, to comforte of us all.

Gorboduc.

I take your faithful hartts in thankfull part;
 But sithe I see no cause to draw my minde,
 To feare the nature of my loving sonnes,

¹⁷ recked] See Note 33 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II. p. 293.

Or to misdeme that envie or disdaine,
 Can there worke hate, where nature planteth love,
 In one selfe purpose do I still abide.
 My love extendeth egally to both,
 My lande suffiseth for them both also:
 Humber shall parte the marches of theyr realmes:
 The sotherne parte the elder shall possesse,
 The northerne shall Porrex the yonger rule:
 In quiet I will passe mine aged dayes,
 Free from the travaile and the painefull cares
 That hasten age upon the worthiest kinges.
 But lest the fraude that ye do seeme to feare,
 Of flattering tongues, corrupt their tender youth
 And wrythe them to the wayes of youthfull lust,
 To climyng pride or to revenging hate,
 Or to neglecting of their carefull charge
 Lewdely to live in wanton recklesnesse,
 Or to oppressing of the rightfull cause,
 Or not to wreke the wronges done to the poore,
 To treade downe truth, or favour false deceite,
 I meane to joyne to either of my sonnes,
 Some one of those whose long approved faith
 And wisdom tried may well assure my harte,
 That mynyng fraude shall finde no way to crepe
 Into their senced eares with grave advise:
 This is the ende, and so I pray you all
 To beare my sonnes the love and loyaltie
 That I have founde within your faithfull brestes.

Arostus.

You, nor your sonnes, our soveraign lord, shall want
 Our faith and service while our lives do last.

CHORUS.

When settled stay doth holde the royall throne,
 In stedfast place by knowen and doubtles right;
 And chiefly when discent on one alone
 Makes single and unparted reigne to light;
 Ech chaunge of course unjoins the whole estate
 And yeldes it thrall to ruine by debate.

The strength that knit by faste accorde in one,
 Against all forrein power of mightie foes,

Could

Could of it selfe defend it selfe alone,
Disjoynd once, the former force doth lose.
The itickes, that sondred brake so soone in twaine,
In faggot bounde attemptred were in vaine.

Oh tender minde that leades the parciall eye
Of erring parents in their childrens love,
Destroyes the wrongly loved childe therby:
This doth the proud sonne of Apollo prove,
Who, rashely set in chariot of his fire,
Inflamed the parched earth with heavens fire.

And this great king that doth deuide his lande,
And chaunge the course of his discending crowne,
And yeldes the reigne into his childrens hande,
From blisful state of joy and great renowne,
A myrrour shall become to princes all,
To learne to shunne the caule of such a fall.

The ORDER and SIGNIFICATION of the Domme Shew
before the second Acte.

First the musicke of cornettes began to playe, during which came in upon the stage a king accompanied with a nombre of his nobilitie and gentlemen. And after he had placed himself in a chaire of estate prepared for him, there came and kneeled before him a grave and aged gentleman, and offred up a cuppe unto him of wyne in a glasse, which the king refused. After him comes a brave and lustie yong gentleman, and presentes the king with a cup of golde filled with payson, which the king accepted, and drinking the same immediately fell downe dead upon the stage, and so was carryed thence away by his lordes and gentlemen, and then the musicke ceased. Hereby was signified, that as glasse by nature holdeth no payson, but is clere and may easly be seen through, ne boweth by any arte; so a saythfull counsellour holdeth no treason, but is p'ayne and open, ne yeldeth to anie undiscrete affection, but geweth holesome counsell, which the yll advised prince refuseth. The delightfull golde filled with payson betokeneth Flattery, which under faire seeming of pleasaunt wordes beareth deadly payson, which destroyed the prince that receyveth it.

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it. As befell in the two brethren, Ferrex and Porrex, who, refusing the wholesome advice of grave counsellours, credited these yong parasites, and brought to themselves death and destruction thereby.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Ferrex. Hermon. Dordan.

Ferrex.

I MERVAIL much what reason ledde the king
My father thus without all my desert
To reve me halfe the kingdome, which by course
Of lawe and nature should remayne to me.

Hermon.

If you with stubborne and untamed pryde
Had stood against him in rebelling wile,
Or if with grudging minde you had envied
So slow a sliding of his aged yeres,
Or fought before your time to haste the course
Of fatall death upon his royall head,
Or stained your stocke with murder of your kyn;
Some face of reason might perhaps have seemed,
To yelde some likely cause to spoyle ye thus.

Ferrex.

The wrekeful gods powre on my cursed head
Eternall plagues and never dying woes:
The hellish prince adjudge my dampned ghost
To Tantaless thirst, or proude Ixions wheele;
Or cruell gripe¹⁸ to gnaw my growing harte
To during tormentes and unquenched flames;
If ever I conceyved so foule a thought,
To wishe his ende of life, or yet of reigne.

Dordan.

Ne yet your father (O most noble prince)
Did ever thinke so fowle a thing of you;
For he with more than fathers tender love
While yet the fates do lende him life to rule,

¹⁸ gripe] A gripe is a griffin, perhaps used here for a vulture. See Cotgrave: g.

(Who

(Who long might lyve to see your ruling well),
 To you my lorde, and to his other sonne,
 Lo he resignes his realme and royaltie,
 Which never would so wise a prince have done,
 If he had once misdemed that in your harte
 There ever lodged so unkinde a thought,
 But tendre love (my lorde) and settled truste
 Of your good nature, and your noble minde,
 Made him to place you thus in royall throne,
 And now to geve you half his realme to guide,
 Yea and that halfe which in abounding store
 Of things that serve to make a welthy realme,
 In stately cities and in fruteful soyle,
 In temperate breathing of the milder heaven,
 In things of nedefull use, which frendly sea
 Transportes by traffike from the forreine partes,
 In flowing wealth, in honour and in force,
 Doth passe the double value of the parte
 That Porrex hath allotted to his reigne:
 Such is your case, such is your father's love.

Ferrex,

Ah love, my frends? love wrongs not whom he loves,

Dordan,

Ne yet he wrongeth you that geveth you
 So large a reigne ere that the course of time
 Bring you to kingdome by discended right,
 Which time pethaps might end your time before,

Ferrex.

Is this no wrong, say you, to reave from me
 My native right of halfe so great a realme,
 And thus to match his yonger sonne with me
 In egall power, and in as great degree?
 Yea and what sonne? the sonne whose swelling pride
 Would never yelde one pointe of reverence,
 When I the elder and apparaunt heire
 Stood in the likelihode to possesse the whole:
 Yea and that sonne which from his childish age
 Envieth myne honour, and doth hate my life,
 What will he now do? when his pride, his rage,

The mindfull malice or his grudging harte
Is armed with force, with wealth and kingly state?

Hermon.

Was this not wrong? yea yll advised wrong,
To give so mad a man so sharpe a sworde,
To so great perill of so great missehappe,
Wide open thus to set so large a waye?

Dordan.

Alas, my lord, what grietfull thing is this
That of your brother you can thinke so ill?
I never saw him utter likelie signe
Whereby a man might see or once misdeme
Such hate of you, ne such unyielding pride:
Ill is their counsell, shamefull be their ende,
That rayfing such mistrustfull feare in you,
Sowing the seede of such unkindly hate,
Travaile by treason to destroy you both.
Wise is your brother and of noble hope,
Worthie to welde a large and mighte realme,
So much a stronger frende have you therby,
Whose strength is your strength, if you gree in one.

Hermon.

If nature and the goddes had pinched so
Their flowing bountie and their noble giftes
Of princelie qualities from you, my lorde,
And powrde them all at ones in wastfull wise
Upon your fathers yonger sonne alone;
Perhappes there be that in your prejudice
Would say that birth should yeld to wor.hinese;
But fith in eche good gift and princelie arte
Ye are his matche, and in the chiefe of all
In mildnesse and in sobre gouvernaunce,
Ye farre surmount; and fith there is in you
Sufficing skill and hopefull towardnesse,
To weld the whole and match your elders prayse;
I see no cause why ye should loose the halfe,
Ne would I wishe you yelde to such a losse,
Lest your milde sufferance of so great a wronge
Be deemed cowardishe and simple dreade:
Which shall geve courage to the fierie head

Of your yonge brother to invade the whole.
 While yet therfore stickes in the peoples minde
 The lothed wrong of your disheritaunce,
 And ere your brother have by settled power,
 By guilefull cloke of an alluring showe,
 Got him some force and favour in the realme;
 And while the noble queene your mother lyves,
 To worke and practise all for your availe,
 Attempt redresse by arms, and wreake yourself²⁹
 Upon his life that gayneth by your losse,
 Who nowe to shame of you, and grieve of us,
 In your owne kingdome triumphes over you.
 Shew now your courage meete for kingly state,
 That they which have avowed to spend theyr goods,
 Their landes, their lives and honours in your cause,
 May be the bolder to mainteyne your parte
 When they do see that cowarde feare in you
 Shall not betray, ne faile their faithfull hartes.
 If once the death of Porrex ende the strife,
 And pay the price of his usurped reigne,
 Your mother shall perswade the angry kyng,
 The lords your friends eke shall appease his rage,
 For they be wise and well they can forsee,
 That ere long time your aged fathers death
 Will bryng a time when you shall well requite
 Their friendlie favour, or their hateful spite,
 Yea, or their slacknesse to avaunce your cause.
 "Wise men do not so hang on passing state
 "Of present princes, chieflie in their age,
 "But they will further cast their reaching eye
 "To viewe and weye the times and reignes to come."
 Ne is it likely though the king be wrothe,
 That he yet will, or that the realme will beare
 Extreme revenge upon his onely sonne;
 Or if he woulde, what one is he that dare
 Be minister to such an enterpryse?
 And here you be now placed in your owne,
 Amyd your frendes, your vassalles and your strength,

²⁹ wreake yourself] i. e. revenge yourself.

We shall defende and keepe your person safe,
 Till either counsell turne his tender minde,
 Or age or sorrow ende his worst dayes.
 But if the feare of goddes, and deeper grudge
 Of natures law, repining at the fact,
 Withholde your courage from so great attempt:
 Know ye that lust of kingdomes hath no law,
 The goddes do beare and well allow in kinges
 The thinges that they abhorre in rascall routes:
 "When kinges on slender quarrels runne to warre,
 "And then in cruell and unkindely wise
 "Commaund thefes, rapes, murder of innocents;
 "To spoile of townes, ruines of mighty realmes,
 "Thinke you such princes do suppose themselves
 "Subject to lawes of kinde and feare of gods?"
 Murders and violent thefes in private men
 Are hainous crimes and full of foule reproch;
 Yet none offence, but deckt with glorious name
 Of noble conquestes in the handes of kinges.
 But if you like not yet so hote devise,
 Ne list to take such vantage of the time,
 But, though with perill of your owne estate,
 You will not be the first that shall invade,
 Assemble yet your force for your defence,
 And for your safetie stand upon your garde.

Dondan.

O heaven, was there ever heard or knowne,
 So wicked counsell to a noble prince?
 Let me (my lord) disclose unto your grace
 This hainous tale, what mischiete it contanes,
 Your fathers death, your brothers, and your owne
 Your present murder and eternall shame:
 Heare me (O king) and suffer not to slinke
 So high a treason in your princely brest.

Perrex.

The mighty goddes forbid that ever I
 Should once conceive such mischiete in my hart!
 Although my brother hath bereft my realme,
 And beare perhappes to me an hatefull minde,
 Shall I revenge it with his death therefore?

Or

Or shall I so destroy my father's life
 That gave me life? The gods forbid, I say;
 Cease you to speake so any more to me,
 Ne you my frend with answere once repeate
 So foule a tale. In silence let it dye:
 What lord or subject shall have hope at all,
 That under me they safely shall enjoye
 Their goods, their honours, landes and liberties,
 With whom, neither one onely brother deare,
 Ne father dearer, could enjoye their lives?
 But sith, I feare my yonger brother's rage,
 And sith perhapes some other man may geve
 Some like advise, to move his grudging head
 At mine estate: which counsell may perchaunce
 Take greater force with him, then this with me,
 I will in secrete so prepare myselfe,
 As if his malice or his lust to reigne,
 Breake forth in armes or sodeine violence
 I may withstand his rage and keepe mine owne.

Dordan.

I feare the fatal time now draweth on,
 When civill hate shall end the noble line
 Of famous Brute and of his royall seede:
 Great Jove defend the mischiefes now at hand!
 O that the secretaries wise advise
 Had erst bene heard, when he besought the king
 Not to divide his land, nor send his sonnes
 To further partes from presence of his court,
 Ne yet to yelde to them his governaunce.
 Lo such are they now in the royall throne
 As was rashe Phaeton in Phœbus carre;
 Ne then the fiery stedes did draw the flame
 With wilder randon through the kindled skies,
 Than traitorous counsell now will whirle about
 The youthfull heades of these unskilfull kinges.
 But I hereof their father will enforme,
 The reverence of him perhappes shall stay
 The growing mischiefes, while they yet are greene;
 If this helpe not, then woe unto themselves,
 The prince, the people, the divided land.

VOL. I.

I

ACTUS

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA SECUNDA

*Porrex: Tyndar. Philander.**Porrex.*

AND is it thus? and doth he so prepare
 Against his brother as his mortall foe?
 And now while yet his aged father lives?
 Neither regards he him? nor feares he me?
 Warre would he have? and he shall have it so.

Tyndar.

I saw myselfe the great prepared store
 Of horse, of armour, and of weapons there,
 Ne bring I to my lord reported tales,
 Without the ground of seen and searched trowth,
 Loe secrete quarrells runne about his court,
 To bring the name of you my lorde in hate:
 Ech man almost can now debate the cause,
 And aske a reason of so great a wrong,
 Why he so noble, and so wise a prince,
 Is as unworthy lest his heritage.
 And why the king, misseledde by craftie meanes,
 Divided thus his land from course of right?
 The wiser sort holde downe their griefull heades,
 Eche man withdrawes from talke and company
 Of those that have bene knowne to favour you
 To hide the mischiete of their meaning there.
 Rumours are spread of your preparing here.
 The rascall numbers of unskillfull sort
 Are filled with monstrous tales of you and yours.
 In secrete I was counselled by my friendes
 To halt me thence, and brought you as you know
 Letters from those that both can truely tell,
 And would not write unlesse they knew it well.

Philander.

My lord, yet ere you move unkindly warre,
 Send to your brother to demaund the cause:
 Perhappes some traiterous tales have filled his eares
 With false reportes against your noble grace,

Which

Which once disclosed shall end the growing strife,
That els not stayed with wise foresight in time
Shall hazarde both your kingdomes and your lives :
Send to your father eke, he shall appease
Your kindled mindes, and rid you of this feare.

Porrex.

Ridde me of feare? I feare him not at all,
Ne will to him, ne to my father send :
If danger were for one to tary there,
Thinke ye it safetie to returne againe?
In mischiefes such as Ferrex now intendes,
The wonted courteous lawes to messengers
Are not observed, which in just warre they use.
Shall I so hazard any one of mine?
Shall I betray my trusty frendes to him
That hath disclosed his treason unto me?
Let him entreate that feares, I feare him not:
Or shall I to the king my father send?
Yea and send now while such a mother lives,
That loves my brother and that hateth me?
Shall I geve leasure by my sonde delayes
To Ferrex to oppresse me all unware?
I will not, but I will invade his realme
And seeke the traitour prince within his court,
Mischiefe for mischief is a due reward.
His wretched head shall pay the worthy price
Of this his treason and his hate to me.
Shall I abide, and treate, and send and pray,
And holde my yelden throat to traitours knife;
While I with valiant minde and conquering force
Might rid myselfe of foes, and winne a realme?
Yet rather when I have the wretches head,
Then to the king my father will I send,
The bootelesse case may yet appease his wrath:
If not, I will defend me as I may.

Philander.

Lo here the end of these two youthful kings,
The father's death, the ruine of their realmes.
"O most unhappy state of counsellors,
"That light on so unhappy lordes and times,

"That neither can their good advise be heard,
 "Yet must they beare the blames of ill successe!"
 But I will to the king their father haste,
 Ere this mischief come to the likely end,
 That if the mindfull wrath of wrekefull gods,
 Since mightie Ilions fall not yet appeased
 With these poore remnantes of the Trojan name.
 Have not determin'd by unmoved fate
 Out of this realme to rase the Britishe line,
 By good advise, by awe of father's name,
 By force of wiser lordes, this kindled hate
 May yet be quenched ere it consume us all.

Chorus.

When youth not bridled with a guiding stay
 Is left to randon of their owne delight,
 And welds whole reaimes by force of soveraign sway,
 Great is the daunger of unmaistred might,
 Lest skilleffe rage throwes downe with headlong fall
 Their lands, their states, their lives, themselves and all.

When growing pride doth fill the swelling brest,
 And gredy lust doth rayse the climbing minde,
 Oh hardlie maye the perill be represt,
 Ne feare of angrie goddes, ne lawes kinde,
 Ne countries care can fired hartes restrayne
 Whan force hath armed envie and disdaine.

When kinges of foresette²⁰ will neglect the rede²¹
 Of best advite, and yelde to pleasing tales,
 That do their fantasies noysome humour feede,
 Ne reason, nor regarde of right availes;
 Succeding heapes of plagues shall teach to late
 To learne the mischiefes of misguided state.

Fowle fall the traitour false that undermines
 The love of brethren to destroye them both.
 Wo to the prince, that pliant eare enclynes
 And yelde his minde to poysonous tale that floweth
 From flattering mouth; and woe to wretched land
 That wastes itselfe with civill sworde in hande.

²⁰ *foresette*] i. e. foresight.

²¹ *rede*] i. e. advice. See Note 42 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

Loe, thus it is, poyson in golde to take,
And holsome drinke in homely cuppe forsake.

The ORDER and SIGNIFICATION of the Domme
Shewe before the thirde Act.

First, the musicke of flutes began to playe, during which came in upon the stage a company of mourners all clad in blacke, betokening death and sorowe to ensue upon the ill advised misgovernement and discention of brethrene, as befell upon the murder of Ferrex by his yonger brother. After the mourners had passed thryse about the stage, they departed, and then the musicke ceased.

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Gorboduc. Eubulus. Aroflus. Philander. Nuntius.

Gorboduc.

O CRUELL fates, O mindful wrath of goddes,
Whose vengeance neither Simois stayned streames
Flowing with bloud of Trojan princes slaine,
Nor Phrygian fieldes made ranck with corpses dead
Of Asian kinges and lordes can yet appease,
Ne slaughter of unhappie Pryam's race,
Nor Ilions fall made leuell with the soile,
Can yet suffise: but still continued rage
Pursues our lyves, and from the farthest seas
Doth chase the issues of destroyed Troye.
Oh no man happie till his ende be seene!
If any flowing wealth and seemyng joye
In present yeres might make a happy wight,
Happie was Hecuba, the wofullest wretch
That ever lyved to make a myrrour of,
And happie Pryam with his noble sonnes,
And happie I till now. Alas, I see
And feele my most unhappie wretchednesse:

I 3

Beholde,

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Beholde, my lordes, read ye this letter here,
 Loe it contains the ruine of our realme,
 If timelie speede provide not hastie helpe.
 Yet, (O ye goddes,) if ever wofull kyng
 Might move ye, kings of kinges, wreke it on me
 And on my sonnes, not on this giltlesse realme.
 Send downe your wasting flames from wrathfull skies,
 To reve me and my sonnes the hateful breath.
 Read, read my lordes: this is the matter why
 I called ye nowē, to have your good advyse.

The letter from Dordan the counsellour of the elder prince.

Eubulus readeth the letter.

MY soveraigne lord, what I am loth to write
 But lothest am to see, that I am forced
 By letters nowe to make you understande.
 My lord Ferrex, your eldest sonne, misledde
 By traitorous fraude of yong untempred wittes,
 Assembled force agaynst your yonger sonne,
 Ne can my counsell yet withdrawe the heate
 And furious panges of his enflamed head:
 Disdaine (saith he) of his disheritance,
 Armes him to wreke the great pretended wrong
 With civyll sword upon his brother's life:
 If present helpe do not restraine this rage,
 This flame will wast your sonnes, your land and you.
*Your majesty's faithfull, and most
 humble subject Dordan.*

Aroftus.

O king, appease your grieve and stay your plaint;
 Great is the matter and a wofull case:
 But timely knowledge may bring timely helpe.
 Send for them both unto your presence here:
 The reverence of your honour, age, and state,
 Your grave advice, the awe of father's name
 Shall quicklie knit agayne this broken peace:
 And if in either of my lordes your sonnes

Be

Be such untamed and unyielding pride
As will not bende unto your noble hestes²²;
If Ferrex th' elder sonne can bear no peere,
Or Porrex not content, aspires to more
Than you him gave above his native right;
Joyne with the juster side, so shall you force
Them to agree, and holde the lande in stay.

Eubulus.

What meaneth this? loe yonder comes in hast
Philander from my lord your yonger sonne.

Gorboduc.

The goddess sende joyful newes!

Philander.

The mightie Jove
Preserve your majestie, O noble king.

Gorboduc.

Philander, welcome: but how doth my sonne?

Philander.

Your sonne, sir, lyves and healthie I him left:
But yet (O king) this want of lustfull health
Could not be halfe so griefefull to your grace,
As these most wretched tidynge that I bryng.

Gorboduc.

O heavens, yet more? no ende of woes to me?

Philander.

Tyndar, O king, came lately from the court
Of Ferrex, to my lord your yonger sonne,
And made reporte of great prepared store
For warre, and sayth that it is wholly ment
Agaynst Porrex, for high disdayne that he
Lyves now a king and egall in degree
With him, that claimeth to succede the whole,
As by due title of discending right:
Porrex is now so set on flaming fire,
Partely with kindled rage of cruell wrath,
Partely with hope to gaine a realme thereby,
That he in hast prepareth to invade

²² *hestes*;] Commands. See Note 5 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II.
p. 163.

His brother's land, and with unkindely warre
 Threatens the murder of your elder sonne;
 Ne could I him perswade that first he should
 Send to his brother to demaunde the cause:
 Nor yet to you to staie this hateful strife.
 Wherefore sith there no more I can be hearde,
 I come myselfe now to enforme your grace,
 And to beseeche you, as you love the life
 And safetie of your children and your realme,
 Now to employ your wisdom and your force
 To staye this mischief ere it be to late.

Gorboduc.

Are they in armes? would he not sende to me?
 Is this the honour of a father's name?
 In vain we trauaile to assuage their mindes,
 As if their hartes, whome neither brother's love,
 Nor father's awe, nor kingdomes care can move,
 Our counsells could withdrawe from raging heat.
 Jove slay them both, and end the cursed line!
 For though perhappes feare of such mightie force
 As I, my lordes, joynd with your noble aides,
 Maye yet raise, shall repress their present heate,
 The secret grudge and malice will remayne,
 The fire not quenched, but kept in close restraint
 Fedde still within, breakes forth with double flame:
 Their death and myne must peaze²³ the angrie gods.

Philander.

Yelde not, O king, so much to weake dispeire;
 Your sonnes yet lyve, and long I trust they shall:
 If fates had taken you from earthly life,
 Before beginning of this civyll strife;
 Perhaps your sonnes, in their unmaistered youth,
 Loose from regarde of any lyving wight,
 Would runne on headlong, with unbridled race
 To their owne death and ruine of this realme:
 But sith the gods that have the care for kinges,
 Of thinges and times dispose the order so
 That in your life this kindled flame breakes forth,
 While yet your lyfe, your wisdom and your power
 May stay the growing mischief, and repress.

²³ *peaze*] i. e. appease, S.

FERREX AND PORREX. 137

The fierie blaze of their inkindled heate ;
 It seemes, and so ye ought to deeme thereof,
 That lovyng Jove hath tempred so the time
 Of this debate to happen in your dayes,
 That you yet lyving may the same appeaze,
 And adde it to the glory of your age²⁴,
 And they your sonnes may learne to live in peace.
 Beware (O king) the greatest harme of all,
 Lest by your waylefull plaints your hastened death
 Yelde large rounge unto their growing rage:
 Preserve your life, the onely hope of stay:
 And if your highnes herein list to use
 Wildome or force, counsell or knightly aide:
 Loe we, our persons, powers, and lyves are yours ;
 Use us tyll death, O king, we are your owne.

Eubulus.

Loe here the perill that was erst foresene,
 When you (O king) did first devide your lande,
 And yelde your present reigne unto your sonnes.
 But now (O noble prince) now is no time
 To waile and plaine, and wast your wofull life,
 Now is the time for present good advise,
 Sorow doth darke the judgement of the wytte ;
 " The hart unbroken and the courage free
 " From feble faintensse of bootelesse despeire
 " Doth either ryse to safetie or renowne,
 " By noble valure of unvanquisht minde,
 " Or yet doth perishe in more happy fort."
 Your grace may send to either of your sonnes
 Some one both wise and noble personage,
 Which with good counsell and with weightie name
 Of father shall present before their eyes
 Your best, your life, your safetie, and their owne ;
 The present mischiefe of their deadly strife,
 And in the while assemble you the force
 Which your commaundement and the speddy hast
 Of all my lordes here present can prepare:
 The terrour of your mightie power shall staye
 The rage of both, or yet of one at lest.

²⁴ your age] The second and third editions read, *your latter age*. The alteration by Mr. Spence.

Nuntius.

O king, the greatest griefe that ever prince dyd heare,
 That ever wofull messenger did tell,
 That ever wretched land hath sene before
 I bryng to you. Porrex your yonger sonne
 With soden force invaded hath the lande
 That you to Ferrex did allotte to rule:
 And with his owne most bloody hand he hath
 His brother ilaine, and doth possesse his realme.

Gorboduc.

O heavens send down the flames of your revenge!
 Destroy, I say, with flash of wreakefull fier
 The traitour sonne, and then the wretched fire.
 But let us go, that yet perhappes I may
 Die with revenge, and peaze the hatefull gods.

Chorus.

The lust of kingdome knowes no sacred faith,
 No rule of reason, no regarde of right,
 No kindly love, no feare of heaven's wrath,
 But with contempt of goddes, and man's despise,
 Through blodie slaughter doth prepare the waies,
 To fatall scepter and accursed reigne.
 The sonne so lothes the father's lingering daies,
 Ne dreads his hand in brother's blode to staine.
 O wretched prince, ne dost thou yet recorde
 The yet fresh murthers done within the lande
 Of thy forefathers, when the cruell sworde
²⁴ Bereft Morgan his life with cosyn's hand?
 Thus fatall plagues pursue the gilty race,
 Whose murderous hand, imbrued with gilty blood,
 Askes vengeance still before the heavens face,
 With endlesse mischiefes on the cursed broode.
 The wicked childe thus bringes to wofull fire
 The mournfull plaintes to wait his very life:
 Thus do the cruell flames of civyll fier
 Destroy the parted reigne with hatefull strife.
 And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow,
 The dead black streames of mourning, plaints and woe.

²⁴ Bereft Morgan his life, &c.] See p. 117.

The ORDER and SIGNIFICATION of the Domme Shew
before the fourth Act.

First the musick of howeboies began to playe, during which there came from under the stage, as though out of hell, three furies, Aleto, Megera, and Cusiphone, clad in blacke garments sprinkled with bloud and flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their beds spread with serpentes in stead of beire, the one bearing in her hand a snake, the other a whip, and the third a burning firebrand; each driving before them a king and a queene, which moved by furies unnaturally had slaine their owne children. The names of the kings and queenes were these, Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambises, Althea; after that the furies and these had passed about the stage thrise, they departed, and then the musick ceased: hereby was signified the unnaturall murders to follow, that is to say, Porrex slaine by his owne mother; and of king Gorboduc, and queen Videna, killed by their owne subjects.

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Videna sola.

WHY should I lyve and linger forth my time
In longer life to double my distresse?
O me most wofull wight! whome no mishappe
Long ere this day could have bereved hence.
Mought not these handes by fortune or by fate
Have perst this brest, and life with iron rest;
Or in this palace here where I so long
Have spent my daies, could not that happie houre
Once, once have hapt in which these hugie frames
With death by fall might have oppressed me;
Or should not this most hard and cruell soile;
So oft where I have prest my wretched steps,
Some time had ruthe of myne accursed life,
To rende in twayne and swallow me therein.
So had my bones possessed now in peace
Their happie grave within the closed ground,

And

And greedie wormes had gnawen this pyned hart
 Without my feeling payne : so should not now
 This lyving brest remayne the ruthfull tombe
 Wherin my hart yelden to death is graved ;
 Nor driery thoughts with panges of pining grieve
 My dolefull minde had not afflicted thus.
 O my beloved sonne, O my swete childe,
 My deare Ferrex, my joye, my lyves delight !
 Is my beloved sonne, is my sweete childe,
 My deare Ferrex, my joye, my lyves delight
 Murdred with cruell death ? O hatefull wretch,
 O heynous traitour both to heaven and earth,
 Thou Porrex, thou this damned dede hast wrought,
 Thou Porrex, thou shalt dearly bye ^{as} the same.
 Traitour to kinne and kinde, to fire and me,
 To thine owne fleshe, and traitour to thyself,
 The Gods on thee in hell shall wreke their wrath,
 And here in earth this hand shall take revenge
 On thee Porrex, thou false and caitife wight.
 If after bloud so eigre were thy thirst,
 And murderous minde had so possessed thee,
 If such hard hart of rocke and stonie flint
 Lived in thy brest, that nothing els could like
 Thy cruel tyrantes thought but death and bloud,
 Wilde savage beasts mought not their slaughter serve,
 To fede thy greedie will, and in the midst
 Of their entrailes to staine thy deadly handes
 With blood deserved, and drinke thereof thy fill :
 Or if nought els but death and bloud of man
 Mought please thy lust, could none in Brittain land,
 Whose hart betorne out of his panting brest
 With thine owne hand, or worke what death thou wouldst,
 Suffice to make a sacrifice to peaze
 That deadly minde and murderous thought in thee,
 But he who in the selfe same wombe was wrapped,
 Where thou in dismall nower receivedst life ?
 Or if nedes, nedes thy hand must slaughter make,
 Moughtest thou not have reached a mortall wound,
 And with thy sword have pearfed this cursed wombe

^{as} bye] aby. See Note II to *George a Green*, vol. III. p. 26.

That

That the, accursed Porrex, brought to light,
 And geven me a just reward therefore?
 So, Ferrex, yet sweet life mought have enjoyed
 And to his aged father comfort brought,
 With some yong sonne in whom they both might live.
 But whereunto waste I this ruthfull speche
 To thee that hast thy brother's blood thus shed?
 Shall I still thinke that from this wombe thou sprong?
 That I thee bare? or take thee for my sonne?
 No traitour, no; I thee refuse for mine:
 Murderer, I thee renounce, thou art not mine.
 Never, O wretch, this wombe conceived thee,
²⁶ Nor never bode I painfull throwes for thee:
 Changeling to me thou art, and not my childe,
 Nor to no wight that spark of pitie knew,
 Ruthlesse unkinde, monster of natures worke,
²⁷ Thou never suckt the milke of woman's brest,
 But from thy birth the cruell tigers teates
 Have nursed thee, nor yet of fleshe and blood
 Formde is thy hart, but of hard iron wrought;
 And wilde and desert woods bredde thee to life.
 But canst thou hope to scape my just revenge?
 Or that these hands will not be wrooke²⁸ on thee?
 Doeſt thou not know that Ferrex mother lives
 That loved him more dearly than herselfe?
 And doth she live, and is not venged on thee?

²⁶ *Nor never bode I, &c.] Bode, from the verb to bide. S.*

²⁷ *Thou never suckt the milk of woman's brest, &c.]*
 Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
 Perfide, sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
 Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres.

VIRGIL.

²⁸ *wrooke] Revenged, from the verb to wreak. S.*

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

*Gorboduc. Aroftus. Eubulus Porrex. Marcella.**Gorboduc.*

WE marvell much wherto this lingring stay
 Falles out fo long : Porrex unto our court
 By order of our letters is returned ;
 And Eubulus receaved from us byhest,
 At his arrivall heere to geve him charge
 Before our prefence straight to make repaire,
 And yet we have no worde whereof he ftayes.

Aroftus.

Lo where he commes, and Eubulus with him.

Eubulus.

According to your highneffe heft to me
 Here have I Porrex brought even in fuch fort
 As from his weried horfe he did alight,
 For that your grace did will fuch haft therein.

Gorboduc.

We like and praife this fpedy will in you
 To worke the thing that to your charge we gave.
 Porrex, if we fo farre fhould fwarve from kinde,
 And from thofe boundes which lawes of nature fets,
 As thou haft done by vile and wretched deede
 In cruell murder of thy brother's life,
 Our prefent hand could ftay no longer time,
 But ftraight fhould bathe this blade in bloud of thee,
 As juft revenge of thy detefted crime.
 No : we fhould not offend the lawe of kinde
 If now this fword of ours did flay thee here :
 For thou haft murdered him, whose henious death
 Even nature's force doth move us to revenge
 By bloud againe : and juftice forceth us
 To meafure death for death, thy due defert :
 Yet fithens thou art our childe, and fith as yet,
 In this hard cafe what worde thou canft alledge
 For thy defence by us hath not bene heard,

We are content to stave our will for that
Which justice biddes us presently to worke :
And geve thee leave to use thy speche at full,
If ought thou have to lay for thine excuse.

Porrex.

Neither, O king, I can or will denie
But that this hand from Ferrex life hath rest :
Which fact how much my dolefull hart doth waile,
Oh would it mought as full appeare to fight
As inward grieve would poure it forth to me :
So yet perhappes if ever ruthfull hart
Melting in teares within a manly brest,
Through depe repentance of his bloudy fact,
If ever grieve, if ever wofull man
Might move regreite with sorrowe of his faulte,
I thinke the torment of my mournfull case
Knownen to your grace, as I do feele the same,
Would force even wrath herselfe to pitie me.
But as the water troubled with the mudde
Shewes not the face which els the eye should see ;
Even so your irefull minde with stirred thought,
Cannot so perfectly discerne my cause :
But this unhappe, amongst so many heapes
I must content me with, most wretched man,
That to my selfe I must reserve my woe
In pining thoughtes of mine accursed fact :
Since I may not shewe my smallest grieve,
Such as it is, and as my brest endures,
Which I esteeme the greatest miserie
Of all mishehappes that fortune now can send.
Not that I rest in hope with plaint and teares
To purchase life : for to the Gods I clepe ²⁹
For true recorde of this my faithfull speche,
Never this hart shall have the thoughtfull dread
To dye the death that by your graces dome
By just desert shall be pronounced to me :
Nor never shall this tongue once spend the speche,
Pardon to crave, or seeke by sute to live :

²⁹ *I clepe*] I call. See Note 5 to *Grinn the Collier of Groydon*, vol. XI.
p. 190.

I meane

I meane not this as though I were not touchde
 With care of dreadfull death, or that I helde
 Life in contempt : but that I know, the minde
 Stoupes to no dread, although the flesh be fraile;
 And for my guilt, I yelde the same so great
 As in myselfe I find a fear to sue
 For graunt of life.

Gorboduc.

In vaine, O wretch thou shewest
 A wofull hart; Ferrex now lyes in grave,
 Slaine by thy hand.

Porrex.

Yet this, O father, heare:
 And then I end: Your majestie well knows,
 That when my brother Ferrex and my selfe
 By your owne hest were joyned in governaunce
 Of this your grace's realme of Brittain land,
 I never sought, nor travailled for the same:
 Nor by my selfe, nor by no frend I wrought,
 But from your highnesse will alone it sprong,
 Of your most gracious goodnesse bent to me;
 But how my brother's hart even then repined,
 With swollen disdaine against mine egall rule,
 Seeing that realme, which by discent should grow
 Wholly to him, allotted halfe to me;
 Even in your highnesse court he now remaines,
 And with my brother then in nearest place
 Who can recorde: what prooffe therof was shewde
 And how my brother's envious hart appearede:
 Yet I that judged it my parte to seeke
 His favour and good will, and loth to make
 Your highnesse know the thing which should have brought
 Grief to your grace, and your offence to him,
 Hoping my earnest sute should soone have wonne
 A loving hart within a brother's brest,
 Wrought in that sort, that, for a pledge of love
 And faithfull hart, he gave to me his hand.
 This made me thinke, that he had banisht quite
 All rancour from his thought, and bare to me
 Such hartie love, as I did owe to him:

But

But after once we left your graces court
 And from your highnesse presence lived apart,
 This egall rule still, still, did grudge him so,
 That now those envious sparkes which erst lay raked
 In living cinders of dissembling brest,
 Kindled so farre within his hart disdaine,
 That longer could he not refraine from prooffe
 Of secrete practise to deprive me life
 By poyson's force, and had bereft me so,
 If mine owne servant hired to this fact,
 And moved by trowth with to work the same,
 In time had not bewrayed it unto me.
 Whan thus I sawe the knot of love unknitte,
 All honest league and faithfull promise broke,
 The law of kinde and trowth thus rent in twaine,
 His hart on mischief set, and in his brest
 Black treason hid; then, then did I despeire
 That ever time could winne him frend to me,
³⁰ Then saw I how he smiled with slaying knife
 Wrapped under cloke, then saw I depe deceite
 Lurke in his face and death prepared for me,
 Even nature moved me then to holde my life
 More deare to me then his, and bad this hand,
 (Since by his life my death must nedes ensue
 And by his death my life mote be preserved,)
 To shed his blood, and seeke my safetie so,
 And wisdome willed me without protract ³¹
 In speedie wise to put the same in ure ³².
 Thus have I tolde the cause that moved me
 To worke my brother's death, and so I yeld
 My life, my death, to judgement of your grace.

Gorboduc.

Oh cruell wight, should any cause prevaile
 To make thee itaine thy hands with brother's blood?

³⁰ Then saw I how he smiled with slaying knife
 Wrapped under cloke,] This image is from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*,
 v. 2000. Tyrwhitt's Edition:

"The smiler with the knif under the cloke." S.

³¹ protract] i. e. delay. S.

³² ure.] See p. 116.

But what of thee we will resolve to doe,
 Shall yet remaine unknowne. Thou in the meane
 Shalt from our royall presence banisht be,
 Untill our princely pleasure further shall
 To thee be shewed. Depart therefore our sight,
 Accursed childe. What cruel destenie,
 What froward fate hath sorted us this chaunce³³;
 That even in those, where we should comfort find,
 Where our delight now in our aged dayes
 Should rest and be, even there our only griefe
 And depest sorrowes to abridge our life,
 Most pyning cares and deadly thoughts do grow?

Arestus.

Your grace should now in these grave yeres of yours
 Have found ere this the price of mortall joyes,
 How short they be, how fading here in earth,
 How full of change, how brittle our estate,
 Of nothing sure, save onely of the death,
 To whom both man and all the world doth owe
 Their end at last; neither should nature's power
 In other sorte against your hart prevaile,
 Then as the naked hand whose stroke assayes
 The armed brest where force doth light in vaine.

Gorboduc.

Many can yelde right sage and grave adviee
 Of patient sprite to others wrapped in woe,
 And can in speche both rule and conquere kinde,
 Who, if by prooffe they might feelee nature's force,
 Would shew themselves men as they are indede,
 Which now wil needes be gods: but what doth meane
 The sory chere of her that here doth come?

Marcella.

Oh where is ruth? or where is pitie now?
 Whether is gentle hart and mercy fled?
 Are they exiled out of our stony brestes,
 Never to make returne? is all the world
 Drowned in bloud, and soneke in crueltie?
 If not in women mercy may be found,

³³ sorted us this chance?] i. e. chosen out for us. S.

If not (alas) within the mother's brest
To her owne childe, to her owne flesh and bloud;
If ruth be banished thence, if pitie there
May have no place, if there no gentle hart
Do live and dwell, where should we seeke it then?

Gorboduc.

Madame (alas), what meanes your wofull tale?

Marcella.

O silly woman I! why to this houre
Have kinde and fortune thus deferred my breath,
That I should live to see this dolefull day?
Will ever wight beleve that such hard hart
Could rest within the cruell mother's brest,
With her owne hand to slaye her onely sonne?
But out (alas) these eyes behelde the same,
They saw the driery sight, and are become
Most ruthfull recordes of the bloody fact.
Porrex (alas) is by his mother slaine,
And with her hand a wofull thing to tell,
While slumbring on his carefull bed he restes,
His hart stabde in with knife is rest of life.

Gorboduc.

O Eubulus, oh draw this sword of ours,
And pearce this hart with speed! O hatefull light,
O loathsome life, O sweete and welcome death,
Deare Eubulus, worke this we thee besech!

Eubulus.

Pacient your grace³⁴, perhappes he liveth yet,
With wound receaved but not of certaine death.

Gorboduc.

O let us then repayre unto the place,
And see if Porrex live, or thus be slaine.

Marcella.

Alas, he liveth not, it is to true,
That with these eyes, of him a perelesse prince,

³⁴ *Pacient your grace*] *Compose yourself.* This verb is used in *Titus Andronicus*, A. 1. S. 2.

Pacient yourself, madam, and pardon me.

See other instances in Mr. Steevens's Note on this passage.

Sonne to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Even with a twinke³⁵ a senselesse stocke I saw.

Arosius.

O damned deede!

Marcella.

But heare hys ruthfull end.

The noble printe, pearst with the sodeine wound,
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,
Whose strength now fayling straight he overthrew,
When in the fall his eyes even now unclosed
Behelde the queene, and cryed to her for helpe;
We then, alas, the ladies which that time
Did there attend, seing that heynous deede,
And hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and to crye to her for aide,
Whose direfull hand gave him the mortall wound,
Pitying (alas) (for nought els could we do)
His ruthfull end, ranne to the wofull bedde,
Dispoyled straight his brest, and all we might
Wiped in vaine with napkins next at hand,
The sodeine streames of bloud that flushed fast
Out of the gaping wound: O what a looke,
O what a ruthfull stedfast eye me thought
He fixt upon my face, which to my death
Will never part from me, when with a braide³⁶
A deepe fet sigh³⁷ he gave, and therewithall
Clasping his handes, to heaven he cast his sight,

³⁵ *Even with a twinke*] i. e. the twinkling of an eye. See *The Taming of the Shrew*. S.

³⁶ *when with a braide*] A braide was a start or a motion of the head, occasioned by pain, uneasiness, or affright. It is a word used by Chaucer, in *The Legend of Dido*, ver. 239:

"This noble quene unto her rest ywent,

"She sighed sore, and gon herself to tourment,

"She walketh, waloweth, and made many braied

"As doen these lovers, as I have herd saied."

Scogin's *Jests*, p. 10. "The woman, being afraid, gave a braid with her head, and ran her away."

³⁷ *a deep fet sigh*] i. e. a deep fetched sigh. See Note 73 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. p. 50.

And straight pale death pressing within his face
The flying ghost his mortall corpes forsooke.

Aroflus.

Never did age bring forth so vile a fact.

Marcella.

O hard and cruel happe, that thus assigned
Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end:
But most hard cruell hart that could consent
To lend the hatefull destenies that hand,
By which, alas, so heynous crime was wrought.
O queen of adamant, O marble brest,
If not the favour of his comely face,
If not his princely chere and countenance,
His valiant active armes, his manly brest,
If not his faire and seemely personage,
His noble limmes in such proportion cast,
As would have wrapt a fillie woman's thought;
If this mought not have moved thy bloodie hart,
And that most cruell hand the wretched weapon
Even to let fall, and kiste him in the face,
With teares for ruthe to reave such one by death;
Should nature yet consent to slay her sonne?
O mother, thou to murder thus thy childe!
Even Jove with justice must with lightning flames
From heaven send downe some strange revenge on thee.
Ah, noble prince, how oft have I behelde
Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling stede,
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistresse sleve tied on thy helme,
And charge thy staffe, to please thy ladies eye,
That bowed the head peece of thy frendly foe!
How oft in armes on horse to bend the mace,
How oft in armes on foot to breake the sworde,
Which never now these eyes may see againe!

Aroflus.

Madame, alas, in vaine these plaints are shed,
Rather with me depart, and helpe to swage

³⁸ And with thy mistresse sleve tied on thy helme] See Extract from
Hall's Chronicle, quoted in Note 33 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. II.
p. 132.

130 FERREX AND PORREX.

The thoughtfull griefes that in the aged king
Must needs by nature growe by death of this
His onely sonne, whome he did holde so deare.

Marcella.

What wight is that which sawe that I did see,
And could refraine to waile with plaint and teares?
Not I, alas, that hart is not in me;
But let us go, for I am greved unewe,
To call to minde the wretched father's woe.

Chorus.

When greedy lust in royall seate to reigne
Hath rest all care of goddes and eke of men;
And cruell hart, wrath, treason, and disdain,
Within ambitious brest are lodged; then
Beholde how mischiese wide her selfe displayes,
And with the brother's hand the brother slayes.

When blood thus shed doth staine the heavens face,
Crying to Jove for vengeance of the deede,
The mightie God even moveth from his place
With wrath to wreke, then sendes he forth with speede
The dreadfull furies, daughters of the night,
With serpent's girt, carying the whip of ire,
With heare of stinging snakes, and shining bright
With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire:
These for revenge of wretched murder done,
Do make the mother kill her onely sonne.

Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite:
Jove by his just and everlasting dome
Justly hath ever so requited it.

This times before recorde, and times to come
Shall finde it true, and so doth present prooffe
Present before our eyes for our behoofe.

O happy wight that suffres not the snare
Of murderous minde to tangle him in blood,
And happy he that can in time beware
By others harmes, and turne it to his good,
But wo to him that, fearing not to offend,
Doth serve his lust, and will not see the end.

The ORDER and SIGNIFICATION of the *Domme* Shew
before the fifth Act.

First the drommes and flutes began to sound, during which there came forth upon the stage a company of bargabusters and of armed men all in order of battaile. These, after their peeces discharged, and that the armed men had three times marched about the stage, departed, and then the drommes and flutes did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions, armes, and ciuill warres to follow, as fell in the realme of Great Brittain, which by the space of fiftie yeares and more continued in ciuill warre between the nobilitie after the death of king Gorboduc, and of his issues, for want of certayne limitation in succession of the crowne, till the time of Dunwallo Molmutius, who reduced the land to monarchie.

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA,

Clotyn. Mandud. Gwenard. Fergus. Eubulus.

Clotyn.

DID ever age bring forth such tyrant harts?
The brother hath bereft the brother's life;
The mother she hath died her cruell handes
In blood of her owne sonne; and now at last
The people loe forgetting trouth and love,
Contemning quite both law and loyall hart,
Even they have slaine their soveraigne lord and queene.

Mandud.

Shall this their traitorous crime unpunished rest?
Even yet they cease not, caryed on with rage,
In their rebellious routes, to threaten still
A new blood shed unto the prince's kinne
To slay them all, and to uproote the race
Both of the king and queene, so are they moved
With Porrex death, wherein they falsely charge
The guiltlesse king without desert all;
And traitorously have murdered him therfore,
And eke the queene.

K 4

Gwenard.

Gwenard.

Shall subjectes dare with force
 To worke revenge upon their princes fact?
 Admit the worst that may, as sure in this
 The deede was fowle, the queene to slaye her sonne:
 Shall yet the subject seeke to take the sworde?
 Arise agaynst his lord, and slaye his king?
 O wretched state where those rebellious hartes
 Are not rent out even from their living breastes,
 And with the body throwen unto the foules,
 As carrion foode, for terrour of the rest!

Fergus.

There can no punishment be thought to great
 For this so greivous cryme, let spede therefore
 Be used therein, for it behoveth so.

Eubulus.

Ye all my lordes I see consent in one,
 And I as one consent with ye in all:
 I holde it more then neede, with sharpest law
 To punish their tumultuous bloody rage;
 For nothing more may shake the common state,
 Than sufferance of uproares without redresse,
 Wherby how some kingdomes of mightie power,
 After great conquestes made, and flourishing
 In fame and wealth, have ben to ruine brought;
 I pray to Jove that we may rather wayle
 Such happe in them, then witnesse in ourselves,
 Eke fully with the duke my minde agrees
 "That no cause serves, wherby the subject may
 " Call to account the dooinges of his prince;
 " Much lesse in blood by swoord to woorke revenge;
 " No more then may the hand cut of the head.
 " In acte nor speech, no not in secret thought
 " The subject may rebell against his lord,
 " Or judge of him that sits in Cæsar's seate,
 " With grudging minde to damne those he mislikes."
 Though kinges forget to governe as they ought,
 Yet subjectes must obey as they are bounde.

39 *That no cause serves, &c.*] This and the lines following marked with
 commas are only to be found in the spurious edition of this play.

But

But now, my lordes, before ye farder wade
 Or spend your speach, what sharpe reuenge shall fall
 By iustice plague on these rebellious wightes?
 Me thinkes ye rather should first search the way
 By which in time the rage of this uproare
 Mought be repressed, and these great tumults ceased,
 Even yet the life of Brittain land doth hang,
 In traitours balauce of unegall weight.
 Thinke not, my lordes, the death of Gorboduc,
 Nor yet Videnae's bloud will cease their rage:
 Even our owne lyves, our wives, and children deare,
 Our countrey dearest of all, in daunger standes,
 Now to be spoiled, now, now made desolate,
 And by ourselves a conquest to ensue:
 For geve once swey unto the people's lustes,
 To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,
 And as the streame that rowleth downe the hyll,
 So will they headlong ronne with raging thoughtes
 From bloud to bloud, from mischief unto moe,
 To ruine of the realme, themselves and all,
 So giddy are the common people's mindes,
 So glad of chaunge, more wavering than the sea.
 Ye see (my lordes) what strength these rebelles have,
 What hugie nombre is assembled still,
 For though the traiterous fact for which they rose
 Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field;
 So that how farre their furies yet will stretch
 Great cause we have to dreade; that we may seeke
 By present battaile to repress their power,
 Speede must we use to levie force therfore,
 For either they forthwith will mischief worke,
 Or their rebellious roares forthwith will cease:
 These violent thinges may have no lasting long.
 Let us therfore use this for present helpe;
 Perswade by gentle speach, and offre grace
 With gift of pardon save unto the chiefe;
 And that upon condicion that forthwith
 They yelde the captaines of their enterprife,
 To beare such guerdon ⁴⁰ of their traiterous fact

⁴⁰ *guerdon*] reward. See Note 46 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.
 p. 129.

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As may be both due vengeance to themselves,
 And holsome terrour to posteritie.
 This shall I thinke, scatter the greatest parte,
 That now are holden with desire of home,
 Weriend in field with cold of winter's nightes,
 And some (no doubt) striken with dread of law.
 Whan this is once proclaimed, it shall make
 The captaines to mistrust the multitude,
 Whose safetie biddes them to betray their heads,
 And so much more bycause the rascall routes,
 In thinges of great and petillous attemptes,
 Are never trustie to the noble race.
 And while we treate and stand on termes of grace,
 We shall both stay their furies rage the while,
 And eke gaine time, whose onely helpe sufficeth
 Withouten warre to vanquish rebelles power.
 In the meane while, make you in redynes
 Such band of horsemen as ye may prepare:
 Horsemen (you know) are not the commons strength,
 But are the iorce and store of noble men,
 Wherby the unchosen and unarmed fort⁴¹
 Of skilleffe rebelles, whome none other power,
 But nombre makes to be of dreadfull force,
 With sodeyne brunt may quickly be opprest,
 And if this gentle meane of proffered grace
 With stubborne heartes cannot so farre awayle
 As to asswage their desperate courages;
 Then do I wish such slaughter to be made,
 As present age and eke posteritie
 May be adrad⁴² with horroure of revenge,
 That justly then shall on these rebelles fall:
 This is, my lord, the summe of mine advise.

⁴¹ *unchosen and unarmed fort*] *multitude*. See Note 4 to Gammer Gurton's Needle, vol. II. p. 7.

⁴² *may be adrad*] *Adrad* is the participle passive of *adrede*: afraid. S. So, in Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. R 4: "— lyke as great princes have wysemen in jelousie and suspicion, as Julius Cæsar had Brutus and also Cassius, whereas he nothinge helde hymselfe *adradd* of drunken Mark Anthony."

Clotyn.

FERREX AND PORREX. 135

Clotyn.

Neither this case admittes debate at large;
And though it did, this speach that hath ben sayd
Hath well abridged the tale I would have tolde.
Fully with Eubulus do I consent
In all that he hath sayde; and if the same
To you my lordes may seeme for best advise,
I wish that it should streight be put in ure.

Mandud.

My lordes, then let us presently depart
And follow this that liketh ⁴³ us so well.

Fergus.

If ever time to gaine a kingdome here
Were offred man, now it is offred me:
The realme is rest both of their king and queene,
The offspring of the prince is slaine and dead,
No issue now remaines, the heire unknowen,
The people are in armes and mutynies,
The nobles they are busied how to cease
These great rebellious tumukes and uproares.
And Brittain land now desert left alone
Amyd these broyles uncertayn where to rest,
Offers herselfe unto that noble hart
That will or dare pursue to beare her crowne:
Shall I that am the duke of Albanye
Discended from that line of noble bloud,
Which hath so long florished in worthy fame
Of valiaunt hartes, such as in noble brestes,
Of right should rest above the baser fort,
Refuse to adventure life to winne a crowne?
Whom shall I finde enemies that will withstand
My fact herein, if I attempt by armes
To seeke the same now in these times of broyle?
These dukes power can hardly well appease
The people that already are in armes.
But if perhappes my force be once in field,
Is not my strength in power above the best
Of all these lordes now left in Brittain land.

⁴³ *liketh*] pleaseth. See Note 8 to *Cornelia*, vol. II. p. 243.

And

156 FERREX AND PORREX.

And though they should match me with power of men,
 Yet doubtfull is the chaunce of battailes joyned.
 If victors of the field we may depart,
 Ours is the scepter then of great Brittainye,
 If slayne amid the playne this body Iye,
 Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this,
 But that I dyed geyng the noble charge
 To hazarde life for conquest of a crowne.
 Forthwith therefore will I in post depart
 To Albanye, and raise in armour there
 All power I can: and here my secret frendes
 By secret practise shall sollicite still
 To seeke to wyne to me the people's hartes.

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

Eubulus. Clotyn. Mandud. Gwenard. Aroflus. Nuntius.

Eubulus.

O JOVE, how are these people's harts abusde?
 What blind fury thus headlong caries them?
 That though so many bookes, so many rolles
 Of auncient time recorde what grevous plagues
 Light on these rebelles aye, and though so oft
 Their eares have heard their aged fathers tell
 What iuste reward these traitours still receyve;
 Yea though themselves have sene depe death and bloud
 By strangling cord and slaughter of the sword
 To such assigned, yet can they not beware,
 Yet can not stay their lewde rebellious handes,
 But suffring loe fowle treason to distaine
 Their wretched myndes, forget their loyall hart,
 Reject all truth, and rise against their prince.
 A ruthfull case, that those whom duties bond,
 Whom grafted law, by nature, truth, and faith
 Bound to preserve their countrey and their king,
 Borne to defend their common wealth and prince,
 Even they should geve consent thus to subvert
 Thee Brittain land, and from thy wombe should bring

(O native foile) those, that will needs destroy
 And ruyne thee and eke themselves in fine :
 For lo, when once the duke had offred grace
 Of pardon sweete (the multitude misledde
 By traiterous fraude of their ungracious heades)
 One sort that saw the dangerous successe
 Of stubborne standing in rebellious warre,
 And knew the difference of princes power,
 From headlesse nombre of tumultuous routes,
 Whom common countreies care and private feare
 Taught to repent the error of their rage,
 Layde hands upon the captaines of their band,
 And brought them bound unto the mightie dukes.
 And other sort, not trusting yet so well
 The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more
 Their owne offence than that they could conceive
 Sure hope of pardon for so foule misdede,
 Or for that they their captaines could not yeld,
 Who fearing to be yelded fled before,
 Stale home by silence of the secret night.
 The third unhappy and enraged sort
 Of desperate hartes, who stained in princes blood,
 From trayterous furour could not be withdrawen
 By love, by law, by grace, ne yet by feare,
 By proffered life, ne yet by threatned death,
 With mindes hopelesse of life, dreadlesse of death,
 Carelesse of countrey, and awelesse of God,
 Stood bent to fight as furies did them move
 With violent death to close their traiterous life :
 These all by power of horsemen were opprest,
 And with revenging sworde slayne in the field,
 Or with the strangling cord hangd on the tree,
 Where yet the caryen carcases do preach
 The fruites that rebelles reape of their uproares,
 And of the murder of their sacred prince.
 But loe, where do approche the noble dukes,
 By whom these tumults have ben thus appeasde.

Clotyn.

I thinke the world will now at length beware,
 And feare to put on armes agaynst their prince.

Mandud.

Manduel.

If not : those trayterous hartes that dare rebell,
 Let them beholde the wide and hugie fieldes
 With bloud and bodies spread of rebelles slayne;
 The losly trees clothed with corpses dead
 That strangled with the cord do hang thereon.

Aroflus.

A iust rewarde, such as all times before
 Have ever lotted to those wretched folkes.

Gawenard.

But what meanes he that comeneth here so fast?

Nuntius.

My lordes, as dutie and my trouth doth move,
 And of my countrey worke a care in me,
 That if the spending of my breath auailed
 To do the service that my hart desires,
 I would not shunne to imbrace a present death,
 So have I now in that wherein I thought
 My travayle mought performe some good effect
 Ventred my life to bring these tydings here.
 Fergus the mightie duke of Albanye
 Is now in armes, and lodgeth in the fiede
 With twentie thousand men, hether he bendes
 His speddy march, and mindes to invade the crowne,
 Dayly he gathereth strength, and spreads abroad
 That to this realme no certaine heire remaines,
 That Brittainē land is left without a guide,
 That he the scepter seekes, for nothing els
 But to preserve the people and the land
 Which now remaine as shippe without a sterne⁴⁴;
 Loe this is that which I have here to say.

Clotyn.

Is this his fayth? and shall he falsely thus
 Abuse the vauntage of unhappie times?
 O wretched land, if his outrageous pride,
 His cruell and untrempered wilfulnesse,
 His deepe dissembling, shewes of false pretence,
 Should once attaine the crowne of Brittainē land.

⁴⁴ without a sterne] A sterne was the antient term for the rudder. See
 King Henry V. S.

Let

FERREX AND PORREX. 159

Let us, my lordes, with timely force resist
The new attempt of this our common foe,
As we would quench the flames of common fire.

Mondul.

Though we remaine without a certain prince
To weld the realm, or guide the wandring rule,
Yet now the common mother of us all,
Our native land, our countrey that contains
Our wives, children, kindred, ourselves, and all,
That ever is or may be deare to man,
Cries unto us to helpe ourselves and her:
Let us aduance our powers to repress
This growing foe of all our liberties.

Greenard.

Yea let us so, my lordes, with hasty speede:
And ye (O goddess) send us the welcome death,
To shed our bloud in field, and leave us not
In lothesome life to lenger out our dayes,
To see the hugie heapes of these unhappes,
That now roll downe upon the wretched land,
Where emptie place of princely governaunce,
No certaine stay now left of doubtlesse heire,
Thus leave this guidelesse realme an open pray
To endlesse stormes and waste of civill warre.

Arostus.

That ye (my lordes) do so agree in one
To save your countrey from the violent reigne
And wrongfully usurped tyrannie
Of him that threatens conquest of you all,
To save your realme, and in this realme yourselves
From forreine thraldome of so proud a prince,
Much do I prayse; and I besech the goddess
With happy honour to requite it you.
But (O my lords) sith now the heavens wrath
Hath rest this lande the issue of their prince;
Sith of the body of our late soveraigne lorde
Remaines no moe, since the yong kinges be slaine,
And of the title of discended crowne,
Uncertainly the diverſe mindes do thinke
Even of the learned sort, and more uncertainly

Will

Will parciall fancie and affection deeme :
 But most uncertainly will climbing pride
 And hope of reigne withdraw to sundrie partes
 The doubtfull right and hopefull lust to reigne :
 When once this noble service is archieved,
 For Brittain land the mother of ye all,
 When once ye have with armed force repress,
 The proude attemptes of this Albanian prince,
 That threatens thraldome to your native land,
 When ye shall vanquishers returne from field
 And find the princely state an open pray,
 To greedie lust and to usurping power ;
 Then, then (my lordes) if ever kindly care
 Of auncient honour of your auncesters,
 Of present wealth and noblesse of your stockes,
 Yea of the lives and safetie yet to come
 Of your deare wives, your children, and yourselves,
 Might move your noble hartes with gentle ruth,
 Then, then have pitie on the torne estate,
 Then helpe to salve the wel neare hopelesse sore :
 Which ye shall do, if ye yourselves withholde
 The slaying knife from your owne mother's throat,
 Her shall you save, and you and yours in her,
 If ye shall all with one assent forbear
 Once to lay hand, or take unto yourselves,
 The crowne by colour of pretended right ;
 Or by what other meanes so ever it be,
 Till first by common counsell of you all
 In parliament, the regall diademe
 Be set in certaine place of governaunce,
 In which your parliament and in your choise,
 Preferre the right (my lordes) without ⁴⁵ respect
 Of strength or frendes, or whatsoever cause
 That may set forward any others part,
 For right will last, and wrong can not endure.
 Right meane I his or hers, upon whose name
 The people rest by meane of native line,
 Or by the vertue of some former lawe,
 Already made their title to advaunce :

⁴⁵ without] with, edit. 1570.

Such one (my lordes) let be your chosen king,
 Such one so borne within your native land,
 Such one preferre, and in no wise admitte,
 The heaue yoke of forreine governance:
 Let forreine titles yelde to publike wealth,
 And with that hart wherewith ye now prepare
 Thus to withstand the proude invading foe,
 With that same hart (my lordes) keepe out also
 Unnaturall thraldome of strangers reigne,
 Ne suffer you against the rules of kinde,
 Your mother land to serve a forreine prince.

Eubulus.

Loe here the end of Brutus royall line,
 And loe the entry to the wofull wracke
 And utter ruine of this noble realme.
 The royall king, and eke his sonnes are slaine,
 No ruler restes within the regall seate:
 The heire to whom the scepter longes unknownen;
 That to eche force of forreine princes power,
 Whom vauntage of your wretched state may move,
 By sodeine armes to gaine so riche a realme,
 And to the proud and gredie minde at home
 Whom blinded lust to reigne leades to aspire,
 Loe Brittain realme is left an open pray,
 A present spoyle by conquest to ensue.
 Who seeth not now how many rising mindes
 Do feede their thoughts, with hope to reach a realme?
 And who will not by force attempt to winne
 So great a gaine that hope perswades to haue:
 A simple colour shall for title serue,
 Who winnes the royall crowne will want no right,
 Nor such as shall display by long discent
 A lineall race to prove him lawfull king.
 In the meane while these civil armes shall rage,
 And thus a thousand mischiefes shall unfolde
 And farre and neare spread thee (O Brittain land)
 All right and lawe shall cease, and he that had
 Nothing to-day, to morrowe shall enjoye
 Great heapes of golde, and he that flowed in wealth,
 Loe he shall be bereft of life and all;

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L

And

And happiest he that then possesseth least.
 The wives shall suffer rape, the maides defloured,
 And children fatherlesse shall weepe and waile:
 With fire and sworde thy native folke shall perishe,
 One kinsman shall bereave an others life,
 The father shall unwitting slay the sonne,
 The sonne shall slay the fire and know it not;
 Women and maides the cruel souldiers sword
 Shall perse to death, and fillie children loe
 That playing⁴⁶ in the streetes and fieldes are found,
 By violent hand shall close their latter day.
 Whom shall the fierce and bloody souldier
 Reserve to life? whom shall he spare from death?
 Even thou (O wretched mother) halfe alive,
 Thou shalt beholde thy deare and onely childe
 Slaine with the sworde while he yet suckes thy brest.
 Loe, gilleesse blood shall thus eche where be shed;
 Thus shall the wasted foyle yelde forth no fruite
 But dearth and famine shall possesse the land.
 The townes shall be consumed, and burnt with fire;
 The peopled cities shall waxe desolate,
 And thou O Brittain whilome in renowe,
 Whilome in wealth and fame shalt thus be torne.
 Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in twaine,
 Thus wasted and defaced, spoyled and destroyed,
 These be the fruites your civill warres will bring.
 Hereto it commes when kinges will not consent
 To grave advise, but follow wilfull will:
 This is the end, when in sonde prince's hartes
 Flattery prevailes, and sage rede hath no place:
 These are the plagues when murder is the meane
 To make new heires unto the royall crowne.
 Thus wreke the Gods when that the mother's wrath
 Nought but the blood of her own childe may swage;
 These mischiefes spring, when rebells will arise,
 To worke revenge and judge their prince's fact,
 This, this ensues when noble men do faile
 In loyall trowth, and subjectes will be kinges.

⁴⁶ *playing*] play, edit. 1570.

And this doth growe, when loe unto the prince,
 Whome death or sodeine happe of life bereaves,
 No certaine heire remaines, such certain heire,
 As not all onely is the rightfull heire,
 But to the realme is so made knowen to be,
 And trouth therby vested in subjectes hartes,
 To owe sayth there, where right is knowen to rest:
 Alas, in parliament what hope can be,
 When is of parliament no hope at all,
 Which though it be assembled by consent,
 Yet is not likely with consent to end:
 While eche one for himselfe, or for his frend;
 Against his foe, shall travaile what he may,
 While now the state left open to the man,
 That shall with greatest force invade the same,
 Shall fill ambitious mindes with gaping hope;
 When will they once with yelding hartes agree?
 Or in the while how shall the realme be used?
 No, no: then parliament should have bene holden,
 And certaine heires appointed to the crowne
 To staye the title on established right,
 And in the people plant obedience,
 While yet the prince did live, whose name and power
 By lawfull somtions and authoritie,
 Might make a parliament to be of force,
 And might have set the state in quiet stay:
 But now, O happie man, whom spedie death
 Deprives of life, ne is enforced to see
 These hugie mischiefes and these miseries,
 These civill warres, these murders, and these wronges.
 Of justice yet must God in fine restore,
 This noble crowne unto the lawfull heire:
 For right will alwayes live, and rise at length,
 But wrong can never take deepe roote to last.

E D I T I O N S.

(1.) "The Tragedie of Gorboduc; whereof three Actes
 " were written by Thomas Nortone, and the two laste by
 " Thomas Sackvyle. Settforth as the same was shewed be-
 " fore the Queenes most excellent Majestie, in her highnes
 " court of Whitehall, the 18 Jan. 1561. By the Gentlemen
 " of Thynner Temple, in London, Sept. 22, 4to." Printed
 for William Griffith. (See Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*,
 p. 316.)

This Edition I have not seen. It appears to be the first
 spurious one complained of by the Authors.

(2.) "The Tragidie of FERREX AND PORREX. Set-
 " forth without addition or alteration; but altogether as the
 " same was shewed on stage before the Queenes Majestie
 " about nine yeares past, viz. the XVIII day of Januarie,
 " 1561, by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple. Seen and
 " allowed, &c. Imprinted at London by John Daye, dwelling
 " over Aldersgate. B. L. 8vo."

In the Bodleian Library, and in the possession of Thomas
 Pearson, Esq;

(3.) "The Tragedie of GORBODUC; whereof three Actes
 " were written by Thomas Norton, and the two last by
 " Thomas Sackvyle. Setforth as the same was shewed before
 " the Queenes most excellent Majesty, in her highnes court
 " of Whitehall, by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple.
 " At London, printed by Edward Allde for John Perrin, and
 " are to be sold in Paule's Churchyard, at the signe of the
 " Angell. B. L. 4to, 1590."

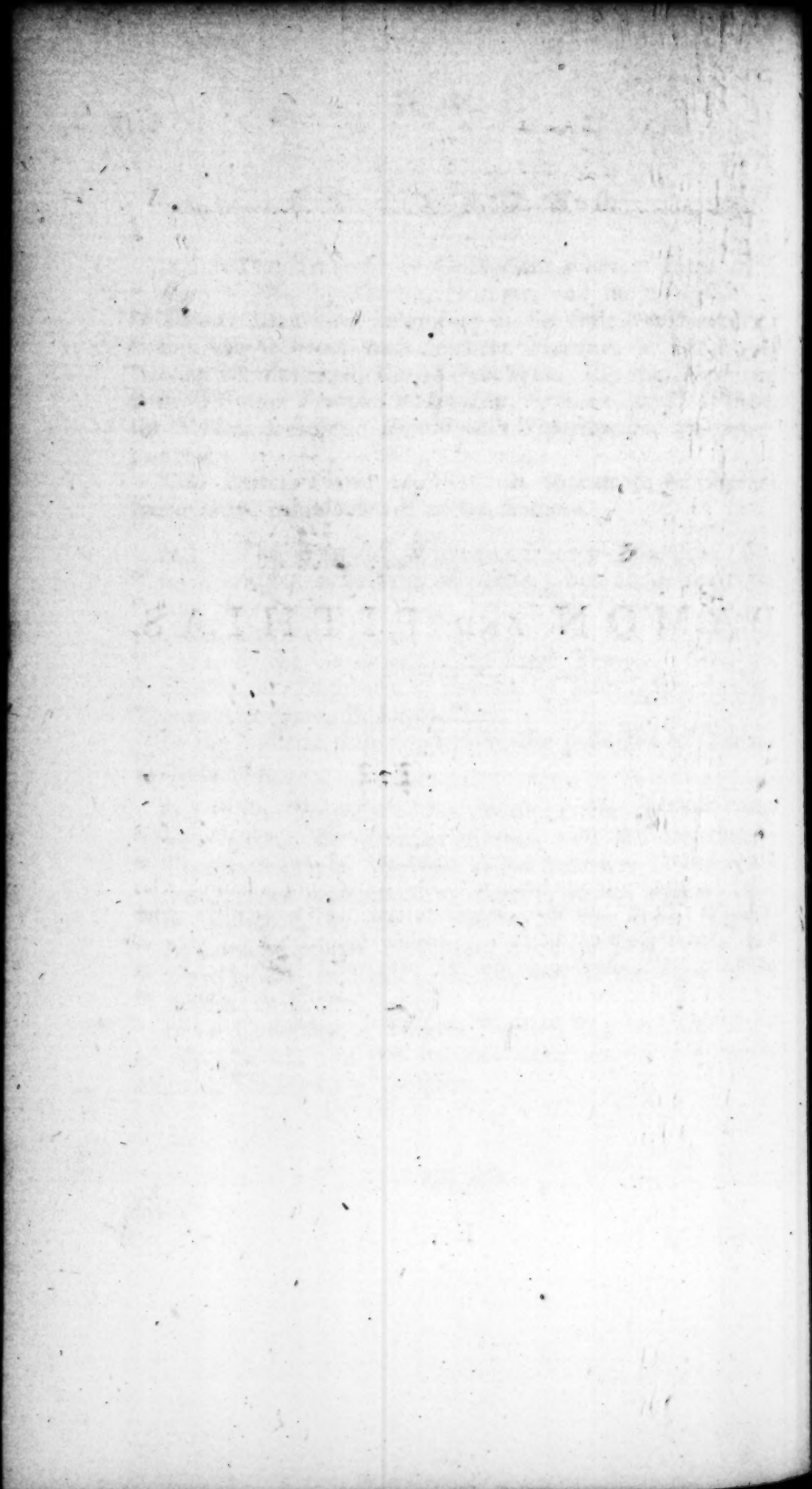
In the Collection of Thomas Pearson, Esq; and also in that
 of Mr. Garrick. In the last-mentioned copy is a discourse,
 entitled, *The Serpent of Devision*.



DAMON

DAMON AND PITHIAS.

L 3



RICHARD EDWARDS, a Somersetsshire man, was born in the year 1523, admitted a scholar of Corpus Christi College on the 11th of May, 1540, and probationer fellow on the 11th of August, 1544. At the foundation of Christ-Church, by King Henry the Eighth, in the year 1547, he was chosen a student of the upper-table, and in the same year took the degree of Master of Arts. From the University, he removed to Lincoln's-Inn; and in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign was appointed one of the gentlemen of her chapel, and master of the children there. He died, according to Sir John Hawkins¹, on the 31st of October, 1566.

He was the Author of

(1.) *Damon and Pithias*: A Comedy. Acted before the Queen by the children of her chapel, and published in 4to, 1571. 4to, 1582.

(2.) *Palæmon and Arcyte*: A Comedy. In two Parts. Acted in Christ-Church-Hall, 1566. This piece was represented on the 2d and 3d of September. The first evening, it was scarcely begun to be performed before it became a Tragedy, for by the weight of the multitudes the scaffold fell down. Five men were greatly hurt and wounded, and three killed by the fall of a wall². On the second evening, the Queen is said to have been much entertained. After the play was ended, she called the Author to her, commended his work, promised what she would do for him, and talked to him in the most familiar way. One of the performers, supposed to be young Carew, pleased her so much, that she made him a present of eight guineas. See Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. I. p. 151.; and Peshall's *History of the University of Oxford*, 227, 228. Chetwood says, both parts of this play were printed, with the Author's Songs and Poems, in 1585.

¹ History of Musick, vol. II. p. 541.

² Peshall's History of the University of Oxford, 227.

Wood assures us, that there were several other dramatick piece by him, which he did not live to finish; and that it was the opinion of many, he would have run mad had he continued to exercise his talents as a writer for the stage.

He was, also, the Author of

Some Poems printed in *The Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 4to, 1575. and a Poem called, *Edward's Souknil*; or, *The Soule's knell*: written in his last illness.

He appears to have obtained a considerable reputation as a dramatick writer, which will appear from the following testimony in Puttenham's Art of Poetry: "I think that for
 " Tragedy the Lord Buckhurst and Maister Edward Ferrys,
 " for such doings as I have seen of theirs, do deserve the
 " highest price; the Earl of Oxford, and Mr. Edwards of her
 " Majesty's Chapel, for Comedy and Interlude." An Epitaph on him is said to be printed among the Poems of George Turberville.

T H E
P R O L O G U E,

O N everie syde, wheras I glaunce my roving eye,
 Silence in all eares bent I playnly doe espie:
 But if your egre lookes doo longe such toyes to see,
 As heretofore in comynical wise were wont abroad to bee:
 Your lust is lost, and all the pleasures that you fought,
 Is frustrate quite of toying playes. A soden change is wrought:
 For loe, our author's muse, that masked in delight,
 Hath forst his penne against his kinde², no more such sportes to write,
 Muse he that lust, (right worshipfull) for chaunce hath made this
 change,
 For that to some he seemed too much in yonge desires to range:
 In whiche, right glad to please, seyng that he did offende,
 Of all he humblie pardon craves: his pen that shall amende:
 And yet (worshipfull audience) thus much I dare advouche,
 In commedies, the greatest skyll is this, rightly to touche
 All thynges to the quicke: and eke to frame eche person so,
 That by his common talke, you may his nature rightly know:
 A royster ought not preache, that were to strange to heare,
 But as from vertue he doth swerve, so ought his wordes appeare:

² kinde,] See p. 110.

*The olde man is sober, the yonge man rashe, the lover triumphyng
in joyes,*

The matron grave, the harlot wilde, and full of wanton toyes.

Whiche all in one course, they no wise doo agree :

So correspondent to their kinde their speeches ought to be.

Which speeches well pronounste, with action hyvely framed,

If this offende the lookers on, let Horace then be blamed,

*Which bath our author taught at schole, from whom he doth
not swarve,*

In all such kinde of exercise decorum to observe.

Thus much for his defence (he sayth) as poetes earst have donne,

Which heretofore in commodies, the selfe same rase did ronne :

But now for to be brieft, the matter to expresse,

Which here wee shall present, is this : Damon and Pithias.

A rare ensample of frendship true, it is no legend lie,

But a thyng once donne indeede, as hystories doo discerie.

Whiche donne of yore in longe time past, yet present shall be here,

Even as it were in doinge now, so lively it shall appeare :

*Lo here in Siraxuse th^e auncient towne, which once the Romaines
wonne,*

*Here Dionisius pallace, within whose courte this thing most strange
was donne,*

Which matter mixt with myrth and care, a just name to applie,

As seemes most fit, wee have it termed, a tragicall commedie.

Wherein talkyng of courtly toyes, we doe protest this flat,

Wee talke of Dionisius courte, wee meane no court but that.

And that we doo so meane, who wisely calleth to minde

The time, the place, the author³, here most plainely shall it finde.

*Loe this I speake⁴ for our defence, least of others we should be
shent⁵ :*

But worthy audience, wee you pray, take thynges as they be ment ;

W^hose

³ author,] authours, 1st. edit.

⁴ speaks] spake, 2d. edit.

⁵ be shent:] To shend, says Mr. Steevens, is to reprove harshly, to treat with injurious language. Note to Hamlet, A. 3. S. 2.

Again,

*Whose upright judgement we doo crave, with heedfull care and eye,
To here the cause, and see the effect of this newe tragicall commedie.*

Again, in *Ascham's Report and Discourse*. *Bennet's Edition*, p. 38. :
 "A wonderfull follie, in a great man himselfe, and some piece of miserie
 "in a whole commonwealth, where fooles chiefly and flatterers may
 "speake freely what they will, and wise men and good men shal com-
 "monly be shent, if they speake what they should.

NAMES

NAMES of the SPEAKERS.

ARISTIPPUS, a pleasant gentleman.

CARISOPHUS, a parasite.

DAMON,
PITHIAS, } two gentlemen of Greece.

STEPHANO, servant to **DAMON** and **PITHIAS**.

WILL, **ARISTIPPUS** lackey.

JACKE, **CARISOPHUS** lackey.

SNAP, the porter.

DIONISIUS, the kynge.

EUBULUS, the kinge's counfelour,

GRONNO, the hangman.

GRIMME, the colyer.

DAMON

DAMON AND PITHIAS.

Here entreteth Aristippus.

Aristippus.

TH O' strange (perhaps) it seemes to some,
That I Aristippus a courtier am become:
A philosopher of late, not of the meanist name,
But now, to the courtly behaviour, my lyfe I frame.
Muse he that lyst, to you of good skill,
I say that I am a phylosopher styll.
Lovers of wisdom, are termed philosophers⁶,
Then who is a philosopher so rightly as I?
For in lovyng of wisdom, prooffe doth this trie,
That *frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi*.
I am wyse for myselfe, then tell me of troth,
Is not that great wisdom, as the world goth?
Some philosophers in the streete go ragged and torne,
And feede on vyle rootes, whom boyes laugh to scorne:
But I in fine filkes haunt Dionisius' pallace,
Wherin with dayntie fare myselfe I do solace.
I can talke of philosophie as well as the best,
But the strait kynde of lyfe I leave to the rest.
And I professe now the courtly philosophie,
To crouche, to speake fayre, myselfe I applie,
To feede the kinge's humour with pleasant devises,
For which, I am called *Regius canis*.
But wot ye who named me first the kinge's dogge?
It was the roage Diogenes, that vile grunting hogge.
Let him rolle in his tubbe, to winne a vaine praise,
In the courte pleasantly I wyll spende all my dayes;
Wherin, what to doo, I am not to learne,
What wyll serve myne owne turne, I can quickly discearne.

⁶ *philosophers,*] Philosophie, both Editions. The alteration by Mr. Doddsley.

All my tyme at schoole I have not spent vaynly,
I can helpe one, is not that a good point of philosophy?

Here entreth Carisophus.

Carisophus.

I beshrew your fine eares, since you came from schoole,
In the court you have made many a wiseman a foole;
And though you paint out your fayned phylosophie,
So God helpe me, it is but a plaine kinde of flattery,
Which you use so finely in so pleasant a sorte,
That none but Aristippus now makes the kinge sporte.
Ere you came hyther, poore I was some body,
The king delighted in mee, now I am but a noddy.

Aristippus.

In faith, Carisophus, you know yourselfe best,
But I will not call you noddie, but only in jest,
And thus I assure you, though I came from schoole
To serve in this court, I came not yet to be the kinges foole;
Or to fill his eares with servile squirillie,
That office is yours, you know it right perfectlie.
Of parasites and sicophantes you are a grave⁷ bencher,
The king feedes you often from his owne trencher.
I envye not your state, nor yet your great favour,
Then grudge not at all, if in my behaviour
I make the kinge mery, with pleasant urbanitie,
Whom I never abused to any man's injurie.

Carisophus.

Be cocke sir, yet in the courte you doo⁸ best thrive,
For you get more in one day then I doo in five.

Aristippus.

Why man, in the court, doo you not see
Rewardes geven for vertue, to every degree?
To reward the unworthy that worlde is done,
The court is changed, a good thread hath bin sponne
Of dogges woll heeretofore, and why? because it was liked,
And not for that it was best trimmed and picked:
But now men's eares are finer, such grosse toyes are not set by,
Therefore to a trimmer kynde of myrth myselfe I applye:

⁷ grave] great, 2d edit.

⁸ doo] omitted in 2d edit.

Wherein though I please, it commeth not of my desert,
But of the kinge's favour.

Carisophus.

It may so be; yet in your prosperitie,
Dispise not an olde courtier, Carisophus is he;
Which hath long time fed Dionisius' humor:
Diligently to please, styll at hand; there was never rumour
Spread in this^e towne of any smale thinge, but I
Brought it to the kinge in post by and by:
Yet now I crave your friendship, which if I may attayne,
Most sure and untained friendship I promyse you againe:
So we two linckt in friendshipp, brother and brother,
Full well in the court may helpe one another.

Aristippus.

By'r lady, Carisophus, though you know not philosophie,
Yet surely you are a better courtier then I:
And yet I not so evyll a courtier, that wyll seeme to dispise
Such an olde courtier as you, so expert and so wyse.
But whereas you crave myne, and offer your friendship so
willingly,
With hart I geve you thanks for this your great curtesie:
Assuring of friendship both with tooth and nayle,
Whiles life lasteth, never to fayle.

Carisophus.

A thousand thanks I geve you, oh friend Aristippus.

Aristippus.

O friend Carisophus.

Carisophus.

How joyfull am I, sith I have to friend Aristippus now!

Aristippus.

None so glad of Carisophus' friendship as I, I make God a
vowe,

I speake as I thinke, beleve me.

Carisophus.

Sith we are now so friendly joyned, it seemeth to mee,
That one of us help eche other in every degree:
Prefer you my cause, when you are in presence,
To further your matters to the kinge, let me alone in your
absence.

• *this]* the, 2d edit.

Aristippus.

Aristippus.

Friend Carisophus, this shall be done as you would wish :
But I pray you tell mee thus much by the way,
Whither now from this place wyll you take your journey ?

Carisophus.

I wyll not dissemble, that were against friendship,
I goe into the citie some knaves to nip.
For talke with their goodes, to encrease the kyng's treasure,
In such kinde of service I set my cheefe pleasure :
Farewel, friend ¹⁰ Aristippus, now for a time.

[Exit

Aristippus.

Adewe, friend Carisophus.—In good faith now,
Of force I must laugh at this solempne vow.
Is Aristippus linkt in friendship with Carisophus ?

*Quid cum tanto asino, talis philosophus ?*They say, *Morum similitudo consultat amicitias.*

Then, how can this friendship betwene us two come to passe ?

¹¹ We are as like in condicions, as Jacke Fletcher and his bowlt,
I brought up in learnyng, but he is a very dolt,
As touching good letters ; but otherwise such a craftie knave,
Yt you seeke a whole region, his lyke you can not have :
A villaine for his lyfe, a varlet died in graine,
You lose money by him, ¹² if you sell him for one knave,
for hee serves for twaine :

A flatterying parasite, a sicophant also,
A common accuser of men : to the good an open foe.
Of halfe a worde, he can make a legend of lies,
Which he will advouch with such tragicall cryes,

¹⁰ friend] omitted in 2d edit.

¹¹ We are as like in condicions, as Jacke Fletcher and his bowlt] A Fletcher is a maker of arrows, from *fleche* an arrow, Fr. The Fletchers Company had several charters granted to them, though at present, I believe, they have only a nominal existence. Aristippus means to say, that he differs as much in disposition from Carisophus, as Jack the arrowsmith varies in quality from a bolt or arrow of his own making. S.

¹² — if you sell him for one knave, for hee serves for twaine] So, in *Leke to Leke*, quoth the Devil to the Collier, 1589 :

“ There thou mayst be called a knave in grane,

“ And where knaves be scant thou mayst go for twayne.”

See a Note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, vol. I. edit. 1778, p. 176. S.

As though all were true that comes out of his mouth.
 Were he indede to be hanged by and by,
 He cannot tell one tale, but twyfe he must lie.
 He spareth no man's life to get the kinge's favour,
 In which kind of servis he hath got such a favour,
 That he wyll never leave. Methinke then that I
 Have done verie wisely to joyne in friendship with him, lest
 perhaps I

Comming in his way might be nipt; for such knaves in pre-
 sence,

We see oft times put honest men to silence:
 Yet I have play'd with his beard in knitting this knot,
 I promist friendship, but you love few wordes: I spake it, but
 I meant ¹³ it not.

Who markes this friendship betwene us two
 Shal judge of the worldely friendship without any more a doo.
 It may be a ryght pattern therof; but true friendship indeede
 Of nought but of vertue doth truly proseede.
 But why do I now enter into philosophie,
 Which doo professe the fine kinde of curtesie?
 I wyll hence to the court, with all haste I may,
 I thinke the king be stirring, it is now bright day.
 To wait at a pinche, still in sight I meane,
 For wot ye what? a new broome sweepes cleane ¹⁴.
 As to hie honor I mynde not to clime,
 So I meane in the court to lose no time:
 Wherein, happy man be his dole ¹⁵, I trust that I
 Shall not speede worit, and that very quickly. [Exit.]

¹³ mean] meane, 2d edit.

¹⁴ a new broome sweepes cleane] This was proverbial. See Ray's *Collection of Proverbs*, p. 140.

¹⁵ happy man be his dole] A proverbial expression often found in ancient writers. *Dole*, Mr. Stevens observes (Note to *The Taming of the Shrew*, A. 1. S. 1.), is any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. It is generally written *be his dole*, though Ray, p. 116, gives it as in the 2d 4to. *by his dole*. Shakespeare also uses the phrase in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Again, in *Hudibras*, P. 1. C. 3. l. 637:

"Let us that are unhurt and whole

"Fall on, and happy man be's dole."

Here entreth Damon and Pithias like mariners.

Damon.

O Neptune, immortall be thy prayse,
For that so safe from Greece we have past the seas
To this noble citie Siracuse, where we
The auncient raygne of the Romaines may see.
Whose force Greece also heretofore hath knowne,
Whose vertue the shrill trump of fame so farre hath blowne.

Pithias.

My Damon, of right, high prayse we ought to geve
To Neptune and all the gods, that we safely dyd arryve :
The seas, I thinke, with contrary winds never raged so,
I am even yet so seasicke, that I faynt as I go ;
Therefore let us get some lodgyng quickly.
But where is Stephano ?

Here entreth Stephano.

Stephano.

Not farre hence : a pockes take these maryner knaves,
Not one would healpe mee to carry this stuffe, such drunken
flaves

I thinke be accursed of the goddes owne mouthes.

Damon.

Stephano, leave thy ragyng, and let us enter Siracuse,
We wil provide lodgyng, and thou shalt be eased of thy burden
by and by.

Stephano.

Good mayster make haste, for I tell you playne,
This heavy burden puts poore Stephano to much payne.

Pithias.

Come on thy wayes, thou shalt be eased, and that anon.

[*Exeunt.*

Here entreth Carisophus.

Carisophus.

It is a true saying, that oft hath ben spoken,
The pitcher goeth so longe to the water, that it ¹⁶ commeth
home broken.

¹⁶ it] he, 1st edit.

My owne prooffe this hath taught me, for (truly) fith I
In the citie have used to walke very flyly,
Not with one can I meete, that wyll in talke joyne with mee,
And to creepe into men's bosomes¹⁷, some talke for to snatche,
By whiche, into one trip or other, I might trimly them catche,
And so accuse them: now, not with one can I meete,
That wyl joyne in talke with me, I am shun'd like a devill in
the streete.

My credit is crackte where I am knowne; but, I heare say,
Certaine straingers are arriv'd, they were a good pray,
If (happely) I might meete with them: I fear not I,
But in talke I should trippe them, and that very finely.
Whiche thinge, I assure you, I doo for myne owne gayne,
Or els I woulde not plodde thus up an downe, I tell you playne.
Well, I wyll for a whyle to the court, to see
What Aristippus doth; I would be loth in faver he should
over run me;

He is a subtile chyld, he flattereth so finely, that I feare mee,
He wyll licke the fatte from my lippes, and so out-wery mee,
Therefore I wyll not be longe absent, but at hand,
That all his fine driftes I may understande. [Exit,

Here entreth Wyll and Jacke.

Wyll.

I wonder what my master Aristippus meanes now a-daies,
That he leaveth philosophie, and seekes¹⁸ to please
Kyng Dionisius with such mery toyes:
In Dionisius' court now he only joyes,
As trim a courtier as the best,
Ready to answer, quicke in tauntes, pleasaunt to jesse,
A lustie companion to devise with fine dames,
Whose humour to feede, his wylie witte he frames.

Jacke.

By cocke, as you say, your master is a minion;
A foule coyle he keeps in this court; Aristippus alone
Now rules the roast with his pleasaunt devises,
That I feare he wyll put out of conceit my maister Carisophus.

¹⁷ bosomes] bosome, 2d edit.

¹⁸ seeks] seeketh, 2d edit.

Wyll.

Feare not that, Jacke; for like brother and brother,
They are knit in true friendship the one with the other;
They are fellows you knowe and honest men both,
Therefore the one to hinder the other, they wyll be lothe.

Jacke.

Yea, but I have heard say there is falsliod in felowshippe,
In the court sometimes one geves another finely the slippe:
Which when it is spied, it is laught out with a scoffe¹⁹,
And with sporting and playing quietly²⁰ shaken of:
In which kinde of toying, thy master hath such a grace,
That he wyll never blush, he hath a wodden face.
But, Wyll, my maister hath bees in his head,
If hee fynde mee heare pratinge, I am but dead:
He is still trotting in the citie, there is somewhat in the winde:
His lookes bewrays his inwarde troubled mynde:
Therefore I will be packing to the courte by and by;
If he be once angry, Jacke shall cry wo the pye.

Wyll.

By'r lady, if I tary longe here, of the same fauce shall I tast,
For my master sent mee on an errand, and bad mee make haste,
Therefore we wyll departe together. [Exeunt.]

*Here entreth Stephano.**Stephano.*

Oste times I have heard, before I came hether,
That no man can serve two maisters together:
A sentence so true, as moste men doo take it,
At any time false, that no man can make it;
And yet by their leave, that first have it spoken,
How that may prove false, even here I wyll open:
For I Stephano, loe, so named by my father,
At this time serve two masters together,
And love them alyke the one and the other;
I duly obey, I can doo no other.
A bondman I am, so nature hath wrought me,
One Damon of Greece, a gentleman, bought me.
To him I stande bond, yet serve I another,
Whom Damon my master loves, as his owne brother:

¹⁹ *scoffe*] grace, 2d edit.²⁰ *quietly*] quickly, 2d edit.

A gentle.

A gentleman too, and Pithias he is named,
 Fraught with vertue, whom vice never defamed:
 These two, since at schoole they fell acquainted,
 In mutuall friendship at no time have fainted,
 But loved so kindly and friendly eche other,
 As though they were brothers by father and mother:
 Pythagoras' learnynge these two have embrased,
 Which bothe are in vertue so narrowly laced,
 That all their whole doings doe fall to this issue,
 To have no respect, but onely to vertue:
 All one in effecte, all one in their goynge,
 All one in their study, all one in their doynge:
 These gentlemen both, beyng of one condicion,
 Both alike of my service have all the fruition:
 Pithias is joyfull, if Damon be pleased:
 Yf Pithias be served, then Damon is eased.
 Serve one, serve both, so neare, who would win them?
 I thinke they have but one hart betwene them.
 In travelyng countryes, we three have contrived²¹,
 Full many a yeare: and this day arrived
 At Siracusæ in Sicillia, that auncient towne,
 Where my masters are lodged; and I up and downe
 Go seekyng to learne what news here are walkyng,
 To harke of what thynges the people are talkyng.
 I lyke not this soyle: for as I goe ploddyng,
 I marke there two, there three, their heades alwayes noddynge,
 In close secreet wise, styll whisperyng together.
 If I aske any question, no man doth answer:
 But shakynge their heads, they go their wayes speakynge,
 I marke how with teares their wet eyes are leakyng:
 Some strangnesse there is, that breedeth this musinge.
 Well, I wyll to my masters, and tell of their usynge,

²¹ — we three have contrived,

Full many a yeare:] To *contrive*, in this place, signifies to wear away, to spend, from *contere*, Lat. So, in Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, A. 1. S. 2.

Please you we many *contrive* this afternoon?

Totum hunc *contrivi* diem. S.

See also the Notes of Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson on the above line in Shakspeare,

182 DAMON AND PITHIAS.

That they may learne, and walke wisely together :
I feare we shall curse the time we came heither.

[Exit.

Here entreth Aristippus and Wyll.

Aristippus.

Wyll, didst thou heare the ladies so talk of mee?
What ayleth them? from their nippes²¹ * shall I never be free?

Wyll.

Good faith, sir, all the ladies in the courte do plainly report,
That without mencion of them you can make no sporte:
They are your playne song, to singe descant upon²² ;
If they weare not, your mirth were gone.
Therefore, master, jest no more with women in any wise,
If you doo, by cocke you are lyke to know the price.

Aristippus.

By'r lady, Wyll, this is good counsell, playnely to jest
Of women, prooffe hath taught mee it is not the best:
I wyll change my copy, how be it I care not a quinche²³,
I know the galde horse will soonest winche:
But learne thou secretly what prively they talke
Of me in the courte; among them slyly walke,
And bring me true newes thereof,

Wyll.

I wyll, sir maister, therof have no doubt, for I
Where they talke of you, wyll enforme you perfectly.

Aristippus.

Do so, my boy: if thou bringe it finely to passe,
For thy good service, thou shalt go in thine olde coate at
Christmas.

[Exeunt.

Here entreth Damon, Pithias, and Stephano.

Damon.

Stephano, is all this true that thou hast tolde me?

²¹ * nippes] taunts, or sarcasms. See Johnson. N.

²² — playne song, to singe descant upon] Plain song, is planus cantus, uniform modulation. Descant, is musical paraphrase. See a Note on *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, vol. III. p. 63.; and another on *King Richard III.* vol. VII. p. 6. edit. 1778. S.

²³ — I care not a quinche] Spenser has this word, which, as Dr. Johnson observes, appears to be the same as *winch*. It should seem to be expressive of some slight degree of pain, and in this instance to mean the same as if the speaker had said, I care not a fillip. S.

Stephano.

Stephano.

Sir, for lies, hetherto ye never controlde mee.
Oh that we had never set foote on this land,
Where Dionisius raygnes with so bloody a hande!
Every day he sheweth some token of crueltie,
With blood he hath filled all the streetes in the citie;
I tremble to heare the people's murmuring,
I lament, to see his most cruell dealyng:
I thinke there is no suche tyraunt under the sunne;
O, my deare masters, this mornyng, what hath he done!

Damon.

What is that? tell us quickly.

Stephano.

As I this mornyng past in the streete,
With a wofull man (going to his death) did I meete.
Many people folowed, and I of one secretly
Asked the cause, why he was condemned to die?
Whispered in mine eare, nought hath he done but thus,
24 In sleape he dreamed he had killed Dionisius:
Which dreame tolde abroad, was brought to the kinge in poste,
By whome condemned for suspicion, his lyfe he hath lost:
Marcia was his name, as the people sayde.

Pithias.

My deare friende Damon, I blame not Stephano
For wishyng we had not come hether; seeyinge it is so,
That for so small cause, suche cruell death doth insue.

Damon.

My Pithias, where tirantes raigne, suche cases are not new,
Which fearynge their owne state for great crueltie 25,

24 *In sleape he dreamed he killed Dionisius*] A late writer observes, that "Dionysius the tyrant is said to have punished with death one of his subjects, for dreaming he had killed him. This was hardly more iniquitous, than the execution of the gentleman, who having a white deer in his park, which was killed by Edward the Fourth, wished the deer, horns and all, in the belly of him that counselled the king to kill it, whereas in truth no man counselled the king to it: or than the attainder and execution of Algernon Sydney, on the evidence of private and unpublished papers, without any proof, or even a suggestion, of their intended publication." *Principles of Penal Law*, C. xi.

25 *for great crueltie*] with crueltie, 2d edit.

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To sit fast as they thinke, doe execute speedely,
All suche as any light suspicion have tainted:

Stephano.

With such quicke cutters, I lyft not be aquainted.

Damon.

So are they never in quiet, but in suspicion styll;
When one is made away, they take occasion another to kill;
Ever in feare, havynge no trustie friends, voyde of all people's
love;
And in their owne confidence a continuall hell they proove.

Pithias.

As thynges by their contraries are alwayes best proved,
How happie are then mercifull princes of their people beloved!
Havynge sure friendes every where, no feare dorth touch them,
They may safely spend the daye pleasantly, at night

Secure dormiunt in utraque dormi.

O my Damon, if choyce were offered mee, I would choose to be
Pithias.

As I am (Damon's friende) rather then be king Dionisius.

Stephano.

And good cause why: for you are entierly beloved of one,
And as farre as I heare, Dionisius is beloved of none.

Damon.

That state is moste miserable: these happy are wee,
Whom true love hath joynd in perfect amytie:
Which amytie first sprong, without vaunting be it spoken, that
is true,
Of likelines of manners, tooke roote by company, and now is
conserved by vertue;
Which vertue alwaies though ²⁶ worldly things do not frame.
Yet doth she atchive to her followers immortall fame:
Whereof if men were carefull, for vertue's sake only
They would honour friendship, and not for commodities:
But such as for profit in friendship do lincke,
When stormes come, they slide away sooner than a man wyl
thinke:

My Pithias, the somme of my talke falles to this issue,
To prove no friendship is sure, but that which is grounded on
vertue.

²⁶ *though*] through, both editions. The alteration by Mr. Doddsley.
Pithias.

DAMON AND PITHIAS 124

Pithias,

My Damon, of this thyng there needes no prooffe to mee,
The gods forbyd, but that Pithyas with Damon in al thinge
shuld agree.

For why is it said, *Amicus alter ipse,*

But that true friendes should be two in body, but one in
minde?

As it were one transformed into another, which against kynde
Though it seeme, yet in good faith, when I am alone,
I forget I am Pithias, methinkes I am Damon.

Stephano.

That could I never doo, to forget my selfe, full well I know,
Wherefoever I go, that I am *pauper* Stephano:

But I pray you, sir, for all your phylosophie,

See that in this courte you walke very wisely:

You are but newly come hether, beyng straungers ye know,

Many eyes are bent on you in the streetes as ye go:

Many spies are abroad, you cannot be too circumspect.

Damon.

Stephano, because thou art carefull of mee thy maister, I do
thee praise;

Yet thinke this for a suertie, no state to displease

By talke or otherwise: my friende and I entende, we wyll here

As men that come to see the soyle and maners of al men of
every degree.

Pithagoras said, that this worlde was like a stage²⁷,

Wheron many play their partes: the lookers-on, the sage

Phylosophers are, saith he, whose parte is to learne

The maners of all nations, and the good from the bad to dis-
cerne.

Stephano.

Good faith, sir, concernynge the people they are not gay,

And as farre as I see they be mummers, for nought they say,

For the moste parte, what so ever you aske them.

The soyle is luche, that to live heare I cannot lyke.

Damon.

Thou speakest accordynge to thy learnynge, but I say,

Omne solum forti patriæ: a wise man may lyve every wheare;

²⁷ was like a stage] is lyke unto a stage, 2d edit.

Therefore,

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Therefore, my deare friende Pithias,
Let us view this towne in everie place,
And then consider the peoples maners also.

Pithias.

As you wyll, my Damon; but how say you Stephano?
Is it not best ere we go further, to take some repast?

Stephano.

In faith, I lyke well this question, sir; for all your haste,
To eate somewhat, I pray you, think it no folly;
It is hie dinner tyme, I know by my belly.

Damon.

Then let us to our lodging departe: when dinner is done,
We wyll view this citie as we have begonne. [Exeunt,

Here entreth Carisophus.

Carisophus.

Once agayne in hope of good wynd, I hoyse up my sayle,
I goe into the citie to finde som pray for myne availle:
I hunger while I may see the straungers that lately
Arrived, I were fase if once I might meete them happily.
Let them barke that lust at this kinde of gaine,
He is a foole that for his profit will not take payne:
Though it be joyned with other mens hurt, I care not at all,
For profit I wyll accuse any man, hap what shall.
But soft, sirs, I pray you huysh: what are they that come
here?

By their apparell and countinaunce, some strangers they ap-
peare:

I wyll throwde my selfe secretly, even here for a while,
To heare all their talke, that I may them beguyle.

Here entreth Damon and Stephano.

Stephano.

A shorte horse soone curried²⁸; my belly waxeth thinner,
I am as hungry now, as when I went to dinner:
Your philosophicall diet is so fine and small,
That you may eate your dinner and supper at once, and not
surfaite at all.

²⁸ A shorte horse soone curried;] See Ray's Proverbs, p. 156.

Damon.

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Damon.

Stephano, much meat breeds heavynes, thinne diet makes thee light.

Stephano.

I may be lighter thereby, but I shall never run the faster.

Damon.

I have had sufficiently discourse of amitie,
Which I had at dinner with Pithias; and his pleasaunt com-
panie
Hath fully satisfied me; it doth mee good to feede myne eyes
on him.

Stephano.

Course or discourse, your course is very course; for all
your talke,
You had but one bare course, and that was pike, rise and
walke.

And surely, for all your talke of philosophie,
I never heard that a man with wordes could fill his belly.
Feede your eyes (quoth you?) the reason from my wisdom
swarveth,

I stared on you both, and yet my belly starveth.

Damon.

Ah Stephano, small diet maketh a fine memorie.

Stephano.

I care not for your craftie sophistrie,
You two are fine, let mee be fed like a grose knave styll,
I pray you licence mee for a while to have my will,
At home to tary, whiles you take vew of this citie:
To fynde some odde victualles in a corner, I am verie wittie.

Damon.

At your pleasure, sir, I wyll wayte on my selfe this daye,
Yet attende upon Pithias, whiche for a purpose tarieth at
home;

So doyng, you wayte upon mee also.

Stephano.

With winges on my feete I go.

[Exit.

Damon.

Not in vain the poet sayeth: *Naturam furcâ expellas, tamen
usque recurrit.*

For trayne up a bondman never to so good a behaviour,
Yet in some pointe of servilitie he wyll favour:

As

100 DAMON AND PITHIAS.

As this Stephano, trustie to mee his master, lovyng and kinde,
 Yes touchyng his belly, a very bondman I him finde:
 He is to be borne withall, beyng so just and true,
 I assure you, I would not chaunge him for a new:
 But mee thinkes, this is a pleasant citie,
 The seate is good²⁹, and yet not stronge, and that is great
 pittie.

Carisophus.

I am safe, he is myne owne.

Damon.

The ayre subtile and fine, the people should be wittie,
 That dwell under this climate in so pure a region,
 A trimmer place I have not seene in my peregrination:
 Nothing millyketh mee in this countrey,
 But that I heare such mutterynge of crueltie:
 Fame reporteth strange thynges of Dionisius,
 But kynges matters passyng our reache, pertayne not to us,

Carisophus.

Dionisius (quoth you?) since the worlde began,
 In Cicilia never raygned so cruell a man:
 A despyghtfull tirant to all men, I marvayle I,
 That none makes him away, and that sodaynly.

Damon.

My friende, the goddes forbyd so cruell a thyng,
 That any man should lift up his sworde against the kyng:
 Or seeke other meanes by death him to prevent,
 Whom to rule on earth the mightie goddes have sent:
 But, my friende, leave off this talke of kyng Dionisius,

Carisophus.

Why, sir? he cannot hear us.

Damon.

What then? *An nescis longas Regibus esse manus?*
 It is no safe talkynge of them that stryke asfarre off:
 But leavyng kynges matters, I pray you shew me this curtesie,
 To decribe in few wordes the state of this citie.

²⁹ *The seate is good,*] The *seate* means the situation. See, in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, instances of it, from Raleigh, Hayward, Bacon, and B. Jonson. N.

So Duncan, in *Macbeth*, says:

"This castle hath a pleasant *seas*."

DAMON AND PITHIAS. 119

A travayler I am, desirous to know
 The state of eche countrye, wher ever I go:
 Not to the hurt of any state, but to get experience thereby:
 It is not for nought, that the poet doth crye,
Dic mihi musa virum, captivæ post tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.
 In whiche verses, as some writers do schen,
 The poet describeth a perfect wise man:
 Even so, I beyng a stranger, addicted to philosophie,
 To see the state of countreyes my selfe I applie.

Carisophus.

Sir, I lyke this entent; but may I aske your name without
 scorne?

Damon.

My name is Damon, well knowen in my countrey, a gen-
 tleman borne.

Carisophus.

You do wisely, to serche the state of eche countrie
 To beare intelligence therof, whither you lust: he is a spie.
 Sir, I pray you, have patience a while, for I have to do
 here by:

View this weake parte of this citie as you stand, and I very
 quickly

Wyll retourne to you agayne, and then wyll I show
 The state of all this countrie, and of the courte also. [*Exit.*]

Damon.

I thanke you for your courtesie.—This chaunceth well that I
 Met with this gentleman so happely,
 Whiche, as it seemeth, misliketh some thyng,
 Els he would not talke so boldly of the kynge,
 And that to a stranger: but loe where he comes in halte.

Here entreth Carisophus and Snap.

Carisophus.

³⁰ This is he felow, Snap, snap him up: away with him.

Snap.

Good felow, thou must go with mee to the courte.

Damon.

To the court, sir? and why?

³⁰ *This is he, &c.] This is the, &c. 2d edit.*

Carisophus.

Carisophus.

Well, we wyll dispute that before the kyng, away with hym
quickly.

Damon.

Is this the curtesie you promysed mee, and that very lately.

Carisophus.

Away with hym, I say.

Damon.

Use no violence, I wyll go with you quietly.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]*Here entreth Aristippus.**Aristippus.*

Ah, sira, by'r lady, Aristippus lykes Dionisius' court very
well,

Whiche in passyng joyes, and plasures, doth excell.

Where he hath *Daphilæ cænas gemalis lectes et auro*

Fulgentii turgmani zonam.

I have plied the harvest, and stroke when the yron was
hotte,

When I spied my time, I was not squemish to crave, God
wotte.

But with some pleasant toyes ³¹, I crept into the kinge's bosome,
For whiche Dionisius gave me *Auri talentum magnum*,

A large rewarde for so simple services :

What then? the kinge's prayse standeth chiefly in bounti-
fulnesse :

Which thyng, though I tolde the kyng very pleasantly,

Yet can I proove it by good writers of great antiquitie :

But that shall not neede at this time, since that I have abound-
antly.

When I lacke hereafter, I wyll use this point of phylosophie :

But now, whereas I have felt the kyng's lyberalytie,

As princely as it came, I wyll spende it as regallie :

Money is currant, men say, and currant comes of *Currendo* :

Then wyll I make money runne, as his nature requireth I trow.

For what becomes a philosopher best,

But to dispise mony above the rest?

³¹ *toyes,*] *tyoe,* 1st edit.

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And yet, not so despise it, but to have in store,
 Enoughe to serve his owne tourne, and somewhat more.
 With sondrie sportes and tauntes, yester night I delighted the
 kinge,
 That with his lowde laughter the whole courte did ring,
 And I thought he laught not merier then I, when I got this
 money.

But, mumbouget ³² for Carisophus I espie
 In haste to come hether: I must handle the knave finely.
 Oh, Carisophus, my dearest frende, my trustie companyon!
 What newes with you? where have you been so longe?

Here entretb Carisophus.

Carisophus.

My best beloved friend Aristippus, I am come at last,
 I have not spent all my time in wast.
 I have got a pray, and that a good one I trow.

Aristippus.

What pray is that? faine would I know.

Carisophus.

Such a crafty spie I have caught, I dare say,
 As never was in Cicilia before this day;
 Suche a one as vewed every weake place in the citie,
 Surwewed the haven, and each bulwarke, in talke very witty;
 And yet by some wordes himselfe he dyd bewray.

Aristippus.

I thinke so in good faith, as you did handle him.

Carisophus.

I handled him clarkly, I joyned in talke with him courte-
 ously;
 But when wee were entred, I let him speake his wyll, and I
 Suckt out thus much of his words, that I made him say playnely,
 He was come hether to know the state of the citie.
 And not onely this, but that he would understande
 The state of Dionisius' courte, and of the whole land;

³² *mumbouget,*] A cant term for be silent; *mum* and *budget* are the words made use of by Slender and Ann Page in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Which

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Which wordes when I heard, I desired him to stave,
Till I had done a little businesse of the way.
Promising him to returne agayne quickly; and so did conuaye
Myself to the court for Snap the tipstaffe, which came and up-
snatched him,
Brought him to the court, and in the porter's lodge dispatched
him,

After I ran to Dionisius, as fast as I could,
And bewrayed this matter to him, which I have you tolde:
Which thinge when hee heard, beinge very mery before,
He suddainly fell in dump, and somyng like a bore,
At last, he swore in great rage, that he should die
By the sworde, or the wheele, and that very shortly.
I am too shamefast for my travell and toyle,
I crave nothinge of Dionisius, but onely his spoyle:
Litle hath he about him, but a few motheaten crownes of
golde,

Cha pought them up all readie, they are sure in hold:
And now I goe into the citie, to say sooth,
To see what he hath at his lodgings, to make up my mouth.

Aristippus.

My Carisophus, you have don good service; but what is
the spie's name?

Carisophus.

He is called Damon, borne in Greece, from whence latly
he came.

Aristippus.

By my trowth, I will goe see him, and speak with him too
if I may.

Carisophus.

Doo so, I pray you; but yet by the way,
As occasion serveth, commende my service to the kinge.

Aristippus.

Dictum sapienti sat est: friend Carisophus, shal I forget that
thinge?

No, I warrant you, though I say litle to your face,
I wyl lay on with my mouth for you to Dionisius, when I am
in place.

If I speake one worde for such a knave, hang mee. [*Exit.*

Carisophus.

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Carisophus.

Our fine Phylofopher, our trimme learned elfe,
Is gone to fee as falfe a fpie as himfelfe:
Damon matters as well as he, of craftie phylofophie,
And can t'urne cat in the panne ³³ very pretily:
But Carisophus hath geven him fuch a mightie checke,
As I thinke in the ende will breake his necke:
What care I for that? why would ³⁴ he then prie,
And learne the fectet eftate of our countrey and citie?
He is but a ftranger, by his fall let others be wife,
I care not who fall; fo that I may ryfe:
As for fine Ariftippus, I wyll keepe in with hym,
He is a shrewde foole to deale withall, he can fwyrm:
And yet by my trowth, ³⁵ to fpeake my confcience playnely,
I wyll ufe his friendship to myne owne commodytie:
While Dionifius favoureth him; Ariftippus fhall be mine;
But if the kyng once frown on him, then good night, To-
maline:
He fhall be as ftraunge, as thoughte I never fawe hym before.
But I tarie too longe, I wyll prate no more:
Jacke, come awaye.

Jacke.

At hande, fyt.

³³ *tourde cat in the panne*] A proverbial expreffion, of which it is difficult to give a fatisfactory explanation; though the meaning of it is fufficiently obvious. A gentleman, who formerly wrote in *The Gentleman's Magazine* under a feigned name; fupposes the word *cat* fhould be changed to *cate*; "an old word for a *cake*, or other *aumalette*, which being ufually fried; and consequently turn'd in the pan; does therefore very aptly exprefs the changing of fides in politics or religion; or, as we otherwife fay, *turning one's coat*." *Genie. Mag.* 1754. p. 66. Another writer, however, gives the following explanation of it: "*Catipan*, to wth *catipan*, from a people called *Catipani*, in Calabria and Apulia, who got an ill name by reason of their perfidy; very falfe by us called *Cat in pan*." *Ibid.* p. 172.

³⁴ *would*] fhould; 2d edit.

³⁵ — to fpeake my confcience playnely,

I wyll ufe his friendship to myne owne commodytie:] *Commodity* is in a terest. So, in the former part of this Play; p. 184;

"They would honour friendship, and not for *commoditie*:"

King John, A. 2. S. 2.

Commodity; the bias of the world.

VOL. I.

N

Carisophus

Carisophus.

At Damon's lodgyng if that you see
 Any sturre to arise, be styll at hande by mee:
 Rather then I wyll lose the spoyle, I wyll blade it out. [*Exeunt.*]

*Here entreth Pithias and Stephano.**Pithias.*

What straunge newes are these, ah, my Stephano?
 Is my Damon in pryson, as the voyce doth go?

Stephano.

It is true, oh cruell happe! he is taken for a spie,
 And as they say, by Dionisius' owne mouth condempned to die.

Pithias.

To die? alas! for what cause?

Stephano.

A sicophant falsely accused hym: other cause there is none:
 But, oh Jupiter, of all wronges the revenger,
 Seest thou this injustice, and wilt thou staie any longer
 From heaven to sende downe thy hot consuming fire,
 To destroy the workers of wronge, whiche provoke thy just ire?
 Alas! maister Pithias, what shall we do?
 Being in a strange countrey, voyde of friendes, and acquaint-
 ance too.

Ah, poor Stephano, hast thou lived to see this daye?
 To see thy true mayster unjustly made away?

Pithias.

Stephano, seeing the matter is come to this extremitie,
 Let us make vertue our friend, of meare necessitie:
 Runne thou to the court, and understand secretly
 As muche as thou canst of Damon's cause, and I
 Will make some meanes to entreat Aristippus:
 He can do much (as I heare) with king Dionisius.

Stephano.

I am gone, sir—ah, I would to God my travayle and payne
 Myght restore my mayster to his lybertie agayne! [*Exit.*]

Pithias.

Ah wofull Pithias! sithe now I am alone,
 What way shall I first beginne to make my mone?

What

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What wordes shall I finde apt for my complaynte?

Damon, my friend, my joy, my life, is in peril, of force I must
now faint.

But, oh musicke, as in joyfull tunes thy mery notes I did borrow,
So now lend mee thy yernfull tunes, to utter my sorrow.

Here Pithias singes, and the regalles³⁶ play.

AWAKE, yee wofull wightes,
That longe have wept in woe:

Resigne to mee your plaintes and teares,
My haplesse hap to sho.

My wo no tongue can tell,
Ne pen can well descrie:

O what a death is this to beare!

Damon my friende must die.

The losse of worldly wealth,
Mannes wisdom may restore,

And phisicke hath provided too

A salve for everie sore;

But my true frende, once lost,

No arte can well supplie:

Then, what a death is this to beare!

Damon my friend must die.

My mouth refuse the foode,

That should my limmes sustayne:

Let sorrow sinke into my brest,

And ransacke every wayne:

³⁶ regalles] Regale sorta di strumento simile all'organo, maminore. Altieri Dizion. Ital. ed Ing. Lord Bacon distinguishes between the regal and the organ in a manner which shews them to be instruments of the same class. "The sounds that produce tones are ever from such bodies as have their parts and pores equal, as are nightingale pipes of regals or organs." Nat. Hist. Cent. 2. Sect. 102. But, notwithstanding these authorities, the appellative regal has given great trouble to the lexicographer, whose sentiments with regard to its signification are collected and brought into one point of view by Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Musick*, vol. II. p. 448. from whence this Note is extracted. See also a Note, by the Hon. Daines Barrington, to *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 2. in the Edition of Shakspeare 1773, omitted in that of 1778.

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You furies all at once

On me your tormentes trie:

Why should I live, since that ³⁷ I heare

Damon my friend must ³⁸ die!

Gripe me; you greedy greefe,

And present pangues of death,

You sisters three, with cruell bandes,

With speed come ³⁹ stop my breath:

Shrine me in clay alive,

Some good man stop mine eye:

O death com now, seing I heare

Damon my friend must die.

He speaketh this after the song.

In vaine I call for death, which heareth not my complaint;
But what wisdome is this, in such extremitie to faint?

Multum iuvat in re mala animus bonus.

I wyll to the courte myselfe, to make friendes, and that presently

I wyll never forsake my friende in time of miserie—

But do I see Stephano amazed hether to ronne?

Here entreth Stephano.

Stephano.

O Pithias, Pithias, we are all undone!

Mine owne cares have sucked in mine owne sorow;

I heard Dionisius sweare, that Damon should die to-morrow.

Pithias.

How camest thou so neare the presence of the kynge,

That thou mightest heare Dionisius speake this thyng?

Stephano.

By friendship I gate into the courte, where, in great audience,

I heard Dionisius with his owne mouth geve this cruell sentence,

By these expresse wordes: that Damon the Greeke, that craftie
spie,

Without farther judgement, to-morow should die:

Beleeve mee, Pithias, with these cares I heard it myselfe.

³⁷ since that] seing, 2d edit.

³⁸ must] should, 1st edit.

³⁹ come] now, 1st edit.

Pithias.

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Pithias.

Then how neare is my death also? ah, wo is mee!
Ah, my Damon, another my selfe; shall I forgo thee?

Stephano.

Syr, there is no tyme of lamentyng now, it behoveth us
To make meanes to them which can doo much with Dionisius,
That he be not made awaye, ere his cause be fully heard; for
we see,

By evyll reporte, thynges be made to princes farte worse then
they bee.

But lo, yonder commeth Aristippus, in great favour with kyng
Dionisius,

Entreat hym to speake a good worde to the kyng for us:
And in the meane season, I wyll to your lodgyng, to see all
thynges safe there. [Exit.]

Pithias.

To that I agree; but let us slip aside his talke to heare.

Here entretb Aristippus.

Aristippus

Here is a sodayne chaunge indeede, a strange metamorphosis,
This courte is cleane altered, who would have thought this?

Dionisius of late so pleasant and mery

Is quite changed now into suche melancholy,

That nothyng can please hym: he walked up and downe,

Fretting and chafyng, on everie man he doth frowne:

In so much, that when I in pleasant wordes began to play,

So sternly he frowned on mee, and knit me up so shori,

I perceyve it is no safe playing with lyons, but when it please
them;

If you claw where it itch not, you shall disease them,

And so perhaps get a clap: myne owne proove taught mee this,

That it is very good to be mery and wile:

The onely cause of this hurly-burly is Carisophus, that wicked
man,

Which lately tooke Damon for a spie, a poore gentleman;

And hath incenced the kyng against him so despyghtfully,

That Dionisius hath judged him to-morow to die.

N 3

I have

598 DAMON AND PITHIAS.

I have talkt with Damon, whom though in words I found very
wittie,

Yet was he more curious then wise, in viewyng this citie:

But truly, for aught I can learne, there is no cause why

So sodenly and cruelly he should be condemned to die:

How so ever it be, this is the short and longe,

I dare not gainsay the kynge, be it right or wrong:

I am sory, and that is all I may or can doo in this case,

Nought awayleth perswasion, where frowarde opinion taketh
place.

Pitbias.

Sir, if humble sutes you would not dispise,

Then bow on ⁴⁰ mee your pitifull eyes:

My name is Pithias, in Greece well knowne,

A perfect friend to that wofull Damon,

Whiche now a poore captive in this courte doth lie,

By the kinges owne mouth, as I here, condemned to die;

For whom I crave your mattership's goodnesse,

To stand his friende in this his great distresse:

Nought hath he done worthy of death, but very fondly,

Being a straunger, he vewed this citie,

For no evill practises, but to feede his eyes.

But seing Dionisius is informed otherwise,

My sute is to you, when you see time and place,

To assuage the kinges anger, and to purchase his grace;

In which dooyng, you shall not doo good to one onely,

But you shall further too, and that fully.

Aristippus.

My friend, in this case I can doo you no pleasure.

Pitbias.

Syr, you serve in the court, as fame doth tell.

Aristippus.

I am of the court indeed, but none of the counsell.

Pitbias.

As I heare, none is in greater favour with the king, then you
at this day.

Aristippus.

The more in favour, the lesse I dare say.

Pitbias.

It is a courtier's prayse to helpe straingers in miserie.

Aristippus.

To help an other, and hurte myselfe, it is an evyll point of courtesie.

Pitbias.

You shall not hurt yourselfe to speake for the innocent.

Aristippus.

He is not innocent, whom the kinge judgeth nocent.

Pitbias.

Why, sir, doo you thinke this matter paste all remedie?

Aristippus.

So farr past, that Dionisius hath sworne, Damon to-morow shall die.

Pitbias.

This word my trembling heart cutteth in two :

Ah, sir, in this wofull case what wist I best to doo ?

Aristippus.

Best to content yourselfe, when there is no remedie,

He is well relived that forknoweth his miserie :

Yet if any comfort be, it reileth in Eubulus,

The chiefeft counsellour about kinge Dionisius :

Which pittieeth Damon's case in this great extremitie,

Perfwadyng the kyng from all kynde of crueltie.

Pitbias.

The mightie gods preserve you, for this worde of comforte :

Takyng my leave of your goodnesse, I wyll now resorte

To Eubulus, that good counseller :

But harke, methinke I heare a trompet blow.

Aristippus.

The kyng is at hande, stande close in the prease⁴¹, beware,
if he know

You are friend to Damon, he wyll take you for a spie also :

Farewel, I dare not be seene with you.

⁴¹ prease] crowd. See Note 29 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II. p. 190.

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Here enterth Kyng Dionysius, Eubulus the Counsellor, and Gronno the Hangman.

Dionysius.

Gronno, doo my commaundement, strike of Damon's iron
by and by,
Then bryng hym soorth, I myselfe will see him executed pre-
sently.

Gronno.

O mightie king, your commaundement wyll I doo speedely,

Dionysius.

Eubulus, thou hast talked in vaine, for sure he shall die.
Shall I suffer my lyfe to stand in peryll of everie spie?

Eubulus.

That he conspired against your person, his accuser cannot say.
He only viewed your citie, and wyll you for that make him
away?

Dionysius.

What he would have done, the gesse is great, he minded mee
to hurt,
That came so slyly, to serch out the secret estate of my courte:
Shall I styll lye in feare? no, no: I wyll cut off such impe-
betime,
Least that to my farther daunger too hie they clyme.

Eubulus.

Yet have the mightie goddess immortal fame assigned
To all worldly princes, whiche in mercie be inclined.

Dionysius.

Let fame talke what she lyst, so I may lyve in safetie,

Eubulus.

The onely meane to that, is, to use mercie,

Dionysius.

A milde prince the people despiseth,

Eubulus.

A cruell kinge the people hateth.

Dionysius.

Let them hate me, so they feare mee,

Eubulus.

That is not the way to lyve in safetie.

Dionysius.

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Dionisius.

My sword and power shall purchase my quietnesse.

Eubulus.

That is sooner procured by mercy and gentlenesse,

Dionisius.

Dionisius ought to be feared.

Eubulus.

Better for him to be wel beloved.

Dionisius.

Fortune maketh all thinges subject to my power.

Eubulus.

Beleeve her not, she is a light goddesse, she can laugh and lowre.

Dionisius.

A kinges prayse standeth in the revenging of his enemye.

Eubulus.

A greater prayse to winne him by clemencie.

Dionisius.

To suffer the wicked to live, it is no mercie,

Eubulus.

To kill the innocent it is great crueltie.

Dionisius.

Is Damon innocent, which so craftely undermined Carisophus,

To understand what he could of kinge Dionisius?

Which surviewed the haven, and eche bulwarcke in the citie,

Where battie might be layde, what way best to approche?

shall I

Suffer such a one to live that worketh mee such dispite?

No, he shall die; then I am safe, a dead dogge cannot bite.

Eubulus.

But yet, O mightie king, my dutie bindeth mee

To geve such counsell, as with your honour may best agree;

The strongest pillers of princely dignitie,

I finde is ⁴² justice with mercy and prudent liberalitie:

The one judgeth all thinges by upright equitie;

The other rewardeth the worthy, flying eche extremitie.

As to spare those which offend maliciously,

⁴² is] this, 1st edit.

206 DAMON AND PITHIAS.

It may be called no justice, but extreame injurie :
So upon suspition of eche thinge not well proved,
To put to death presently whom envious flattery accused,
It seemeth of tyranny ; and upon what fickle ground al tirants
doo stand,

Athenes and Lacedemon can teache you, if it be rightly
scande.

And not only these citezens, but who curiously seekes
The whole histories of all the world, not only of Romaines
and Greekes,

Shall well perceyve of all tirauntes the ruinous fall,
Their state uncertaine, beloved of none, but hated of all.
Of mercifull princes, to set out their passyng felycitie,
I neede not, ynough of that even these dayes do testifie ;
They live devoid of feare, their sleapes are sound, they dread
no enemye,

They are feared and loved : and why ? they rule with justice
and mercie,

Extendyng justice to such as wickedly from justice have
swarved,

Mercie unto those where opinion simplenesse have mercie de-
served.

Of lyberie nought I say, but only this thyng,
Lyberie upholdeth the state of a kynge ;
Whose large bountifulnesse ought to fall to this issue,
To rewarde none but such as deserve it for vertue.
Whiche mercifull justice if you would folow, and provident
liberalytie,

Neither the caterpillers of all courtes, *Et fruges consumere
nati,*

Parasites with wealth puffed up, should not looke so hie ;
Nor yet, for this simple fact, poore Damon shoulde die.

Dionysius.

With payne mine eares have heard this vayne talke of
mercie ;

I tell thee, feare and terrour defendeth kynges only ;
Tyll he be gone whome I suspect, how shall I lyve quietlye,
Whose memorie with chilling horror fills my beatt day and
night violently ?

My

DAMON AND PITHIAS. 203

My dreadfull dreames of him bereaves my rest ; on bed I lie
Shakyng and trembling, as one ready to yelde his throate to
Damon's sword :

This quakyng dread, nothyng but Damon's bloud can stay,
Better he die then I to be tormented with feare alway :
He shall die, though Eubulus consent not thereto,
It is lawfull for kinges, as they list, all thynges to doo.

*Here Gronno bringeth in Damon, and Pithias meeteth him by
the way.*

Pithias.

Oh, my Damon!

Damon.

Oh, my Pithias, feyng death must parte us, farewell for ever.

Pithias.

Oh, Damon, oh, my sweete friende!

Snar.

Away from the prysoner, what a prease have we here?

Gronno.

As you commaunded, O, mighty kinge, we have brought
Damon.

Dionisus.

Then go to, make ready, I will not stirre out of this place,
Till I see his head stroken off before my face.

Gronno.

It shall be done, sir : because your eyes have made such a doo,
I wyl knock down this your lantern, and shut up your shop-
window too.

Damon.

O, mightie king, whereas no trueth my innbcent lyfe can save,
But that so greedily you thirst ⁴³ my gitleffe bloud to have,
Albeit (even in thought) I had not ⁴⁴ ought against your person :
Yet now I plead not for lyfe, ne wyl I crave your pardon ;
But feyng in Greece, my countrey, where well I am knowne,
I have worldly thinges fit for mine aliance, when I am gone,

⁴³ *thirst*] thrust, 1st edit.

⁴⁴ *(even in thought) I had not*] (even for thought) for I had not ; *Boib
Editions.* The alterations by Mr. Doddsley.

304 DAMON AND PITHIAS.

To dispose them or I die, if I might obtaine leasure,
I would account it (O kyng) for a passyng great pleasure:
Not to prolonge my lyfe therby, for which I reken not this,
But to let my thynges in a stay, and surely I wyll not misse,
Upon the faith which all gentylmen ought to embrace,
To returne agayne at your time to appoynte, to yeeld my body
here in this place.

Graunt me (O kinge) such time to dispatch this injurie,
And I wyll not saye when you appoint, even here my lyfe to
pay ⁴⁵.

Dionisius.

A pleasant request! as though I could trust him absent,
Whom in no wise I cannot truit beinge present;
And yet though I sware the contrarie, doo that I require,
Gave mee a pledge for thy returne, and have thine owne desire,
He is as nere now as he was before.

Damon.

There is no surer nor greater pledge then the faith of a gen-
tleman.

Dionisius.

It was wont to be, but otherwise now the world doth stande;
Therefore doo as I say, els presently yeeld thy necke to the
sword.

If I might with my honour, I would recall my worde.

Pithias.

Stand to your worde, O kinge, for kinges ought nothing say,
But that they would performe in perfect deeds alway.
A pledge you did require when Damon his sute did meeve,
For which with heart and stretched handes most humble
thanks I geve:

And that you may not say but Damon hath a frinde,
That loves him better then his owne life, and will doo to his
ende,

Take mee (O mightie king) my lyfe I pawne ⁴⁶ for his,
Strike off my head, if Damon hap at his day for to misse.

Dionisius.

What art thou that chargeit me with my worde so boldly
here?

⁴⁵ pay] yeelde speedily, 2d edit.

⁴⁶ I pawne] to pawne, 2d edit.

Pithias.

DAMON AND PITHIAS. 165

Pithias.

I am Pithias, a Greeke born, which holde Damon my friend
full deare.

Dionisius.

To dere perhaps to hazard thy life for him : what ⁴¹ fondnes
moveth thee ?

Pithias.

No fondnesse at all, but perfect amitie.

Dionisius.

A mad kinde of amitie ! advise thyself well ; if Damon fayle
at his day,
Which shal be justly appointed, wilt thou die for him, to mee
his lyfe to pay ?

Pithias.

Most wylyngly, O mightie kyng ; if Damon fayle let Pithias
die.

Dionisius.

Thou seemest to trost his wordes, that pawnest thy lyfe so
frankly.

Pithias.

What Damon saith, Pithias beleveth assuredly.

Dionisius.

Take heede, for life worldly men breake promise in many
thinges.

Pithias.

Though worldly men doo so, it never happes amongst
frindes.

Dionisius.

What callest thou frindes, are they not men ? is not this
true ?

Pithias.

Men they be, but such men as love one another onely for
vertue.

Dionisius.

For what vertue doste thou love this spie, this Damon ?

Pithias.

For that vertue which yet to you is unknowne.

⁴¹ fondness] folly. Thus Spenser, in his Sonnets,

" Fondness it were for any, being free,

" To covet fetters, though they golden be."

Dionisius.

206 DAMON AND PITHIAS.

Dionisus.

Eubulus, what shall I doo? I would dispatch this Damon
sayne,
But this foolish fellow so chargeth mee, that I may not call
back my worde againe.

Eubulus.

The reverent majestie of a king stands chieflie in keeping
his promise.
What you have sayde this whole court beareth witnesse.
Save your honour whatsoever you doo.

Dionisus.

For saveing mine honour, I must forbear my wyll. Go to,
Pithias, seeing thou tookest me at my word, take Damon to
thee,
For two monthes he is thine, unbinde him, I set him free;
Which time once expired, yf he appeare not the next day by
noone,
Without further delay thou shalt lose thy lyfe, and that full
soone.
Whether he die by the way, or lie sick in his bead,
If he retournē not then, thou shalt either hange or lose thy
head.

Pitbias.

For this, O mightie kinge, I yeld immortall thanks. O
joyfull day!

Dionisus.

Gronno, take him to thee, bind him, see him kept in safetie.
If he escape, assure thyselfe for him thou shalt die.
Eubulus, let us departe, to talke of this straunge thinge within.

Eubulus.

I folowe.

[*Exeunt.*

Gronno.

Damon, thou servest the Gods well to-day, be thou of com-
fort.

As for you, sir, I thinke you will be hanged in sporte,
You heard what the king sayde? I must kepe you safely:
By cocke, so I wyll, you shall rather hange then I.
Come on your way.

Pitbias.

My Damon, farewell; the Gods have thee in keeping.

1

Damon.

Damon.

Oh, my Pithias, my pledge, farewell; I parte from thee weeping.

But joyfull at my day appoynted I wyll retourne agayne,
When I wyll deliver thee from all trouble and paine.
Stephano wyll I leave behinde me to wayte upon thee in prison
alone,

And I, whom fortune hath reserved to this miserie, wyll walke
home.

Ah, my Pithias, my pledge, my life, my friend, farewell.

Pithias.

Farewel, my Damon.

Damon.

Loth I am to departe, sith sobbes my trembling tounge doth
stay;

Oh, musicke, sound my dolefull playntes when I am gone my
way. [Exit Damon.

Gronno.

I am glad he is gone, I had almost wept to. Come, Pithias,
So God help me, I am sory for thy foolish case,
Wilt thou venter thy life for a man so fondly?

Pithias.

It is no venter; my friende is just, for whom I desire to die.

Gronno.

Here is a mad man! I tell thee, I have a wyfe whom I love
well,

And if iche would die for her, should ich weare in hell.
Wylt thou doo more for a man then I woulde for a woman?

Pithias.

Yea, that I wyll.

Gronno.

Then come on your wayes, you must to prison haste,
I feare you wyll repent this folly at laste.

Pithias.

That shalt thou never see; but oh, musick, as my Damon
requested thee,
Sounde out thy dolefull tunes in this time of calamitie.

[Exit.

Here

108 DAMON AND PITHIAS.

*Here the regalles play a mourning fuge, and Damon commeth in
in mariners apparel and Stephano with him.*

Damon.

Weepe no more, Stephano, this is but deffenie;
Had not this hapt, yet I know I am borne to die,
Where, or in what place, the Gods know alone,
To whose judgment my selfe I commit; therefore leave of thy
mone,

And wayte upon Pithias in pryson till I retourne agayne,
In whom my joy, my care, and lyfe, doth only remayne.

Stephano.

O, my deare master, let me go with you; for my poore
companie
Shal be some small comfort in this time of miserie.

Damon.

Oh, Stephano, hast thou ben so longe with me,
And yet doest not know the force of true amitie?
I tel thee once agayne, my friend and I are but one;
Waite upon Pithias, and thinke thou art with Damon.
Whereof I may not now discourse, the time passeth away;
The sooner I am gone, the shorter shall be my journey:
Therefore farewell, Stephano, comenxt me to my friende
Pithias,

Whom I trust to deliver in time out of this wofull case. [*Exit.*

Stephano.

Farewel, my deare master, since your pleasure is so,
Oh cruell happe! oh, poore Stephano!
O cursed Carisophus, that first moved this tragidie!—
But what a noyes is this? is all well within trow yee?
I feare all be not well within, I wyll go see.—
Come out you wesell, are you seekinge eggs in Damon's chesse?
Come out, I say, wylt thou be pecking? by cocke you weare
beil.

Carisophus.

How durst thou, villaine, to lay handes on me?

Stephano.

Out, sir knave, or I wyll sende yee.
Art thou not content to accuse Damon wrongfully,
But wilt thou robbe him also, and that openly?

Carisophus.

Carisophus.

The kinge gave mee the spoyle, to take myne owne wilt thou let me ⁴⁸?

Stephano.

Thine owne, villaine! where is thine authority?

Carisophus.

I am authoritie of myselfe, dost thou not know?

Stephano.

By'r ladie, that is somewhat, but have you no more to show?

Carisophus.

What if I have not?

Stephano.

Then for an earnest penie take this blow.

I shall bumbast you, you mocking knave; schil put pro in my purse for this time.

Carisophus.

Jacke, give me my sword and targat,

Jacke.

I cannot com to you, maister, this knave doth me let.—Hold, maister.

Stephano.

Away, Jacknapes, els I wyll colpheg you ⁴⁹ by and by, Ye slave, I wyll have my penyworthes of thee therefore if I die; Aboute, villayne.

Carisophus.

O, citezens, helpe to defend me.

Stephano.

Nay, they wyll rather helpe to hange thee.

Carisophus.

Good felow, let us reason of the matter quietly, beat me no more.

Stephano.

On this condition I wyll stay, if thou swere as thou art an honest man,

Thou wilt say nothyng to the kinge of this when I am gonne.

Carisophus.

I wyll say nothyng, here is my hand, as I am an honest man.

⁴⁸ let me] hinder me.

⁴⁹ colpheg you] I believe we should read, *colaphize*, i. e. box or buffet.

Colaphiser, Fr. See Cotgrave's Dict. S.

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Stephano.

'Then say on thy minde: I have taken a wife othe on him,
have I not trow ye?
To trust such a false knave upon his honestie?
As he is an honest man (quoth you?) he may bewray all to the
kinge,
And breke his oth for this never a whit—But, my franion⁵⁰,
I tell you this one thing,
If you disclose this, I wyll devise such a way,
That whilst thou livest thou shalt remember this day.

Carisophus.

You neede not devise for that, for this day is printed in my
memory,
I warrant you, I shall remember this beating till I die:
But seeing of courtesie you have granted that we should talke
quietly,
Methinkes, in calling mee knave, you doo me muche injurie.

Stephano.

Why so? I pray thee hartely.

Carisophus.

Because 'I am the kinges man: keepes the kinge any
knaves?

Stephano.

He should not, but what he doth, it is evident by thee,
And as farre as I can learne or understand,
There is none better able to keepe knaves in all the land.

Carisophus.

Oh, sir, I am a courtier, when courtiers shall heare tell,
How you have used me, they will not take it well.

Stephano.

Nay, all right courtiers will kenne me thanke⁵¹; and wot
you why?
'Because I handled a counterfaiit courtier in his kinde so finely.

⁵⁰ But my franion] i. e. loose companion. So Spenser:
Might not be found a ranker franion.

Again,

A faire franion fit for such a pheere. S.

Again, in *The First Part of King Edward IV.* Sign. C 5: "Hees a
"franke franion, a merrie companion, and loves a wench well."

⁵¹ kenne me thanke] See Note 34 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.
p. 28.

What,

What, syr? all are not courtiers that have a counterfait show;
In a trope of honest men, some knaves may stand, ye know,
Such as by stelh creep in under the colour of honestie,
Which sorte under that cloke doo all kinde of villanie:
A right courtier is vertuous, gentill, and full of urbanitie,
Hurting no man, good to all, devoide of villanie:
But suche as thou art, fountaines of squirilitie, and vayne de-
lightes;

Though you hange by the courtes, you are but flattering pa-
rasites,

As well deserving the right name of courtesie,
As the coward knight the true praise of chevalrie:
I could say more, but I wyll not, for that I am your well-willer.
In faith, Carisophus, you are no courtier, but a caterpillar,
A sicophant, a parasite, a flatterer, and a knave;
Whether I wyll or no, these names you must have:
How well you deserve this, by your deedes it is knowne,
For that so unjustly thou hast accused poore Damon,
Whose wofull case the gods helpe alone.

Carisophus.

Sir, are you his servaunt, that you pitie his case so?

Stephano.

No bum troth, good man Grumbe, his name is Stephano,
I am called Onaphets, if needs you wyll know.
The knave beginneth to sift mee, but I turne my name in and
out,

*Cretiso cum Cretense*⁵², to make him a loute.

[*Aside.*

Carisophus.

What mumble you with yourselfe, master Onaphets?

Stephano.

I am reckening with myselfe how I may pay my debtes.

Carisophus.

You have paide me more then you did owe me.

Stephano.

Nay, upon a farther reckoning, I wyll pay you more, if I
know

Either you talke of that is done, or by your sicophanticall envye,

⁵² *Cretiso cum Cretense*] Read *Konliſo*. Vide *Erasmi Chiliad*. The
Cretans were famous for double dealing. *Cretisare*, however, is a word
employ'd by lexicographers, instead of *mentiri*. S.

212 DAMON AND PITHIAS.

You pricke forth Dionisius the sooner, that Damon may die;
I wyll so pay thee, that thy bones shall rattell in thy skinne.
Remember what I have sayde, Onaphets is my name. [Exit.

Carisophus.

The sturdie knave is gone, the devyll him take,
He hath made my head, shoulders, armes, fides, and all to ake.
Thou horson villaine boy, why didst thou waite no better?
As he payde mee, so wyll I not die thy debter.

Jacke.

Maister, why doo you fight with me? I am not your match,
you see,
Your durst not fight with him that is gone, and wyll you
wreke your anger on mee?

Carisophus.

Thou villaine, by thee I have lost mine honour,
Beaten with a eodgell like a slave, a vacaboun, or a lasie lubber,
And not geven one blow agayne; hast thou handled me well?

Jacke.

Maister I handled you not, but who handle you very hand-
somyly you can tell.

Carisophus.

Handsomyly! thou crake rope.

Jacke.

Yea, fir, very handsomyly: I hold you a grote,
He handled you so handsomyly, that he left not one mote in
your cote.

Carisophus.

O I had firckt him trimly, thou villaine, if thou hadst geven
mee my sword.

Jacke.

It is better as it is, maister, beleve me at a worde;
If he had seene your weapon, he would have ben fierfer,
And so perhaps beate you worse, I speake it with my harte,
You were never at the dealing of fence blowes, but you had
foure away for your part.

It is but your lucke, you are man good enough.

But the wealche Onaphets was a vengeance knave, and rough.
Maister, you were best goe home and rest in your bedde,
Meethinkes your cappe waxeth to little for your heade.

Carisophus.

Carisophus.

What! doth my head swell?

Jacke.

Yea, as bigge as a codshed, and bleades too.

Carisophus.

I am ashamed to show my face with this hew.

Jacke.

No shame at all, men have bin beaten farre better then you.

Carisophus.

I muste go to the chirurgian's, what shal I say when I am a dreslyng?

Jacke.

You may say truly you met with a knave's blessing. [*Exeunt.*

Here entreth Aristippus.

Aristippus.

By mine owne experience I prove true that many men tell,
To live in courte not beloved, better be in hell:
What crying out, what cursyng is there within of Carisophus,
Because he accused Damon to kinge Dionisius?
Even now he came whining and crying into the courte for the
nonce,

Shewing that one Onaphets had broke his knave's sconce.
Which straunge name when they heard every man laught
hartely,

And I by myselfe scan'd his name secretly;
For well I knewe it was some mad-heded chylde
That invented this name, that the log-headed knave might be
begilde:

In tossing it often with myselfe two and fro,
I found out that Onaphets backward, spelled Stephano.
I smiled in my sleve, how to see by tournyng his name he drest
him,

And how for Damon his master's sake, with a wodden cougell
he blest him.

None pittied the knave, no man nor woman, but al laught him
to scorne,

To be thus hated of all, better unborne.

Farre better Aristippus hath provided, I trowe;

For in all the courte I am beloved both of hie and lowe.

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I offende none, in so much that wemen singe this to my great prayse,

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et locus et res.

But in all this joylytie one thinge maseth me,
The straungest thinge that ever was harde or knowne,
Is now happened in this court, by that Damon
Whom Carisophus accused; Damon is now at libertie,
For whose return Pithias his friend lieth in prison, alas, in great jeopardy.

To-morow is the day, which day by noone if Damon returne not earnestly,

The kinge hath sworne that Pithias should die,
Wherof Pithias hath intelligence very secretly,
Wishing that Damon may not returne tyll he have payde
His lyfe for his friend. Hath it ben hearetofore ever sayde,
That any man for his friend would die so willyngly?

O, noble friendship! O perfect amitie!

Thy force is heare seene, and that very perfectlie.

The king himselfe museth heareat, yet is he farre out of square

That he trusteth none to come nere him, not his owne daughters will he have

Unsercht to enter his chamber, which he hath made barbars his beard to shave,

Not with knife or rasour, for all edge-tooles hee feares,
But with hote burning nutshales they fenge of his heares.

Was there ever man that lived in such misery?

Well, I wyll go in with a heavye and pensive hart too,

To think how Pithias, this poore gentleman, to-morow shall die.

[Exit.

Here entreth Jacke and Wyll.

Jacke.

Wyll, by mine honesty, I wyll marre your monicke's face, if you so fondly prate.

Wyll.

Jacke, by my troth, seeing you are without the courte gate,
If you play Jacke napes, in mocking my master, and dispising my face,

Even

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Even here with a pantacle⁵³ I wyll you disgrace;
And though you have a farre better face then I,
Yet who is better man of us two these fiftes shall trie,
Unlesse you leave your taunting.

Jacke.

Thou began'st first; didst thou not say even nowe,
That Carisophus, my master, was no man but a cowe,
In takinge so many blowes, and geve⁵⁴ never a blow agayn?

Wyll.

I sayde so, indeede he is but a tame ruffian,
That can swere by his flaske and twiche-box⁵⁵, and God's pre-
cious lady,

And yet will be beaten with a faggot-stick.

These barking whelpes were never good biters,

Ne yet great crakers were ever great fighters:

But seeinge you eg mee so much, I wyll somewhat more re-
fight,

I say, Carisophus thy master is a flattring parisite;

Glening away the sweet from the worthy in al the courte.

What tragidie hath he moved of late? the devell take him, he
doth much hurt.

Jacke.

I pray you, what is Aristippus thy master, is not he a pari-
site to,

That with scoffing and jessing in the court makes so much a
doo?

Wyll.

He is no parisite, but a pleasant gentleman full of curtesie;
Thy master is a churlish loute, the heyre of a dounge-fork, as
voyde of honestie

As thou art of honour.

⁵³ *Even here with a pantacle*] I suppose he means to say a *pantofle*,
i. e. a slipper. Perhaps he begins his attack with a kick. S.

⁵⁴ *geve*] gave, 1st edit.

⁵⁵ *his flaske and twiche-box*] More properly *touch-box*. While match-
locks, instead of fire-locks, to guns were used; the *touch-box*, at which
the match was lighted, was part of the accoutrement of a soldier.

"When she his flask and *touch-box* set on fire"

line of an Author, whose name I cannot at this time recollect. S.

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Jacke.

Nay, yf you wyll needes be prating of my master styll,
In faith I must coole you my frinde, dapper Wyll;
Take this at the beginning.

Wyll.

Prayse well your winning, my pantacle is as readie as yours.

Jacke.

By the masse I wyll boxe you.

Wyll.

By cocke, I wyll foxe you.

Jacke.

Wyll, was I with you?

Wyll.

Jacke, did I flye?

Jacke.

Alas, pretie cockerell, you are to weake;

Wyll.

In faith, dutting Duttrell⁵⁶, you wyll crye creake.

Here entreth Snap.

Snap.

Away, you cracke ropes, are you fighting at the courte-gate?
And I take you heare agayne, I will swindge you both, what?
[Exit Snap.]

Jacke.

I beshrew Snap the tipstaffe, that great knave's hart, that
hether did come,
Had he not ben, you had cryed ere this, *Victus, victa, victum*:
But seing wee have breathed ourselves, if ye list,
Let us agree like friends, and shake eche other by the fist.

Wyll.

Content am I, for I am not malicious, but on this condition,

⁵⁶ *Duttrell*] A Dottrel is a silly kind of bird which imitates the actions of the fowler, till at last he is taken. So, in Butler's *Character of a Fantastic*. Remains, vol. II. p. 132. "He alters his gate with the times, and has not a motion of his body that (*like a Dottrel*) he does not borrow from somebody else."

See also Note 8 to *The Old Couple*, vol. X. p. 483.

That

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That you talke no more so brode of my master as here you have done.

But who have wee heere? is *Cobex epi*⁵⁷ comming yonder?

Jacke.

Wyll, let us slipp aside and vewe him well.

Here entreth Grimme the Coliar whistling.

Grimme.

What devell iche weene the porters are drunke, wil they not dup the gate to-day?

Take in coles for the king's owne mouth, wyll no body stur I say?

Ich might have layne tway howers longer in my bedde, Cha taried so longe here, that my teeth chatter in my heade.

Jacke.

Wyll, after our fallinge out, wilt thou laugh merily?

Wyll.

I mary, Jacke, I pray thee hartely.

Jacke.

Then folow me, and hemme in a worde now and then.

What braulynge knave is there at the courte-gate so early?

Wyll.

It is some brainesicke villaine, I durst lay a pennie.

Jacke.

Was it you⁵⁸, fir, that cryed so lowde I trow,
And bid us take in coles for the kinges mouth even now?

Grimme.

'Twas I, indeede.

Jacke.

Why, fir, how dare you speake such petie treason?
Doth the king eate coles at any season?

Grimme.

Heere is a gaye world! boyes now settes olde men to scoole.
I sayde wel enough; what, Jack sawce, thinkit cham a foole?
At bakehouse, butterie-hatch, kitchin, and feller,
Doo⁵⁹ they not say for the kinges mouth?

⁵⁷ *Cobex epi*] These I suppose to be words corrupted by the ignorance of the transcriber. S.

⁵⁸ *Was it you*] It was you, 1st edit.

⁵⁹ *Doo*] Doth, 2d edit.

Wyll.

Wyll.

What then, goodman coliar?

Grimme.

What then! seing without coles thei cannot finely dresse
the kinges meat,
May I not say take in coles for the kinges mouth, though coles
he do not eate?

Jacke.

James Christe, came ever from a colier an answer so
trimme?

You are learned, are you not, father Grimme?

Grimme.

Grimme is my name indeed, cham not learned, and yet the
king's colier,
This vorie winter cha bin to the king a serviter.
Though I be not learned, yet cha mother witte enough whole
and some.

Wyll.

So it seemes, you have so much mother wit, that you lacke
your father's wildome.

Grimme.

Masse, cham well beset, heres a trimme caste of Murleons⁶⁰,
What be you, my pretie cockerels, that aske me these questions?

Jacke.

Good faith, maister Grimme⁶¹, if such Marlines on your
pouch may light,
Thei are so quick of winges, that quickly they can carie it out
of your sight;

⁶⁰ a trimme cast of *Murleons*] i. e. a cast of that species of hawks that were called *Merlins*. S.

He calls them *Murleons* on account of their size. *Merlins* were the smallest species of hawks. Turberville says, "These *merlyns* are very much like the haggart falcon in plume, in scare of the foote, in beake and talons. So as there seemeth to be no oddes or difference at al betwixt them save onely in the *bigness*, for the hath like demeanure, like plume, and very like conditions to the falcon, and in hir kind is of like courage, and therefore must be kept as choycely and as daintily as the falcon." The *merlin* was chiefly used to fly at small birds; and Latham says, it was particularly appropriated to the service of ladies.

⁶¹ *maister Grimme*] father Grimme, 2d edit.

And

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And though we are cockerels now, we shall have spurs one day,

And shall be able perhaps to make you a capon:

But to tell you the trouth, we are the porters men, which early and late

Wayte on suche gentlemen as you, to open the court-gate,

Grimme.

Are ye servants then?

Wyll,

Yea, sir, are we not pretie men?

Grimme.

Pretie men (quoth you)? nay, you are stronge men, els you coulde not beare these britches.

Wyll.

Are these such great hose? in faith, goodman colier, you see with your nose:

By myne honestie, I have but one lining in one hose, but seven els of roug.

Grimmer.

That is but a little, yet it makes thee seeme a great bugge.

Jacke.

How say you, goodman colier, can you finde any fault here ⁶²?

Grimme.

Nay, you should finde faught, mary here's trim geare!

Alas, litle knave, dost not sweat? thou goest with great payne,

These are no hose, but water bougets, I tell thee playne:

Good for none but suche as have no buttockes.

Dyd you ever see two suche little Robin ruddockes ⁶³

So laden with breeches? chill say no more lest I offende;

Who invented these monsters ⁶⁴ first, did it to a gostly ende,

⁶² can you finde any fault here?] what fault can you see heere? 2d edit.

⁶³ Robin ruddockes] i. e. Robin red breasts. Shakspeare uses ruddock for red breast in *Cymbeline*. S.

Again, Nath's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: "— he est soons defined unto me, that the red herring was this old tickle cob, or magister fac totum, that brought in the red ruddocks, and the grummel seed as thick as oatmeal, and made Yarmouth for Argent to put down the city of Argentine."

⁶⁴ monsters] hose at, 2d edit.

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To have a male, readie to put in other folkes stuffe,
Wee see this evident by dayly prooffe.
One preached of late not farre hence, in no pulpit, but in a
wayne carte,
That spake enough of this; but for my parte,
Chil say no more, your owne necessitie
In the end wyll force you to finde some remedy.

Jacke.

Wyl⁶⁵, holde this raylinge knave with a talke when I am
gone,
I wyll fetch him his filling ale for his good fermone.

Wyll.

Goe thy way, father Grimme, gayly well you doo say,
It is but young mens folly, that liste to playe,
And maske a while in the net of their owne devise,
When they come to your age they wyll be wyse.

Grimme.

Bum troth, but few such roysters come to my yeares at this
day,
They be cut off betimes, or they have gone halfe their journey:
I wyll not tell why, let them gesse that can, I meane somewhat
thereby.

Enter Jacke with a pot of wyne, and a cup to drinke on.

Jacke.

Father Grimme, because you are sturring so early,
I have brought you a boule of wyne to make you mery.

Grimme.

Wyne, mary! that is welcome to colliers, chyl swapt off by
and by,
Chwas sturring so early that my very foule is drye.

Jacke.

This is stoutly done, wyll you have it warmed, father
Grimme?

Grimme.

No, it is warme enough, it is very lousious and trimme;
'Tis mussfelden⁶⁶ ich weene; of fellowship let me have another
spurt,
Ich can drink as easly now, as if I fate in my shurte.

⁶⁵ Wy/] Well, 1st edit.

⁶⁶ 'Tis mussfelden] An intended mistake for muscadine. S.

Jacke.

Jacke.

By cocke, and you shall have it; but I wyll beginne, and
that anone,

Je bois a vous mon compaignon ⁶⁷.

Grimme.

J'ai vous pleigt petit Zawne ⁶⁸.

Jacke.

Can you speake French? here is a trimme colier, by this day!

Grimme.

What man! ich learned this when ich was a souldier,
When ich was a lusty fellow, and could yarke a whip trimly,
Better then these boy coliers, that come to the cource daily:
When there were ⁶⁹ not so many captious fellowes as now,
That would toruppe men for every trifell, I wot not how:
As there was one Damon, not longe since taken for a spie,
How justly I know not, but he was condemned to die.

Wyll.

This wine hath warmed him, this comes well to passe,
We shall know all now, for in *Vino veritas*.
Father Grimme, who accused this Damon to kinge Dionisius?

Grimme.

A vengeaunce take him, 'twas a gentleman, one maister
Crowspheus.

Wyll.

Crowspheus! you clippe the kinge's language, you would
have said Carisophus;
But I perceiue now, either the winde is at the south,
Or els your tounge cleaveth to the roofe of your mouth.

Grimme.

A murian take thik wine, it so intoxicate my braine,
That to be hanged by and by, I cannot speake plaine.

Jacke.

You speake knavishly playne, seinge my master you doo mocke,
In faith ere you go, I will make you a lobbe cocke.
Father Grimme, what say they of this Damon abroad?

⁶⁷ *Je bois a vous mon compaignon*] Jebit avou mon compaignon.
Both 4tos. S.

⁶⁸ *J'ai vous pleigé petit Zawne*] Ihav vou pledge, petty Zawne.
Both 4tos. I know not what is meant by *Zawne*. S.

⁶⁹ *were*] was, 2d edit.

Grimme.

Grimme.

All men are forie for him, so helpe me God.
 They say a false knave cused him to the king wrongfully,
 And he is gone, and should be here to morow to die,
 Or els his fellow which is in prison his rowme shall supplie:
 Chil not be his halfe for vortie shillings, I tell you playne,
 I thinke Damon be too wise to returne agayne.

Wyll.

Wyll no man speake for them in this wofull case?

Grimme.

No, chill warrant you, one maister Stippus is in place,
 Where he may doo good; but he frames himselfe so,
 Whatsoever Dionisius wyllleth, to that he wyll not say no:
 'Tis a subtile vox, he will not tread on thornes for none,
 A mery harecoppe ⁷⁰ 'tis, and a pleasant companion,
 A right courtier, and can provide for one.

Jacke.

Wyll, howe lyke you this geare? your master Aristippus
 also,

At this colier's hande hath had a bloe.
 But in faith, father Grimme, cannot ye coliers
 Provide for your selves far better then courtiers?

Grimme.

Yes, I trowe: blacke coliers go in threadbare cotes,
 Yet so provide they, that they have the faire white groates.
 Ich may say in counsell, though all day I moyle in dourte,
 Chil not change lives with any in Dionisius' courte:
 For though their apparell be never so fine,
 Yet sure their credit is farre worse then mine:
 And by cocke I may say, for all their hie lookes,
 I knowe some stickes full deepe in marchants bookes:
 And deeper will fall in, as fame me telles,
 As long as insteede of money they take up haukes hoods and
 belles ⁷¹:

⁷⁰ *baracoppe*] *Coppe*, in Chaucer, is used for the top of any thing, and here seems intended to signify the head, or, as the common phrase is, a bare-brained fellow.

⁷¹ *insteede of money they take up haukes hoods and belles*] See Note 49 to *The White Devil*, vol. VI. p. 307. In the extract from Wilson's *Discourse on Usury*, there quoted, for *banks, bells*, read *barwks-bells*.

Wherby

Wherby they fall into a swelling disease, which coliers do
not know,

Tath a mad name it is called, ich weene, *Centum pro cento*.

Some other in courtes make others laugh merily,

When they wayle and lament their owne estate secretly :

Frindship is deade in courte, hipocrisie doth raigne,

Who is in favour now, to morow is out agayne :

The state is so uncertaine, that I, by my wyll,

Will never be courtier, but a colier styll.

Wyll.

It seemeth that coliers have a very ⁷² trym life.

Grimme.

Coliers get money styll : tell me of trouth,

Is not that a trim life now, as the world goeth ?

All day though I toyle with mayne and might,

With mony in my pouche I come home mery at night,

And sit downe in my chayre by my wyfe faire Alifon,

And tourne a crabbe in the fire, as mery as pope John ⁷³.

Jacke.

That pope was a merry fellow, of whome folke talke so
much.

Grimme.

H'ad to be merry withal, h'ad goulde enough in his hutch.

Jacke.

Can goulde make men mery ? they say, who can finge so
mery a note,

As he that is not able to change a grote ?

Grimme.

Who finges in that case, finges never in tune : I know for
my parte,

That a heavy pouch with goulde makes a light harte :

Of which I have provided for a deare yeare good store,

And these benters ⁷⁴, I trowe, shall anone get mee more.

⁷² very] merie, 2d edit.

⁷³ And tourne a crabbe in the fire, as mery as pope John] See Note 22 to
Gammer Gurton's Needle, vol. II. p. 20.

⁷⁴ And these benters] Benne is the Frenchword for a sack to carry
coals. See *Cotgrave*. He may, however, mean *debentures*, i. e. notes by
which a debt is claimed. Jack mentions debentures afterwards. S.

Wyll.

Wyll.

By serving the courte with coles, you gaynde all this money.

Grimme.

By the court onely, I assure yee.

Jacke.

After what sorte, I pray thee tell mee?

Grimme.

Nay, ther bate an ace (quoth Boulton ⁷⁵) I can weare a horne
and blow it not.

Jacke.

By'r ladie, the wiser man.

Grimme.

Shall I tell you, by what slite I got all this money?
Then ich weare a noddy indeede; no, no, I warreant ye.
Yet in few words I tell you this one thinge,
He is a very foole that cannot gayne by the kinge.

Wyll.

Well sayde, father Grimme, you are a wilie colier, and a
brave,
I see now there is no knave like to the olde knave.

Grimme.

Suche knaves have mony, when courtiers have none.
But tell me, is that true that abrode is blowne?

Jacke.

What is that?

Grimme.

Hath the kinge made those fayre damfels his daughters
To become now fine and trimme barbers?

⁷⁵ *Nay, ther bate an ace (quoth Boulton)*] Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton, is among the Proverbs published by Mr. Ray. That gentleman adds, "Who this Bolton was I know not, neither is it worth enquiring. "One of this name might happen to say, *Bate me an ace*, and, for the coincidence of the first letters of the two words *Bate* and *Bolton*, it grew to be a proverb. We have many of the like original; as, *v. g.* Sup, Simon, &c. Stay, quoth Stringer, &c. There goes a story of Queen Elizabeth, that being presented with a Collection of English Proverbs, and told by the Author that it contained all the English Proverbs, nay, replied she, *Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton*: which Proverb, being instantly looked for, happened to be wanting in his Collection." Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 177.

Jacke.

Jacke.

Yea truly, to his owne person.

Grimme.

Good fellowes beleve mee, as the case now standes,
I would geve one sacke of coles to be washt at their hands :
If ich came so neare them, for my wyt chould not geve three
chippes,
If ich could not steale one swap at their lippes.

Jacke.

Wyll, this knave is drunke, let us dresse him,
Let us riffell him so, that he have not one pennie to blesse
him,
And steale away his debenters too.

Wyll.

Content, invent the way, and I am readie.

Jacke.

Faith, and I wyll make him a noddie.
Father Grimme, if you pray mee wel ⁷⁶, I wyll wash you and
shave you too,
Even after the same fashion as the kinges daughters doo :
In all poyntes as they handle Dionisius, I wyll dresse you
trim and fine,

Grimme.

Chuld vaine learne that: come on then, chil geve thee a
whol pint of wine
At taverne for thy labour, when cha mony for my benters
heare.

*Here Wyll fetcheth a barber's bason, a pot with water, a raysour,
and clothes, and a payre of spectacles.*

Jacke.

Come, mine owne father Grimme, sit downe.

Grimme.

Masse, to beginne withall, heare is a trimme chayre.

Jacke.

What man, I wyll use you like a prince :—fir boy, fetch
me my geare.

⁷⁶ pray me wel] In the former Edition, Mr. Doddsley had altered this
to pay mee wel.

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Wyll.

Here, syr.

Jacke.

Holde up, father Grimme.

Grimme.

Me seeme my head doth swimme.

Jacke.

My costly perfumes make that.—Away with this, sir boy:
be quicke.

Aloyse, aloyse ⁷⁷, how pretie it is! is not here a good face?

A fine oules eyes, a mouth lyke an oven.

Father, you have good butter teeth, full scene,

You weare weaned, els you would have ben a great calfe.

Ah trimme lippes to sweepe a manger! here is a chinne,

As soft as the hoofe of an horse.

Grimme.

Doth the kinges daughters rubbe so harde?

Jacke.

Holde your head strajte, man, els all wyll be marde.

By'r ladie, you are of good complexion,

A right Croyden sanguine, beshrew mee.

Hould up, father Grimme.—Wyll, can you besturre ye?

Grimme.

Me thinks after a marvelous fashion you do besmoure me.

Jacke.

It is with Unguentum of Daucus Maucus, that is very costly,
I geve not this washing ball to every body:

After you have ben drest so finely at my hande,

You may kisse any ladies lippes within this lande.

A, you are trimly washt! how say you, is not this trimm
water?

Grimme.

It may be holsome, but it is vengeaunce sower.

Jacke.

It scours the better.—Syr boy, geve me my rayfour.

Wyll.

Here at hand, syr.

⁷⁷ *Aloyse, aloyse*] *Aloue*, Fr. is to allow, to approve, to praise. I
know of no other word that resembles that in the text. *Alofed*, in
Chaucer, is praised. S.

Grimme.

Grimme.

Gods aymes ! 'tis a chopping knyfe, 'tis no rayfour.

Jacke.

It is a rayfour, and that a very good one,
It came lately from Palermo⁷⁸, it cost mee twenty crownes
alone,

Your eyes daffell after your washing, these spectacles put on :
Now vew this rayfour, tell mee, is it not a good one ?

Grimme.

They be gay barnikels, yet I see never the better.

Jacke.

Indeede they be a young sight, and that is the matter,
But I warrant you, this rayfour is very easie.

Grimme.

Go too then, since you begonne, doo as please ye.

Jacke.

Holde up, father Grimme.

Grimme.

O your rayfour doth hurt my lippe.

Jacke.

No, it scrapeth of a pimpell, to ease you of the pippe.
I have done now, how say you ? are you not well ?

Grimme.

Cham lighter then ich was, the truth to tell.

Jacke.

Will you finge after your shavinge ?

Grimme.

Mas, content, but chill be polde first or I finge.

Jacke.

Nay that shall not neede, you are pould neere enough for
this time.

Grimme.

Go too then lustyly, I will finge in my man's voyce,
Chave a troublinge base busse.

⁷⁸ It came from Palermo] The 4tos read Pallarrime. The razors of Palermo were anciently famous. They are mentioned in more than one of our old Plays, and particularly in *The Wounds of Civill War*, by Thomas Lodge, 1594, Sign. I 4: "Neighbour sharpen the edge tole of your wits upon the whetstone of indiscretion, that your wordes may have like the rasers of Palermo." S.

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Jacke.

You are lyke to beare the bobbe, for we wyll geve it,
Set out your busying base, and wee wyll quiddell upon it.

Grimme singeth Busse.

Jacke singes.

Too nidden, and too nidden.

Wyll singes.

Too nidden, and toodle toodle doo nidden,
Is not Grimme the colier most finely shaven?

Grimme.

Why, my fellowes, thinke iche am a cowe, that you make
such toying?

Jacke.

Nay by'r ladie, you are no cow, by your finging;
Yet your wife told me you were an ox.

Grimme.

Did she so? 'tis a pestens quene⁷⁹, she is full of such mockes,
But go to, let us singe out our songe merely.

The songe at the shavving of the colier.

Jacke.

SUCHE barbers, God send you at all times of neede.

Wyll.

That can dresse you finely, and make such quick speede.

Jacke.

Your face like an incorne now shineth so gay—

Wyll.

That I with your nostrils of force must needes play,
With too nidden, and too nidden.

Jacke.

With too nidden, and toodle toodle doo nidden.
Is not Grimme the colier most finely shaven?

Wyll.

With shavving you shine lyke a pestle of porke⁸⁰.

Jacke.

Here is the trimmest bogges-flesh from London to Yorke.

⁷⁹ pestens quene] He means a pestilent quean. S.

⁸⁰ a pestle of porke] i. e. a gammon of bacon. Minshieu.

Wyll.

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Wyll.

It would be trimme baken to hange up a while.

Jacke.

*To play with this hogline, of force I must smyle,
With too nidden, and too nidden.*

Wyll.

With too nidden, and todle, &c.

Grimme.

Your shaving doth please me, I am now your debter.

Wyll.

Your wife now will husse you, because you are sweater.

Grimme.

Neere would I be poled, as neere as cham shaven.

Wyll.

*Then out of your jerkin, needes must you be shaken,
With too nidden, and too nidden, &c.*

Grimme.

It is a trimme thing to be washt in the courte.

Wyll.

Their handes are so fine, that they never doo hurte.

Grimme.

Metbinke ich am lighter then ever ich was.

Wyll.

*Our shavinge in the court bath brought this to passe.
With too nidden, and too nidden.*

Jacke.

*With too nidden, and todle todle doo nidden,
Is not Grimme the colier finely⁸¹ shaven?*

Grimme.

*This is trimly done: now chil pitche my coles not farre
hence,*

And then at the taverne chil bestowe whole tway pence.

[Exit Grimme.]

Jacke.

*Farewel cocke, before the colier againe doo us seeke,
Let us into the courte to parte the spoyle, share and share like.*

⁸¹ finely] trimly, 2d edit.

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Wyll.

Away then.

[Exeunt.]

Here entreth Grimme.

Grimme.

Out alas, where shall I make my mone?
My pouche, my bencers, and all is gone!
Wher is that villayne that dyd me shave?
Hath robbed me, alas! of all that I have.

Here entreth Snap.

Snap.

Who crieth so at the courie gate?

Grimme.

I, the poore colier, that was robbed of late,

Snap.

Who robbed thee?

Grimme.

Twoo of the porters men that dyd shave me,

Snap.

Why the porters men are no barbers.

Grimme.

A vengeance take them, they are quicke carvers,

Snap.

What stature weare they of?

Grimme.

As little dapper knyves, as they trimly could scoffe,

Snap.

They were lackeyes, as neare as I can gesse them.

Grimme.

Such lackies make mee lacke, an halter beswinge them,
Cham undon, they have my bencers too.

Snap.

Doeft thou know them, if thou seeft them?

Grimme.

Yea, that I doo.

Snap.

Then come with me, we wyll finde them out, and that
quickly.

Grimme.

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Grimme.

I folow, mast tipstasse, they be in the courte it is likely.

Snap.

Then crie no more, come away,

[*Exeunt.*

Here entretb Carisophus and Aristippus.

Carisophus.

If ever you wyll shew your friendship, now is the time,
Seing the king is displeased with me, of my parte without any
crime.

Aristippus.

It should appeare, it comes of some evell behaviour,
That you so sodenly are cast out of favour.

Carisophus.

Nothing have I done but this, in talke I overthwarted
Eubulus,

When he lamented Pithias' case to kinge Dionisius,
Which to morrow shall die: but for that false knave Damon,
He hath left his friend in the briers, and now is gone.
Wee grew so hot in talke, that Eubulus protested playnely,
Dionisius⁸² held his eare open to parasiticall flatterie.
And now in the kinges eare like a bell he ringes,
Crying, that flatterers have ben the destroyers of kinges.
Which talke, in Dionisius' harte hath made so deepe im-
pression,

That he trusteth me not, as heretofore, in no condition:
And some wordes brake from him, as though that hee
Began to suspect my trouth and honestie,
Which you of friendship I know wyll defend, how so ever the
world goeth:

My frind, for my honestie will you not take an othe?

Aristippus.

To sweare for your honestie, I should lose mine owne.

Carisophus.

Should you so indeede? I would that were knowne.
Is your voyde friendship come thus to passe?

Aristippus.

I folow the proverbe: *Amicus usque ad auras.*

⁸² *Dionisius*] Both the Quartos read *Whiche*. The alteration by Mr.
Doddsley.

Carisophus.

Where can you say I ever lost mine honestie?

Aristippus.

You never lost it, for you never had it, as farre as I know.

Carisophus.

Say you so, friend Aristippus, whom I trust so well?

Aristippus.

Because you trust me, to you the truth I tell.

Carisophus.

Wyll you not stretche one poynt, to bring mee in favour
agayne?

Aristippus.

I love no stretching, so I may breede myne owne payne.

Carisophus.

A friende ought to shonne no payne, to stand his friend in
stead.

Aristippus.

Where true friendship is, it is so in very deede.

Carisophus.

Why, sir, hath not the chaine of true frindship linked us
two together?

Aristippus.

The chiefeft linke, lacked therof, it must needs desever.

Carisophus.

What linke is that? faine would I know.

Aristippus.

Honestie.

Carisophus.

Doth honestie knit the perfect knot in true friendship?

Aristippus.

Yea, truely, and that knot so knit wyll never flippe.

Carisophus.

Belike then, there is no frindship but betweene honest men.

Aristippus.

Betweene the honest only; for, *Amicitia inter bonos*⁸³, saith
a learned man.

Carisophus.

Yet evell men use frindship in things dishonest, wher fancy
doth serve.

⁸³ *bonos,*] *bonus.* Both 4tos.

Aristippus.

Aristippus.

That is no frindship, but a lewde likeing, it lastes but a while.

Carisophus.

What is the perfectst frindship among men that ever grew?

Aristippus.

Where men love one another, not for profit, but for vertue.

Carisophus.

Are such frindes both alike in joy and also in smarte?

Aristippus.

They must needs, for in two bodies they have but one harte.

Carisophus.

Friend Aristippus, deceave me not with sophistrie,
Is there no perfect frindship, but where is vertue and honestie?

Aristippus.

What a devell then ment Carisophus
To joyne in frindship with fine Aristippus?
In whom is as much vertue, trueth and honestie,
As there are true fethers in the three Craines of the Vintree⁸⁴:
Yet their⁸⁵ fethers have the shadow of lively fethers, the truth
to scan,

But Carisophus hath not the shadowe of an honest man.
To be playne, hecause I know thy villany,
In abusinge Dionisius to many mens injury,
Under the cloke of frindship I playd with his head,
And sought meanes how thou with thine owne fancy might be
lead:

My frindship thou soughtest for thine owne commoditie,
As worldly men doo, by profite measuring amitie:
Which I perceiving, to the lyke myselfe I framed,
Wherein, I know, of the wise I shall not be blamed:

⁸⁴ *the three Craines of the Vintree*] Sometimes called New Queen Street, where there seems to have been the sign of *the three Cranes*. Ben Jonson mentions this place in *The Devil is an Ass*, A. 1. S. 1.

"From thence shoot the bridge child, to *the Cranes of the Vintry*,

"And see there the gimblets how they make their entry!"

Stow says, it was a place of some account for the Costermongers who had ware-houses there; and it appears from *Dekkar's Belman of London*, Sign. E 2, that the beggars of his time called one of their places of rendezvous by this name.

⁸⁵ *their*] these, 1st edit.

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If you ask me, *Quare?* I answer, *Quia prudentis est multum dissimulare.*

To speake more playner, as the proverb doth go,
In faith Carisophus, *cum Cretense cretiso*:
Yet a perfect frinde I shew myselfe to thee in one thing,
I doo not dissemble, now I say I wyll not speake for thee to
the king:

Therefore sinke in thy sorrow, I doo not deceave thee,
A false knave I found thee, a false knave I leave thee. [*Exit,*
Carisophus.]

He is gone! is this frindship to leave his friend in the plaine
fielde?

Well, I see now I myselfe have beguylde,
In matching with that false fox in amitie,
Which hath me used to his owne commoditie:
Which seeing me in distresse, unfainedly goes his wayes,
Loe this is the perfect frindship among men now a daies;
Which kinde of frindship toward him I used secretly;
And he with me the like hath requited me craftily.
It is the Gods judgment, I see it playnely,
For all the worlde may know, *Incidit in foveam quam feci.*
Well, I must content myselfe, none other helpe I know,
Until a merier gale of winde may happe to blowe. [*Exit,*

Enter Eubulus.

Eubulus.

Who deals with kinges in matters of great waight,
When froward wyll doth beare the cheifest sway,
Must yeld of force, there neede no subtile sleight,
Ne paynted⁸⁶ speach the matter to convey.
No prayer can move when kindled is the ire,
'The more ye quench, the more increased is the fire.
'This thinge I prove in Pithias' woful case,
Whose heavy hap with teares I doo lament:
The day is come, when he in Damon's place,
Must lose his life: the time is fully spent:
Nought can my words now with the king prevaile,
Against the wind and strivinge stream⁸⁷ I sayle:

⁸⁶ *paynted*] *vaunted*, 2d edit.

⁸⁷ *streames*, 2d edit.

For die thou must, alas! thou sely Greeke.
 Ah, Pithias, now come is thy dolefull houre:
 A perfect friend, none such in a world to seeke.
 Though bitter death shall geve thee sauce full sower,
 Yet for thy faith enrold shall be thy name,
 Among the gods, within the booke of fame.
 Who knoweth his case, and will not melt in teares?
 His gillles bloud shall trickle downe anon.

Then the Muses singe.

*ALAS, what happe hast thou, poore Pitbias, now to die!
 Wo worth the man which for his death hath given us cause to cry.*

Eubulus.

*Metbinke I beare, with yelow rented beares,
 The muses frame their notes, thy state to mone:
 Among which sorte, as one that morneth with harte,
 In doleful tunes myself wyll beare a parte.*

Muses. *Wo worth the man, &c.*

Eubulus.

*With yelow rented beares, come on you Muses nine,
 Fyll now my breast with heavy tunes, to me your plaints resign:
 For Pitbias I bewayle, which presently must die,
 Wo worth the man which for his death, &c.*

Muses. *Wo worth the man, &c.*

Eubulus.

*Was ever such a man, that would die for his friend?
 I thinke even from the heavens above, the gods did him downe sende
 To shew true friendship's power, which forst thee now to die.
 Wo worth the man which for thy death, &c.*

Muses. *Wo worth the man, &c.*

Eubulus.

*What tigar's whelp was he, that Damon dyd accuse?
 What faith hast thou, which for thy friend thy death dost not refuse?
 O heavy happe hadst thou to play this tragidie!
 Wo worth the man, &c.*

Muses. *Worth the man, &c.*

Eubulus.

*Thou young and worthie Greeke, that showest such perfect love,
 The gods receave thy simple ghost into the heavens above:*

Thy

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Thy death we shall lament with many a weeping eye.

Wo worth the man, which for his death, &c.

*Muses. Wo worth the man, which for his death hath given us
cause to crye.*

Eubulus.

ETERNALL be your fame, ye Muses, for that in miserie
Ye did vouchsafe to strayne your notes to walke :
My harte is rent in two with this miserable case,
Yet am I charged by Dionisius' mouth, to se this place
At all poynts ready for the execution of Pithias.
Neede hath no law : wyll^{ss} I, or nil I, it must be done,
But loe, the bloodie minister is even here at hande.

Enter Gronno.

Gronno, I came hether now to understande,
If all thinges are well appoynted for the execution of Pithias ;
The kinge himselfe will se it done here in this place.

Gronno.

Sir, all thinges are ready, here is the place, here is the
hand, here is the sword,
Here lacketh non but Pithias, whose head at a worde,
If he were present, I coulde finely strike of.
You may reporte that all thinges are ready.

Eubulus.

I go with heavy harte to report it. Ah, woful Pithias!
Full neare now is thy misery. [Exit.

Gronno.

I marvell very much, under what constilation
All hangmen are borne, for they are hated of all, beloved of
none :
Which hatred is showed by this poynt evidently,
The hangman always dwelles in the vilest place of the citie :
That such spight should be, I know no cause why,
Unlesse it be for their office's sake, which is cruel and bloody.
Yet some men must doo it, to execute lawes.
Methinke they hate me without any just cause.

^{ss} wyll I, or nil I] Whether I will or not. See Note 23 to *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, vol. XI. p. 237.

But

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But I must looke to my toyle, Pithias must lose his head at
one blow,

Els the boyes wyll stone me to death in the streat as I go.

But harke, the prisoner cometh, and the kinge also,

I see there is no help, Pithias his life must forgo.

Here entreth Dionisius and Eubulus.

Dionisius.

Bring forth Pithias, that pleasant companion,
Which tooke mee at my worde, and became pledge for
Damon.

It pricketh⁸⁹ fast upon noone, I doo him no injurie,

If now he lose his head, for so he requested me,

If Damon returne not, which now in Greece is full mery :

Therefore shall Pithias pay his death, and that by and by.

He thought belike, if Damon were out of the citie,

I would not put him to death, for some foolishe pitie :

But seeing it was his request, I wyll not be mockt, he shall
die;

Bring him forth.

Here entreth Snap.

Snap.

Geve place, let the prisoner come by, give place.

Enter Pithias and Stephano.

Dionisius.

How say you, sir, where is Damon, your trustie friend ?

You have playd a wise part ; I make God a vow :

You know what time a day it is, make you ready.

Pithias.

Most ready I am, mightie king, and most ready also,

For my true friend Damon, this life to forgo,

Even at your pleasure.

Dionisius.

A true frend ! a false traytor, that so breaketh his oth.

Thou shalt lose thy life, though thou be never so loth.

⁸⁹ pricketh] i. e. it rideth fast upon noon. The word is used by Spenser
and many of our ancient writers.

Pithias.

Pithias.

I am not loth to doo what so ever I sayde,
 Ne at this present pinch of death am I dismayde:
 The Gods now I know have heard my fervent prayer,
 That they have reserved me to this passynge great honour,
 To die for my frend, whose faith even now I doo not mis-
 truste,

My frinde Damon is no false traytour, he is true and juste:
 But sith he is no God, but a man, he must doo as he may,
 The winde may be contrary, sicknes may let him⁹⁰, or some
 misadventure by the way,

Which the eternall Gods tourne all to my glorie,
 That fame may resound how Pithias for Damon did die:
 He breaketh no oth, which doth as much as he can,
 His minde is heare, he hath some let, he is but a man.
 That he might not returne; of all the Gods I did require,
 Which now to my joy do⁹¹ graunt my desire.

But why doo I stay any longer, seing that one man's death
 May suffice, O king, to pacifie thy wrath?

O thou minister of justice, doo thyne office by and by,
 Let not thy hand tremble, for I tremble not to die.

Stephano, the right patrone of true fidelitie,

Commend me to thy master, my sweet Damon, and of him
 crave libertie

When I am dead, in my name; for thy trustie services
 Hath well deserved a gift farre better than this.

Oh my Damon, farewell now for ever, a true friend, to me
 most deare;

Whyles lyfe doth laste, my mouth shall styll talke of thee,
 And when I am dead, my simple ghost, true witnes of amitie,
 Shall hoover about the place wheresoever thou bee.

Dionisius.

Eubulus, this geare is straunge, and yet because
 Damon hath falst his faith, Pithias shall have the lawe.
 Gronno, dispoyle hym, and eke dispatch him quickly.

Gronno.

It shal be done: since you came into this place,
 I might have stroken off seven heades in this space.

⁹⁰ let him,] i. e. hinder him.

⁹¹ do] doth. Both 4tos.

By'r

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By'r lady, here are good garments, these are myne by the roode,

It is an evyll winde that bloweth no man good.

Now Pithias kneele downe, aske me bleffing like a pretie boy,
And with a trife, thy head from thy shoulders I wyll convey.

Hert entreth Damon running, and flayes the sword:

Damon.

Stay, stay, stay, for the kinges advantage stay.

O mightie kyng, myne appointed time is not yet fully past;
Within the compasse of myne houre, loe here I come at last:
A life I owe, and a life I wyll you pay:

Oh! my Pithias, my noble pledge, my constant friende!

Ah, wo is me! for Damon's sake, how neare were thou to thy ende!

Geve place to me, this rowme is myne, on this stage must I play.

Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionisius his blood to pay.

Gronno.

Are you come, sir? you might have taried if you had bene wyse,

For your hastie comming you are lyke to know the prise.

Pithias.

O thou cruel minnister, why didst not thou thine office?

Did not I bidde thee make hast in any wyse?

Hast thou spared to kill me once, that I may die twyse?

Not to die for my friend, is present death to me; and alas!

Shall I see my sweet Damon slaine before my face?

What double death is this? but, O mightie Dionisius,

Doo true justice now, way this aright, thou noble Eubulus;

Let mee have no wronge as now standes the case,

Damon ought not to die, but Pithias:

By misadventure, not by his wyll, his howre is past; therefore I,

Because he came not at his just tyme, ought justly to die:

So was my promise, so was thy promise, O kynge,

All this courte can beare witnesse of this thinge.

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Damon.

Not so, O mightie kynge, to justice it is contrarie,
That for an other man's faulte the innocent should die:
Ne yet is my time playnly expirde, it is not fully noone.
Of this my day appointed, by all the clockes in the towne.

Pithias.

Beleeve no clocke, the houre is past by the sonne.

Damon.

Ah, my Pithias, shall we now breake the bondes of amitie?
Will you now overthwart mee, whiche heretofore so well did
agree?

Pithias.

My Damon, the Goddes forbid but wee should agree;
Therefore agree to this, let mee perfourme the promise I
made for thee,

Let mee die for thee; doo mee not that injurie,
Both to breake my promise, and to suffer mee too see thee
die,

Whome so dearly I love: this small request graunt mee,
I shall never aske thee more, my desire is but frindly:
Doo me this honour, that fame may reporte triumphantly,
That Pithias for his friende Damon was contented to die.

Damon.

That you were contented for me to die, fame cannot denie;
Yet fame shall never touch me with such a villanie,
To reporte that Damon did suffer his frind Pithias, for him,
giltles, to die;

Therefore content thyselfe, the Gods requite thy constant
faith,

None but Damon's bloud can appease Dionisius' wrath.
And now, O mightie kinge, to you my talke I convey,
Because you gave me leave my worldly thinges to stay,
To requite that good tourne ere I die, for your behalfe this I
say,

Although your regall state dame Fortune decketh so,
That like a kinge in world'y wealth abundantly ye floe,
Yet fickle is the grounde whereon all tyrants treade,
A thousand fundrie cares and feares doo haunt their restless
head;

No

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No trustie band, no faithfull friendes doo garde thy hatefull
state,

And why? whom men obey for deadly feare, sure them they
deadly hate.

That you may safely raigne, by love get friends, whose constant
faith

Wyll never fayle, this counsell geves poore Damon at his death :
Friendes are the surest garde for kinges, gold in time doos⁹²
wear away,

And other precious thinges doo fade, frindship wyll never
decay.

Have friendes in store therefore, so shall you safely sleape,

Have friends at home, of forraine foes so neede you take no
keepe.

Abandon flatering tongues, whose clackes truth never tels ;

Abase the yll, advance the good, in whome dame vertue dwels ;

Let them your playfelowes be : but O, you earthly kinges,

Your sure defence and strongest garde stands chiefly in faithfull
friendes,

Then get you friends by liberall deedes ; and here I make an
ende.

Accept this counsell, mightie king, of Damon, Pithias' friende,

Oh, my Pithias! now farewell for ever, let me kisse thee or⁹³
I die,

My soule shall honour thee, thy constant faith above the hea-
vens shall flie.

Come, Gronno, doo thine office now ; why is thy colour so
dead ?

My neck is so short, that thou wilt never have honestie in
striking of this head⁹⁴.

Dionisus.

⁹² *doos*] doo, 1st edit.

⁹³ *or*] ere, 2d edit.

⁹⁴ *My neck is so shorte that thou wilt never have honestie in striking of this
head.*] i. e. thou wilt derive no credit from striking off a head so dis-
advantageously placed from the purpose of decollation. *Honnetete*, Fr.
antiently signified *fame*, or *reputation*, in the dextrous execution of any un-
dertaking, whether honourable or the contrary. *Honesty* seems here to be
used with the French meaning. S.

In this instance the Author appears to have had before him the speech
which Sir Thomas More made at his execution. *Hall*, in his Chronicle,
tempore Henry VIII. p. 226, says, "Also the hangman kneled down to
Vol. I. Q " him

Dionisius.

Eubulus, my spirites are sodenly appauled, my limes ware weake,
This straunge friendship amaseth me so, that I can scarfe speake.

Pithias.

O mightie kinge, let some pittie your noble harte meeve;
You require but one man's death, take Pithias, let Damon live.

Eubulus.

O unspeakable frindship!

Damon.

Not so, he hath not offended, there is no cause why
My constant friend Pithias for Damon's sake should die.
Alas, he is but young, he may doo good to many.
Thou cowarde minister, why doest thou not let mee die?

Gronno.

My hand with soden feare quivereth.

Pithias.

O noble kinge, shewe mercy upon Damon, let Pithias die.

Dionisius.

Stay, Gronno, my flesh trembleth. Eubulus, what shall I doo?

Were there ever such frindes on earth as were these two?
What harte is so cruell that would deuide them asunder?
O noble friendship, I must yeld, at thy force I wonder.
My hart this rare frindship hath pearst to the roote,
And quenched all my fury, this sight hath brought this about,
Which thy grave counsell, Eubulus, and learned perswasion
could never doo.

O noble gentlemen, the immortal Gods above
Hath made you play this tragidie I think, for my behove:
Before this day I never knew what perfect friendship ment.
My cruell mind to bloody deedes was full and wholly bent;
My fearefull life I thought with terroure to defende,
But now I see there is no garde unto a faithfull friend,

"him askyng him forgevenes of his death (as the manner is), to whom
"he sayed I forgeve thee, but I promise thee that thou shalt never have
"bonessie of the sirykyng of my head, my necke is so short."

Which

Which wyll not spare his lyfe at time of present neede,
O happie kinges who in your courtes have two such frinds
indeed!

I honour friendship now, which that you may playnly see,
Damon, have thou thy lyfe, from death I pardon thee;
For which good tourne, I crave this honour doe me lend,
Oh frindly hart, let me linke with you, to you ⁹⁵ make me the
thirde friende.

My courte is yours, dwell here with mee, by my commission
large,

Myself, my realme, my welth, my health, I commit to your
charge:

Make me a thirde friend, more shall I joye in that thing,
Then to be called as I am, Dionisius, the mightie kinge.

Damon.

O mightie king, first for my lyfe most humble thanks I geve,
And next, I praye the immortall-Gods that did your harte so
meve,

That you would have respect to friendship's heavenly lore,
Forseing wel he need not feare which hath true friends in store.
For my part, most noble king, as a third frind, welcom to our
friendly societie;

But you must forget you are a king, for frindship standes in true
equalitie.

Dionisius.

Unequall though I be in great possessions,
Yet full equall shall you finde me in my changed conditions.
Tyrannie, flatterie, oppression, loe hear I cast away;
Justice, truth, love, frindship, shall be my joy:
True friendship wyl I honour unto my live's end,
My greatest glorie shal be to be counted a perfect friende.'

Pithias.

For this your deede, most noble king, the Gods advance
your name,
And since to friendship's lore you list your princely harte to
frame,

With joyfull hart, O kinge, most wellcome nowe to me,
With you wyll I knit the perfect knot of amitie:

244 DAMON AND PITHIAS.

Wherein I shall enstruēt you so, and Damon here your friend,
That you may know of amitie the mightie force, and eke the
joyful end.

And how that kinges doo stand uppon a fickle ground,
Within whose realme at time of need no faithfull friends are
founde.

Dionisius.

Your instruction wyll I folow, to you myself I doo committe.
Eubulus, make haste to fet new apparell fitte
For my new friends.

Eubulus.

I go with joyful hart, O happie day !

[*Exit.*

Gronno.

I am glade to heare this word ; though their lives they doo
not leese,

It is no reason ⁹⁶ the hangman should lose his fees :

These are mine, I am gone with a trise.

[*Exit.*

Here entreth Eubulus with new garmentes.

Dionisius.

Put on these garmentes now, goe in with me, the jewelles
of my court.

Damon and Pithias.

We go with joyfull harts.

Stephano.

Oh, Damon, my deare master, in all this joy remember me.

Dionisius.

My friend Damon, he asketh reason.

Damon.

Stephano, for thy good service, be thou free.

[*Ex. all but Stephano.*

Stephano.

O most happie, pleasant, joyfull, and triumphant day !

Poore Stephano now shall live in continuall joy :

Vive le roy, with Damon and Pithias, in perfect amitie.

Vive tu Stephano, in thy pleasant liberalitie :

Wherein I joy as much as he that hath a conquest wonne,
I am a free man, none so mery as I now under the sonne.

⁹⁶ not reason] no reason, 1st edit.

DAMON AND PITHIAS. 245

Farewel my lords, nowe the Gods graunt you al the fom of
perfect amitie,
And me longe to enjoy my longe-desired libertie. [Exit.

Heare entreth Eubulus beatyng Carisophus.

Away villaine, away, you flattringe parasite,
Away the plague of this courte: thy filed tongue, that forged
lies,
No more here shall doo hurt: away, false sicophant, wilt thou
not?

Carisophus.

I am gone. sir, seeing it is the kinges pleasure.
Why whyp ye me alone? a plague take Damon and Pithias,
since they came hither
I am driven to seke releefe abroad, alas! I know not whither.
Yet, Eubulus, though I be gone, hereafter time shall trie,
There shall be found even in this court as great flatterers as I.
Well, for a while I wyll forgo the court, though to my great
payne;
I doubt not but to spie a time when I may creepe in againe.

[Exit.

Eubulus.

The serpent that eates men alive, flattery, with all her
broode,
Is whipte away in princes courtes, whiche yet did never good.
What force, what mighty power true friendship may possesse,
To all the worlde, Dionisius' courte now playnly doth expresse,
Who since to faithfull friendes he gave his willyng eare,
Most safely sitteth in his seate, and sleepes devoid of feare.
Poured is the court of vice, since friendship entred in,
Tirannie quailles, he studieth now with love eche hart to win;
Vertue is had in price, and hath his just rewarde;
And painted speache, that gloseth for gayne, from gifts is quite
debaied.
One loveth another now for vertue, not for gayne;
Where vertue doth not knit the knot, there friendship cannot
raigne,
Without the whiche, no house, no land, ne kingdome can
endure,
As necessarie for man's lyfe, as water, ayre, and fier,

Q 3

Which

246 DAMON AND PITHIAS.

Which frameth the minde of man, all honest thinges to
doo;

Unhonest thinges friendshippe ne craveth, ne yet consents
thereto.

In wealch a double joye, in woe a present stay,

A sweete companion in each state true friendship is al-
way:

A sure defence for kinges, a perfect trustie bande,

A force to assaile, a shield to defende the enemies cruell
hande,

A rare, and yet the greatest gift that God can geve to man:

So rare, that scarce four couple of faithfull frends have ben
since the worlde began.

A gift so strange, and of such price, I wish all kyngs to
have;

But chiefly yet, as duetie bindeth, I humbly crave,

True friendship and true friendes, full fraught with constant
faith,

The geuer of friends, the Lord, grant her, most noble queene
Elizabeth.

The last SONG E.

THE strongest garde that kynges can haue,
 Are constant friends their state to saue;
 True friendes are constant both in word and deede,
 True friendes are present, and helpe at each neede:
 True friendes talke truly, they glose for no gayne,
 When treasure consumeth, true frindes wyll remayne:
 True frindes for their tru prince refuseth not their death:
 The Lord graunt her such frindes, most noble queene Elizabeth.

Longe may she governe in honour and wealib,
 Voyde of all sicknesse, in most perfect healtib:
 Which healtib to prolonge, as true friends require,
 God graunt she may haue her owne hartes desire:
 Which friendes wyll defend with most stedfast faith,
 The Lorde graunt her such friendes, most noble queene Elizabeth.

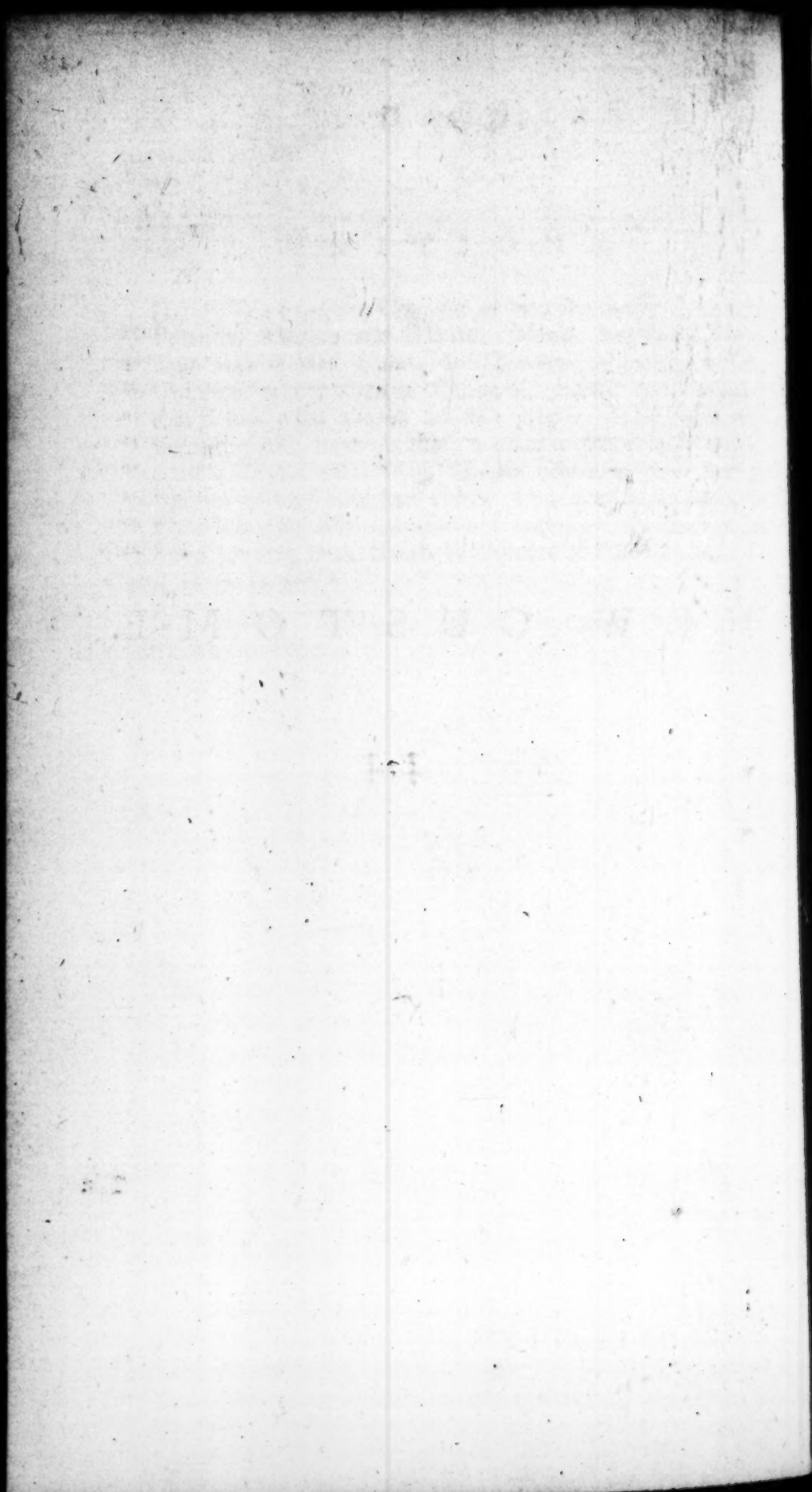
E D I T I O N S.

(1.) "The excellent Comedie of two the moste faithfullest
 "Freendes Dämon and Pithias. Newly imprinted as the
 "same was shewed before the Queenes Majestie, by the
 "Children of her Graces Chappell, except the Prologue,
 "that is somewhat altered for the proper use of them that
 "hereafter shall have occasion to plaie it either in private or
 "open audience. Made by Maister Edwards, then beyng
 "Maister of the Children 1571. Imprinted at London, in
 "Fleetelane, by Richarde Johnes, and are to be solde at his
 "Shop joyning to the South-West doore of Paule's Church." 4to, Black Letter.

(2.) Another Edition in 4to, B. L. 1582. Both in Mr. Garrick's Collection.



NEW CUSTOMER.



I HAVE not been able to discover who was the Author of this Piece. But I think it is one of the most remarkable of our antient *Moralities*, as it was wrote purposely to vindicate and promote the Reformation. It was printed in 1573, and contrived so that four People might act it: this was frequently done, as I have observed in the Preface, for the convenience of such as were disposed to divert or improve themselves, by representing these kinds of Entertainments in their own Houses. This, and God's Promises by Bishop Bale, will serve as Specimens of the ancient *Mysteries* and *Moralities*.

The Players Names in this ENTERLUDE be these.

The PROLOGUE.

Perverse Doctrine,	<i>an old popishe Priest.</i>
Ignoraunce,	<i>an other, but elder.</i>
New Custome,	<i>a Minister.</i>
Light of the Gospell,	<i>a Minister.</i>
Hypocrisie,	<i>an olde Woman.</i>
Creweltie,	<i>a Ruffler¹.</i>
Avarice,	<i>a Ruffler.</i>
Edification,	<i>a Sage.</i>
Assuraunce,	<i>a Vertue.</i>
Godde's felicitie,	<i>a Sage.</i>

Fower may play this ENTERLUDE.

1 Perverse Doctrine.	3 { New Custome. Avarice. Assurance.
2 { Ignoraunce. Hypocrisie, and Edification.	4 { Light of the Gospell. Creweltie. Godde's felicitie. The Prologue.

¹ *Creweltie, a Ruffler.*] i. e. a cheating bully, so called in several Acts of Parliament during the reign of King Henry the Eighth. S.

T H E
P R O L O G U E.

AL things be not soe as in sight they doe seeme,
What so ever they resemble, or *what* ever men deeme.
 For if our senses in their owne objects us do fayle
 Sometimes, then our judgements shall but little availle
 In some things, as such, where doubt geveth deniall
 Of them in the best wise to make any triall.
 Which sayinge is evident, as well shall appeare
 In this little Enterlude whiche we present heare;
 Whereby we may learn how grossly we erre,
 Taking one thinge for another, which differ so farre
 As good dothe from badde. Example therefore
 You may take by these persons if you marke no more.
 For the primitive constitution, whiche was fyrst appointed
 Even by God himself, and by Chrest his annoynted;
 Confirmed by th' apostles, and of great antiquitie:
 See howe it is perverted by manne's wicked iniquitie,
 To be called newe Custome, or newe Constitution,
 Surely a name of to much ungodly abuson.
 Which our author indifferently scanninge in his minde,
 In his simple opinion this cause bee doth finde;
 That by reason of ignorance which beareth great swaie,
 And also stubberne doctrine, which shutteth up the waie
 To all good instruction, and knowledge of right:
 No marvell it was, though of the truth we were ignoraunt quight.
 For truly in suche a case, the matter was but small,
 To make the ignorant sowle to credite them all,

*What so ever they saide, were it trueth or a lye,
 For no man able was then to prove them the contrarie.
 Wherefore their owne fancies they sette in great prise,
 Neglectinge the trewe waye, like men farre unwise.
 Making semblant of antiquitie in all that they did,
 To th' intent that their subtiltie by suche meanes might be hid.
 Newe Custome also hath he named this matter verilie,
 In consideration that the people so speaketh commonlie,
 Confuting the same by reasons most manifest,
 Whiche in consequent order of talke are exprest.
 This sence hath our Author followed herein, as we saide,
 For other meaning, moreover hee will not have it denaide,
 But diverse may invent muche distant from this,
 Whiche in no wise he wil have prejudicall to his,
 Nor his unto theirs, whatsoever they bee,
 For many heades, many wittes, wee doe plainly see.
 Onely hee desireth this of the worshipfull audience,
 To take in good parte without al manner offence,
 Whatsoever shall be spoken, marking the intent,
 Interpreting it no otherwise but as it was ment.
 And for us, if of pacience you list to attende,
 Wee are readie to declare you the matter to the ends.*

NEW C U S T O M E.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

*Perverse Doctrine and Ignorance entre.**Perverse Doctrine.*

IT is even so in deede, the worlde was never in so evyll a
state.

But this is no time for us of these matters to debate.

It were good wee invented some politike waie

Our matters to addresse in good orderly staie.

And for us, reason would we looked to ourselves.

Do you not see howe these newe fangled prating elves

Prinke up so pertly of late in every place?

And go about us auncients flatly to deface?

As who shoulde say in shorte time, as well learned as wee,

As wise to the worlde, as good they mighte accomptid bee,

Naye, naye, if many yeers and graie heares do knowe no more,

But that every pevishe boye hath even as muche witte in store:

By the masse then have I lyved to long, and I would I were
dead,

If I have not more knoweledge then a thousande of them in
my head,

For how should they have learning that were borne but even
now?

As fit a sighte it were to see a goose shodde, or a saddled cowe,

As to hear the pratlinge of any soche Jack Strawe.

For when hee hath all done I compte him but a very dawe.

As in London not longe since, you wot well where,

They rang to a Sermon, and we chaunced to be there.

Up start the preacher I thinke not past twenty yeeres olde,

With a sounding voyce, and audacitie bolde,

And beganne to revile at the holie sacrament, and transubstantiation.

I never hearde one knave or other make suche a declaration,
But, if I had had the boye in a convenient place,
With a good rodde or twain not past one howre's space,
I woulde so have scourged my marchant², that his breeche
should ake,

So longe as it is since that he those woordes spake.

What, younge men to be medlers in Divinitie? it is a godly
fight!

Yet therein nowe almost is every boye's delight,
No booke nowe in their handes, but all scripture, scripture,
Eyther the whole Bible, or the New Testament, you may be
sure.

The Newe Testament for them? and then to for cowle my
dogge³.

This is the olde proverbe, to cast perles to an hogge.

Geve them that whiche is meete for them, a racket and a ball,
Or some other trifle to busie their heades with all.

Playinge at coytes or nine hooles⁴, or shooting at buttes,
There let them be a goddes name, til their hartes ake and
their guttes.

Let us alone with divinitie, which are of ryper age.

Youth is rashe, they say, but olde men hath the knowledge.

² *my marchant*] *Merchant* was antiently used as we now use the word *chap.* See Note on *Romco and Juliet*, A. 2. S. 4. S.

³ —and then to for cowle my dogge] *Cowle*, or rather *coll*, I suppose to be the name of the dog. S.

Cowle my dog, I am inclined to believe means *put a cowle or hood on a dog*, and he will be as learned as a frier: the contempt into which the order had at this period fallen will at least countenance the explanation, if it should not be thought sufficient to prove it. I once was of opinion, that there might be an allusion to the case of one *Collins* a crazy man, who seeing a priest hold up the host over his head, lifted up a *dog* in the same manner, for which both he and the animal were burnt in 1538. See *Faxe*, vol. II. 436.

⁴ *Playinge at coytes or nine hooles*] By the Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. 9. s. 16. a penalty is imposed on certain persons therein mentioned, who should play at the tables, tennis, dice, cards, bowis, clafh, *coyting*, logating, or other unlawful game. *Coytes* are the same as *quoits*.

For while they reade they know not what, they omit the veritie,

And that is nowe the cause so many fall into heresie.

Every man hath his owne way, some that, and some this,

It wolde almost for anger surreverence^s make a man to pisse,

To heare what they talke of in open communication,

Surely I feare me, Ignorance, this geare wyl make some desolation.

Ignorance.

I feare the same also, but as towching that wherof you speake ful well,

They have revoked diverse olde heresies out of hell.

As against transubstantiation, purgatory, and the masse,

And say that by scripture they can not be brought to passe.

But that whiche ever hath ben a most trewe and constant opinion,

And defended also hitherto by all of our religion,

That I Ignorance am the mother of true devotion,

And Knowledge the auctour of the contrarie affection :

They denie it so stoutely as thoughe it were not so.

But this hath ben beleft many an hundred yeere ago.

Wherefore it greveth mee not a lyttle that my case should so stande,

Thus to be disproved at every pratler's hande.

Perverse Doctrine.

Yea, doth ? then the more unwise man you, as I trowe,

For they say as muche by me, as you well do knowe.

And shall I then go vexe my selfe at theyr talke ?

No, let them speake so longe as their tongues can walke.

They shall not greve mee, for why ? in very sooth

It were follie to endeavour to stop every manne's mouth.

They have brought in one, a younge upstart ladde as it appeares,

I am sure he hath not ben in the realme very many yeares,

With a gathered frocke, a powlde head and a broade hatte,

An unshaved bearde, a pale face, and hee teacheth that

All our doinges are naught, and hath ben many a day.

Hee disaloweth our ceremonies and rites, and teacheth an other way

^s *surreverence*] Perhaps a contraction of *save your reverence*. S.

To serve God, then that whiche wee do use,
 And goeth about the people's myndes to seduce.
 It is a pestilent knave, hee wyll have priestes no corner cappes
 to weare ⁶;

Surplices are superstition, beades, paxes, and suche other geare,
 Crosses, belles, candells, oyle, bran, salt, spettle, and incense,
 With sensing and fingering, he accomptes not worth three half
 pence,

And cries out on them all, if to repete them I wist,
 Suche holy thinges wherein our religion doth consist:
 But hee commaundes the service in English to be readde,
 And for the Holy Legende ⁷, the Bible too put in his steade,
 Every man to looke thereon at his list and pleasure,
 Every man to studie divinitie at his convenient leasure;
 With a thousand newe guises more, you know as well as I.
 And to terme him by his right name, if I should not lie,
 It is New Custome, for so they do him call,
 Both our sister Hipocrisie, Superstition, Idolatrie and all.
 And truely methinketh, they do justly and wisely therein,
 Since hee is so divers, and so lately crept in.

Ignorance.

So they call him indeede, you have saide ryght well,
 Because he came newly from the devyll of hell,
 New Custome, quoth you? now a vengeance of his newe nose,
 For bringing in any suche unaccustomed glofe;

⁶ — *hee wyll have priestes no corner cappes to weare*] Foxe, in the third volume of his Acts and Monuments, p. 131, says, "Over and besides
 "divers other things touching M. Rogers, this is not to be forgotten,
 "how, in the daies of King Edward the Sixth, there was a controversie
 "among the Bishops and Clergie *for wearing of priests caps*, and other at-
 "tyre belonging to that order. Master Rogers being one of that number
 "which never went otherwise than in a round cap, during all the time of
 "King Edward, affirmed that he would not agree to that decreement of
 "uniformitie, but upon this condition, that if they would needs have
 "such an uniformitie of wearing the cap, tippet, &c. then it should be
 "decreed withall, that the papists for a difference betwixt them and
 "others should be constrained to weare upon their sleeves a chalice with
 "an hoast upon it. Whereunto if they would consent, he would agree
 "to the other, otherwise he would not he said consent to the setting forth
 "of the same, nor ever weare *the cap*; nor indeed he never did."

⁷ *the Holy Legende*] I suppose the *Legenda Aurea*, the *Golden Legend* of
 Jacobus de Voragine. S.

For

For hee hath seduced the people by mightie greate flockes,
 Bodie of God, it were good to set the knave in the stockes.
 Or elles to whyp him for an exaample to all roges as hee,
 How they the authors of newe heresies bee.
 Or henceforth do attempt any such strange devise,
 Let him keepe himselfe from my handes, if hee be wyfe.
 If ever I may take him within my rayne,
 He is sure to have whipping there^s for his payne.
 For hee doth muche harme in eache place throughout the lande;
 Wherefore, Perverse Doctrine, heere nedeth your hande:
 I meane, that ye be diligent in any case,
 If ye fortune to come where New Custome is in place,
 So to use the villaine, you know what I meane,
 That in all poyntes you may discredite him cleane:
 And when hee beginnes of any thyng for to clatter,
 Of any controversie of learning, or divinitie matter,
 So to cling fast unto every manne's thought,
 That his wordes may seeme heresie, and his doinges but nought.

Perverse Doctrine.

Tushe, let me alone with that, for I have not so lyttle wit,
 But I have practised this alreadie, and minde also to do it.
 Yet a further devise I have, I think, not amisse.
 Harken to mee, Ignorance, for the matter is this:
 For the better accomplishing our subtiltie pretended,
 It were expedient that bothe our names were amended;
 Ignorance shall be Simplicitie, for that comes very nie;
 And for Perverse Doctrine I will be called Sounde Doctrine, I.
 And nowe that wee are both in suche sorte named,
 Wee may goe in any place and never be blamed.
 See then you remembre your name, sir, Simplicitie,
 And mee at every worde Sound doctrine to be;
 Beware of tripping, but look in minde that you beare
 Your fayned name, and what before you weare.
 But who is this that hitherwarde doth walke?
 Let us stande still to heare what he wyll talke.

^s there] So the 4to. I think we should read, *cheere*.

ACTUS I. SCENA II.

New Custome *entreth alone.*

New Custome.

WHEN I consider the auncient times before,
That have ben these eyght hundred yeeres and more,
And those conferre with these our later dayes,
My minde do these displease a thousand waies.
For sure hee that hath bothe perceaved aright,
Wyll say they differ as darkenes dothe from light.
For then playne-dealing beare away the price,
All things were ruled by men of good advise,
Conscience prevayled muche, even every where,
No man deceived his neybour, and eke a thinge full rare
It was to finde a man you might not trust:
But looke what once they promised, they did that well and just.
If neighbours were at variance they ran not streight to lawe,
Daiesmen⁹ tooke up the matter, and cost them not a strawe,
Suche delight they had to kyll debate and strife;
And surely even in those dayes was there more godlier life:
Howbeit men of all ages are wonted to dispraise
The wickednesse of time that florished at their daies,
As well hee may discerne who for that but lightly looks
In every leafe almost of all their bookes:
For as for Christ our maister, what hee thought of Jewes,
And after hym th' apostles, I think it is no newes.

Perverse Doctrine.

Harke, Simplicitie, hee is some preacher I wyll lay my
gowne,
He mindeth to make a sermon within this towne:

⁹ *Daiesmen*] i. e. umpires. So Spenfer:

— For what art thou

That makst thyself his *daysman*, to prolong

The vengeance past?

Faerie Queen. S.

A *dayes-man*, says Ray, in his Collection of North Country Words, p. 25, is "an arbitrator, an umpire or judge. For as Dr. Hammond observes, in his Annotation on Heb. x. 25. p. 752, the word *day*, in all "languages and idioms, signifies judgment. So *Man's Day*, 1 Cor. iii. "13. is the judgment of men. So *diem dicere* in Latin is to implead."

Hee

Hee speaketh honestly yet, but surely if hee rayle at mee,
I may not abide him, by the masse, I promise thee.

New Custome.

Paule to the Corinthians plainly doth tell
That their behaviour pleased him not well.
All our forefathers likewise have ben offended
With diverse faultes at their time, that might have ben amended.
The doctours of the churche, great faulte they dyd fynde,
In that men lived not after their mynde :
First with the rulers as examples of sinne,
Then with the people as continuing therein :
So that of them both this one thing they thought,
That the people was not good, but the rulers were naught.
But in comparison of this time of miserie,
In those daies men lyved in perfecte felicitie.
Sainte Paule prophecied that worse tymes shoulde ensue,
In novissimis venient quidam, saith hee, this is trewe,
Folowinge all mischief, ungodlinesse and evyll,
Leaning to all wickednesse and doctrine of the devyll;
And spake hee not of these daies, thinke you, I praye ?
The prooffe is so playne that no man can denaye :
For this is sure, that never in any age before,
Naughtiness and sinne hath ben practised more,
Or halfe so muche, or at all, in respecte so I saye,
As is now (God amende all) at this present daye :
Sinne now no sinne, faultes no faultes a whit,
O God, seest thou this, and yet wylt suffer hit ?
Surely thy mercie is great, but yet our sinnes I feare
Are so great, that of justice with them thou canst not beare.
Adulterie no vice, it is a thinge so rise ¹⁰,
A stale jest now, to lie with another manne's wyfe :
For what is that but dalliance ? Covetousnesse they call
Good husbandrie, when one man would faine have all.
And eke alike to that is unmercifull extorcion,
A sinne in sight of God, of great abhominacion :
For pride, that is now a grace ; for rounde about
The humble sprited is termed a foole or a lowte.
Who so will bee so drunken that he scarcely knoweth his waye,
Oh, hee is a good fellowe, so now a daies they saye :

¹⁰ *so rise*] i. e. so common, in such plenty. S.

Gluttonie is hospitalitie, while they meate and drinke spill,
 Whiche would relieve diuerse whom famine doth kill.
 As for all charitable deedes, they be gone, God knoweth;
 Some pretende laeke, but the chiefe cause is slowth,
 A vice most outragious of all others sure,
 Right hatefull to God, and contrarie to nature.
 Scarfe blood is punished, but even for very shame,
 So make they of murther but a trifling game.
 O how manie examples of that horrible vice
 Do dayly among us nowe spring and arise?
 But thanks be to God that such rulers doth sende,
 Whiche earnestly studie that fault to amende;
 As by the sharpe punishment of that wicked crime
 Wee may see that committed was but of late time.
 God direct their heartes they may alwaies continue
 Suche just execution on sinne to ensue;
 So shall be saved the life of many a man,
 And God wyll withdrawe his sore plagues from us than.
 Theft is but pollicie, perjurie but a face,
 Suche is now the worlde, so farre men be from grace.
 But what shall I say of religion, and knowledge
 Of God, whiche hath ben indifferent in eache age
 Before this? howbeit his faltes then it had,
 And in some poyntes then was culpable and bad.
 Surely this one thinge I may say aright,
 God hath rejected us away from him quight,
 And geuen us up whollie unto our owne thought,
 Utterly to destroy us, and bring us to nought:
 For do they not followe the inventions of men?
 Looke on the primitive church, and tell mee then
 Whether they served God in this same wise,
 Or whether they followed any other guyse?
 For since Godde's feare decayed, and hypocrisie crept in
 In hope of some gaines and lucre to win,
 Crueltie bare a stroke, who with fagot and fier,
 Braught all thinges to passe that hee did desier;
 Next avarice spilt all, whiche lest it should be spide,
 Hypocrisie ensued the matter to hide.
 Then brought they in their monsters, their masses, their light,
 Their torches at noone, to darken our sight:

Their

Their Popes and their pardones, their purgatories for fowles,
Their smoking of the church, and flinging of cooles.

Ignorance.

Stay yet a while, and let us heare more communication.

Perverse Doctrine.

I cannot, by godde's fowle, if I might have all this nation.
Shall I suffer a knave thus to rayle and prate?
Nay, then I pray God, the devyll breake my pate.
I will be revenged, or ¹¹ hee depart away.
Ah, surrah, you have made a feire speake heere to-day,
Do you looke for any rewarde for your deede?
It were good to beate thee till thy head bleede,
Or to scourge thee welfavouredlie at a carte's tayle,
To teache suche an horeson to blaspheme and rayle
At suche holie misteries, and matters so hie
As thou speakest of nowe, and rayledst at so latelie.

New Custome.

What meane ye, sir, or to whom do you speake?
Art you minded on mee your anger to wreake,
Whiche have not offended as farre as I knowe?

Perverse Doctrine.

I speak to thee, knave, thou art madde I trowe;
What meanest thou to raile right nowe so contemptuously
At the cheifest secretes of all divinitie?

New Custome.

Verilie I railed not, so farre as I can tell,
I spake, but advisedly, I knowe very well;
For I wyll stand to it, whatsoever I sayde.

Perverse Doctrine.

Wilt thou foe? but I will make the well apaide ¹²,
To recant thy woordes, I holde thee a pounce,
Before thou departe hence out of this ground.

New Custome.

No, that shall you not do, if I die therefore.

¹¹ or] i. e. before.

¹² well apaide] well content. In Psalm lxxxiii. ver. 8. we have;
And Assur eke is well apaid,
With them in league to be.

Perverse Doctrine.

Thou shalt see anone, go too, prattle no more,
But tell mee th' effect of the woordes which were sayde.

New Custome.

To recite them agayn, I am not afrayde:
I sayde that the Masse, and suche trumperie as that,
Popery, purgatorie, pardons, were flatt
Against Godde's woordes and primitive constitution,
Crept in through covetousnesse and superstition,
Of late yeeres, through blindnes, and men of no knowledge,
Even suche as have ben in every age.

Perverse Doctrine.

Now, precious horeson, thou hast made a lie;
How canst thou prove that, tell me by and by.

New Custome.

It needeth small prose, the effect doth appere,
Neither this is any place for to argue here.
And as for my saying I holde the negative,
It lyeth you upon to prove the affirmative;
To shewe that such thinges were used in antiquitie,
And then I can easely prove you the contrarie.

Perverse Doctrine.

Stand'st thou with mee on schole poyntes, dost thou so in-
deede?

Thou hadst best to prove mee whether I can reede;
Thinkest thou I have no logique, in deed thinkest thou soe?
Yes, prinkockes, that I have; for fortie yeares agoe
I coulde smatter in a Duns¹³ pretelie, I do not jesse,
Better I am sure then an hundred of you, whosoever is the best.

New Custome.

Trulie I beleve you, for in suche sonde bookes
You spent idellie your time and wried your lookes:
More better it had ben in bookes of holie scripture,
Where as vertue is exprested, and religion pure,
To have passed your youth, as the Bible and suche,
Then in these trifles to have dolted so muche;

¹³ in a Duns] i. e. in the theological writings of Duns Scotus, who obtained the title of Doctor Subtilis. S.

See also Note 25 to *The Revenger's Tragedy*, vol. IV. p. 359.

Not more to have regarded a Duns or a questionist,
Then you would the woordes of the holie evangelist.

Perverse Doctrine.

What, for a childe to meddle with the Bible?

New Custome.

Yea sure, more better than so to be idle.

Perverse Doctrine.

Is studie then idlenes? that is a new terme.

New Custome.

They say better to be idle than to do harme.

Perverse Doctrine.

What harme dothe knowledge? I pray thee, tell mee.

New Custome.

Knowledge puffeth up, in Saincte Paule you may see,

Perverse Doctrine.

Yee, but what knowledge meaneth hee? tell me that.

New Custome.

Even such knowledge as yee professe flat;
For the truthe and the gospel you have in contempt,
And followe such toyes as yourselves do invent:
Forfaking Godde's lawes, and th' appostle's institution,
In all your procedinges, and matters of religion.

Perverse Doctrine.

By what speakest thou that, let me here thy judgment?

New Custome.

Not by any gesse, but by that whiche is evident.
As for the scriptures, you have abolished cleane;
New fashions you have constitute in religion; agayne,
Abuse of the sacraments then hath ben tofore,
Have you brought, and in nombre have you made them more
Then Christ ever made: wherfore shew your auctoritie:
Or els have you done to the church great injurie.
Th' appostles never taught your transubstantiation
Of bread into fleshe, or any suche fashion.
Howe be it they were conversant every day and howre,
And received that sacrament of Christ our saviour:
You feigne also that Peter was bishop of Rome,
And that hee first instituted the seate of your popedome:
But, perverse nation, howe dare you for shame,
Your fantasies on Christ, and th' appostles to frame?

Perverse

Perverse Doctrine.

Marie avaunt, Jackefauce, and prattling knave,
 I will conjure thy cote if thou leave not to rave.
 With all my harte, and a vengeance come up and be nought,
 I see wee shall have an heretike of thee, as I thought.
 These things were approved or thou wast born, dost thou
 not see?

And shall be when thou art hanged, I warrant thee.

New Custome.

Ere I was borne! nay sure that is not trewe,
 For in comparison of mee they be but newe.

Perverse Doctrine.

Of thee! ha, ha, ha! what of thee? thou art mad.

New Custome.

Surely in my sorte I am both sober and sad.

Perverse Doctrine.

Whie, how olde art thou? tell mee, I pray thee hartely.

New Custome.

Elder than you, I perceive.

Perverse Doctrine.

What, older than I!

The younge knave, by the masse, not fully thirtie,
 Would be elder than I that am above sixtie!

New Custome.

A thousande and a halfe, that surely is my age,
 Ask and enquire of all men of knowlage.

Perverse Doctrine.

A thousand yeares! godde's preciouſe fowle, I am out of
 my wittes;

He is possessed of some devyll, or of some evill sprites.

Why thou art a young knave of that sorte, I saye,

That brought into this realme but the other daye

This new learning, and these heresies, and such other things
 moe,

With strange guises invented not long agoe,

And I pray thee tell me, is not thy name New Custome?

New Custome.

Trewly so I am called of some,

As of suche as wante both witte and understanding,

As you do nowe, I knowe by your talking:
 But woe be to those that make no distinction
 Betweene many thinges of diverse condition;
 As naught to be good, and horte to be colde,
 And old to be newe, and new to be olde:
 Wherefore these disceytes you dayly invent,
 The people to seduce unto your advertisement,
 While with tales you assay, and with lies you begyn
 The truth to deface, and your credite to wyn.

Perverse Doctrine.

What is thy name, then, I pray thee make declaration.

New Custome.

In faith, my name is Primitive Constitution.

Perverse Doctrine.

Who? who? *Prava Constitutio*? even so I thought,
 I wist that it was some suche thinge of nought ¹⁴.
 Like lettuse ¹⁵, like lippes; a scab'd horse for a scald squire.

New Custome.

Primitive Constitution I saide, if you heare,
 Suche orders as in the primitive church hereofore
 Were used, but not nowe, the more pittie therefore.

Perverse Doctrine.

Ah, ah! in good time, sir, well might you fare, Primitive
 Constitution,
 That is your trewe name, you say, without all delution.

¹⁴ *suche thinge of nought*] So *Hamlet*, "The king is a thing of nothing." See the Notes of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Farmer, and Mr. Steevens, on that passage, Edition of Shakspeare 1778, vol. X. p. 336. This play on the words was very common.

Again, in *The Humorous Lieutenant*, A. . S. 6.:

"Shall then that thing that honours thee

"How miserable a thing soever, yet a thing still,

"And, tho' a thing of nothing, thy thing ever."

¹⁵ *Like lettuse, like lippes*] "*Similes habent labia lactucas*. A thistle is a fallet fit for an ass's mouth. We use when we would signify that things happen to people which are suitable to them, or which they deserve: as when a dull scholar happens to a stupid or ignorant master, a froward wife to a peevish husband, &c. *Dignum patella operculum*. Like priest, like people, and on the contrary. These Proverbs are always taken in the worse sense. Tal carne, tal cultello, *Ital.* Like flesh, like knife." Ray's *Proverbs*, 1742, p. 130.

Primitive

Primitive Constitution (quodes stowe) as muche as my fleewe,
The devill on him which will such liers beleewe;
For my parte, if I credite such an hearie mowle,
The fowle fende of hell fetch me, bodie and fowle.

New Custome.

Trueth cannot prevaile where Ignorance is in place.

Ignorance.

Peace, or I will lay my beades on thie face;
Hast thou nothing to raile at but Ignorance, I trowe?

New Custome.

You may use me even at your pleasure, I know;
For Perverse Doctrine, that is rooted soe fast,
That it may not be changed at no heavenlie blast:
May not heare the contrarie, but beginneth to kicke,
Like a jade when hee seleth the spurre for to pricke.

Perverse Doctrine.

Yee! saist thou soe, thou miscreant villaine?
A little thing would make mee knocke out thy brayne.
Hence out of my sight, away, packing, trudge,
Thou detestable heretike, thou caytife, thou drudge;
If I may take thee, it were as good thou weare deade,
For even with this portuse¹⁶ I will battre thy heade.

[*Exit New Custome.*]

'Thoughe I hang therefore, I care not, I,
So I be revenged on a slave ere I die.
Sacrament of God! who hath hearde suche a knave?
Who after hee had done at Ignorance to rave,
Perverse Doctrine (quod hee) is also rooted so fast,
That hee may be changed by no heavenly blast:

¹⁶ *portuse*] Sometimes written *portas*, or *portos*, i. e. *breviary*. Du Cange, in *Portiforium*. "*Portuassés*, Mr. Tyrwhit observes (Notes on Chaucer, ver. 13061), "are mentioned among other prohibited books in the Stat. 3 and 4 Edw. VI. c. 10. And, in the Parliament Roll of 7 Edw. IV. n. 40. there is a petition, that the robbing of—Porteous—Grayell, Manuell, &c. should be made felonie without clergy; to which the King answered, *La Roy s'aviserá*."

The *portuse* is mentioned in Green's *History of Fryer Bacon*, Sign. C 4:

"—— I'll hamper up the match,

"I'll take my *portace* forth, and wed you here."

No, Godde's fowle, I warrant him, I will see him rotten,
 Before that my doctrine I shall have forgotten :
 Wherefore it behoveth us some counsell to take,
 Howe wee the stronger our matters may make,
 Against the surprise of this newe invasion,
 Begunne of late by this strange generation,
 Of New Custome and his mates ¹⁷, meaning to deface
 Our auncient rightes, and religion, and to place
 Their develishe doctrine the Gospell, and soe
 Our gaines to debate, and ourselves to undoe.
 I thinke it best therefore that our sister Hypocrisie
 Do understand fully of this matter by and by.
 Let us go and seeke her, the case for to shewe,
 That wee her good counsell may spedely knowe.

Ignorance.

I am readie, in following I will not be slowe.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Light of the Gospell and New Custome enter.

Light of the Gospell.

DOUBT you nothing at all, for God will so provide,
 Who leaveth not his elect to defende and to guide;
 That where ever I come suche grace you may finde,
 As shall in each poynte content well your minde,
 And admit that they call you New Custome, what then?
 Attribute that follie to the ignorance of men,
 That followe their fancies, and know not the right.
 Well, you knowe where I come once, the light
 Of the Gospell, whose beames do glister so cleare,
 Then Primitive Constitution in each place you appeare;

¹⁷ mates] The 4to reads, makes. The alteration by Mr. Doddsley.

And

And as else where you have ben, so do not mistrust
But in this place hereafter be receved you must.

New Custome.

According to your nature, so do you very well
To put mee in good hope, bright light of the gospell.
And seing you be trewe, I may in no wise
Misdeeme you the father or aucthour of lies:
For if trust to the gospell do purchase perpetuance
Of life unto him who therein hath confidence,
What shall the light doe? whose beames be so bright,
That in eache respect all thinges else of light
Are but very darkenes, and eke terrestriall,
So the light of the Gospell overshineth them all.
Wherefore with great comforte I receive your counsell,
With hartie thanks unto you, the light of the Gospell.

Light of the Gospell.

Do so, and by faith, then shall you obtaine
Whatsoever you desire, the scripture saith plaine:
For *quicquid petieritis in nomine meo*,
It must of trueth needes be understode soe:
That without faith, whatsoever wee fortune to crave,
Wee may not looke for it our desire to have.
Faith moveth mountains, so it be pure faith indeede,
By fayth wee obtaine whatsoever wee neede:
Then faith shall restore to you more thinges then this,
Beleve me, Primitive Constitution, whatsoever is amisse.
But where be those reprobates, devoyde of all grace,
Who lately misused you, as you saide, in this place?

New Custome.

They be sodenly departed, I wote not well whether,
For I left them right now bothe heere together:
They cannot be farre hence, I know very well,
Where they be, there is none if wee ask, but can tell.

Light of the Gospell.

Do you knowe them agayne if you meete them aright?

New Custome.

Yea, sir, that I do, even at the first sight.

Light of the Gospell.

Then let us not tarie, but go seek them straite.

New

New Custome.

At hande I am readie on you for to wayte.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS II. SCENA II.

*Hypocrisie, Perverse Doctrine, and Ignorance enter.**Hypocrisie.*

Perverse Doctrine, I say, take heede in any sorte
 That thou never beleve whatsoever they reporte,
 Though they of the gospell never so muche do preache,
 Every man will not credite whatsoever they teache.
 They will not say, all beleve, when they do not, I promise
 thee;

For that time will never come, in this world, trust mee.
 Tushe, tushe, be thou busied in any case
 To discredite their preachinge in every place.
 If they teache them one thing, then teache thou the contrarie;
 And if that no scripture for thy place thou have readie,
 In woordes that supplie, whiche wanteth in reason,
 For ill thinges applied, sometime, in good season,
 As of better estones do importe the wayte,
 So they be well ordered by good pollicie and slayght.
 Howbeit their doctrine be sounde; yet their vices fynd out,
 As this is a sloven, or this is a lowte:
 Hee speaketh on envie, such a one for neede;
 This faith it in woordes, but hee thinketh it not in deede.
 Upon greater occasion they sticke not to rave,
 Saying, this is a whooremaster, villaine, hee an heretike
 knave,

An extorcioner, a theefe, a traytour, a murtherer,
 A covetous person, a common userer.
 This hee doth for my mistresse his wyve's sake, by the roode,
 The better to maintaine and supporte the frenchehoode.
 Remember also, that it weare a great shame,
 For thee for to have forgotten thy owne name.
 Perverse Doctrine, of right, must the trueth so perverte,
 That hee never let it sinke into any manne's harte,

As

As farre as he can, with diligence withstande,
 For ever it behoveth thee to be readie at hande,
 To strenthen thine owne partes, and disprove other doctrine,
 Whatsoever shall be taught that is contrarie to thine:
 Still pretende religion, whatsoever you say,
 And that shall get thee good credite alway,
 Pleasing the multitude with suche kinde of gear ¹⁸.
 As with them to the whiche most enclined they are.
 Square cappes, longe gownes, with tippettes of filke,
 Brave coopes in the church, surplices as white as milke,
 Beades, and suche like, all these beare the price;
 To these things applie thy attendant devise:
 And other likewise, which well you do knowe,
 Whiche all of great holinesse do set forthe a shewe.
 Though some of them doubtlesse, be indifferent, what matter,
 They furnishe our businesse never the latter.
 For these of antiquitie, since that they do smell,
 Our cause must commend right wonderful well:
 And these be the thinges wherof thou hast neede,
 The better of thy wyl and purpose to speede.
 Then geve thy attendance, and so be sure of this,
 That I will be readie and never wyl misse
 To assist thee still in workinge thy purpose,
 To th'advancing of thee, and depresseing thy foes.

Perverse Doctrine.

Gramercie, good sifter, even with all my hearte,
 For this your good counsell; and for my parte,
 Whatsoever in this case may bee possibly donne,
 I shall followe your preceptes as a naturall sonne.
 For the matter so standes if wee looke not well about,
 That we quite perishe out of all doubt,
 Unlesse some such way wee take out of hande,
 Whereby wee may be able our foes to withstande.
 And for this cause my brother Ignorance and I,
 Lest it should chaunce us to fall into jeoperdie,
 Through envie of our names in any manne's eare:
 For this intent, I say, wee did diligently care,
 Our names to counterfaite in suche maner of sorte,
 That where ever wee goe wee may win good reporte.

¹⁸ gear] The 4to reads, *grace*. The alteration by Mr. Doddsley.

Hypocrisie.

Of my faith that is very well done in deede,
 God sende thee a good wit still at thy neede.
 And that in thy doinges such successe thou maist fynde,
 That all thinges may chaunce to thee after thy minde.
 My brother, if thou have ought else for to say,
 Speake on, or that I departe hence away.

Perverse Doctrine.

Great thanks for your counsell, and if yee chaunce to go
 thyther,
 You may meete with Ignorance, to hasten him hyther.

Hypocrisie.

Farewel he shall be here, you shall see even anon.

[Exit]

Perverse Doctrine.

Alacke, alacke, now my good sifter is gon,
 Whose presence to enjoye is more pleasant unto mee,
 Than any thing whatsoever in the worlde coulde bee.
 Good occasion have I suche a sifter to embrace,
 For by her means I lyve and enjoye this place.
 Which yet I possesse as longe as I may,
 And have heretofore many a faire day.
 For since these newe heretickes, the devill take them all,
 In all corners began to barke and to ball
 At the catholike faith, and the olde religion,
 Making of them bothe but matters of derision;
 Hypocrisie hath so helped at every neede,
 That but for her, hardly were wee lyke for to speede.
 For be our case never so nye driven to the worst,
 Through her meanes by some meane take no place at the
 first:

Yet some meanes doth shee finde, by some meanes at the
 length,

That her waies do prevaile, and her matters get strength.

Shee can finde out a thousand guyles in a trice,

For every purpose a newe strong devise.

No matter so difficle for man to find out,

No businesse so daungerous, no person so stowt,

But of th'one she is able a solucion to make,

And th'others greate peryll and moode for to flake.

And in fine, muche matter in fewe woordes to containe,
 She can finde out a cloke for every rayne ¹⁹.
 What person is there that beareth more swaie
 In all maner of matters at this present daye
 Throughout the whole world, though of symple degree,
 And of small power to fight shee seeme for to bee?
 Consider all trades and condicions of lyfe,
 Then shall you perceive that Hypocrisie is rise
 To all kinde of men, and of every age,
 So farre as their yeeres them therein may geve knowledge:
 Lo, here a large field, where at length hee may walke,
 Who list of this matter at the full for to talke.
 To declare of what power, and of what efficacie,
 In every age, countrey and time is Hypocrisie.
 But I may not about suche small pointes now stande,
 The affaires they be greater that I have in hande.
 Ignorance is the cause that I so longe tarie heere,
 And beholde where the blinde buffard doth appeere.
 Come on, thou grosse headed knave, thou whorofon asse, I say,
 Where hast thou ben sence wee departed to-day?

Enter Ignorance.

Ignorance.

Where have I ben, quod you? mary even there I was,
 Whereas I would have given an hundred pounce, by the Masse,
 To have ben here; for never sence the day I was borne
 Was I so neere hande in peeces for to have ben torne.
 For as I was going up and downe in the streete,
 To see if I coulde with Hypocrisie meete,
 Beeholde asfarre of I began to espie
 That heretike New Custome, with another in his companie.
 As soone as they sawe mee, they hyde them apace,
 Came towardes, and met mee full in the face.
 I am glad wee have founde you then, quod this heretike
 knave,
 For you, and your fellowe, this day fought wee have
 In every place, and now cannot you flie;
 And with these woordes both they came very nie.

¹⁹ *She can finde out a cloke for every rayne.] A Proverb. Tu hai man-
 sillo di ogni acqua. S.*

Whereat I so feared, I may tell you playne,
 That I thought at that howre I should have ben slayne.
 This is he; quod the varler, of whom I tolde you of late,
 An enemye of the trewth, and incensed with hate
 Against God and his Church, and an impe of Hypocrisie,
 A foe to the gospell, and to trewe divinitie.
 Thou lyeest, heretique, quod I, and naught elles coulde I say,
 But brake quickly from them, and hither came away.

Perverse Doctrine.

Who is hee that was with him, Simplicitie, canst thou tell?

Ignorance.

Not I sure, but some call him the light of the Gospell.
 A good personable fellowe, and in countenance so bright,
 That I coulde not beholde him in the visage aright.

Perverse Doctrine.

Goddess preciouſe woundes, that slave! marie ſie on him,
 ſie!

Body of our Lorde, is he come into the countrye?
 I thinke all the heretiques in the worlde have taken in hande,
 By some ſolemne othe to peſter this lande,
 With their wicked ſciſmes, and abhominable ſectes,
 Now a vengeance on them all, and the devyll breake their
 neckes:

Light of the Gospell! light of a ſtraw; yet what ever hee be,
 I wold hee were hanged as hie as I can ſee.

Ignorance.

What, have you hearde of him before this?

Perverse Doctrine.

Heard of him? yee, that have I often I wiſ.
 If there be any in the worlde, it is this horeſon theefe,
 Beleeve me, Simplicitie, that will worke us the miſchiefe.
 Hath that ſame new Jack gotte him ſuch a mate?
 Now with all my heart a peſtilence on his pate.
 I woulde they were both hanged fairely together,
 Or elles were at the devyll, I care not muche whether.
 For ſince theſe *Genevian* doctours came ſo faſt into this lande,
 Since that time it was never merie with Englande.
 Firſt came New Cuſtome, and hee gave the onſay²⁰,
 And ſithens thinges have gone worſe every day.

²⁰ the onſay] i. e. the onſet. S.

S 2

But

But Simplicitee, dost thou knowe what is mine intent?

Ignorance.

Tell mee, and I shall knowe what you have ment.

Perverse Doctrine.

Our matters with Creweltie our friende to discusse,
And to here him, what counsell in this case hee will geve us.
And this is the cause I have taried for thee,
Because that to him I would have thee goe with mee.
But see where hee commeth with Avarice sadly walking,
Let us listen, if wee can, whereof they be talkinge.

ACTUS II. SCENA III.

Creweltie, Avarice *entre.* Perverse Doctrine, and Ignorance
tarie.

Creweltie.

NAY, by Godde's harte, if I might doe what I list,
Not one of them all that should scape my fist.
His nayles²¹, I would plague them one way or another.
I would not misse him, no, if hee were mine owne brother.
With small faultes I might beare as I sawe occasion,
And punishe, or forgeve, at mine owne discretion,
For I wote that sometime the wisest may fall;
But heresie, sic on that, that is the greatest of all.
Every stockes should be full, every prison and jayle.
Some would I beate with rodde, some scorge at a carte's tayle.
Some hoyse their heeles upward, some beate in a sacke,
Some manickle their fingers, some binde in the racke.
Some would I sterve for hunger, some would I hange privilie,
Saying, that themselves so dyed desperately.
Some would I accuse of matters of great weight,
Openly to hange them as trespassours streight.
A thousand mo waies could I tell, and not misse,
Whiche here in England, I may say to you, I have practised ere
this,

²¹ *His nayles*] i. e. God's nails. So afterwards "By his wounds"—
"His blood"—without repetition of the sacred name by way of intro-
duction. S.

And

And trust by his woundes, Avarice, some agayne for to trie,
How so ever the world goe before that I die.

Avarice.

Now I will tel thee, Creweltie, by Godde's sacrament I have
swore,
It were pittie but thou were hanged before.

Creweltie.

Ha, ha, ha ; I had as lief they were hanged as I.
By the masse, there is one thing makes me laugh hartely, ha,
ha, ha.

Avarice.

I pray thee what is that ?

Creweltie.

What ? ha, ha, ha ; I cannot tell for laughinge, I wold never
better pastime desire,
Then to here a dosen of them howling together in the fier ;
Whose noyse, as my thinketh, I could best compare
To a crie of houndes folowing after the hare,
Or a rablement of bandogges barking at a beare, ha, ha, ha.

Avarice.

I beshrew thy knaves fingers with my very hearte,
The devill will reward thee, whose darling thou arte.
But, sirra, I pray thee, if it had chanced me in those daies in
thy handes to have fel,
I thinke, sure, thou wouldst have ordred mee well.

Creweltie.

His blood, I would I might have once seene that chaunce,
I would have vext thee with a vengeance, for olde acquaint-
ance.

Avarice.

Why so ? I was alwaies thy furdere in those daies, I am sure.

Creweltie.

Yee, but what was the cause ? thine owne profit to procure.
For so that thou mightest vantage and lucre obtaine,
Thou wouldest not sticke to bring thine owne brother to
payne.

Avarice.

Ha, ha, ha ; no, nor father and mother, if there were ought
to be got,
Thou mightest sweare, if I could, I would bring them to the
pot,

Whereof a like historie I shall tell thee, Creweltie,
In Englande, which my self plaied in the daies of queene
Marie ²².

Twoo brothers there were dwelling, young gentilmen, but the
heyre

Had substanciall revenewes, his stocke also was faire;
A man of good conscience, and studious of the gospel.
Which the other brother perceiving very well,
Perswaded him by all meanes, since he was so bent,
To be constant in opinion, and not to relent,
Which done, hee gave notice to the officers about,
Howe they should come with searche to find his brother out;
Who, when hee was once in this sorte apprehended,
Shortly after his life in the fier hee ended.
The other had the most part of all his lyvinge.
How saist, sir knave? is not this the nere way to thriving?

Creweltie.

O unreasonable Avarice, unsaciabie with gayne.

Avarice.

What, this? tush, it was but a merie trayne.

Creweltie.

For lukes sake his owne brother to betraye?
Hence, Judas, with these doings I can not away ²³.

Avarice.

I was ever with him, still readie at hande,
Continuallly suggesting of the house and the lande.
And yet to tell you the trueth, as in deede the thinge is,
Of my conscience I thinke the best part was his.

²² In Englande, which myself plaied in the daies of queene Marie] In Foxe's third Volume of Ecclesiastical History, 1631, p. 799, is an account of one Richard Woodman, who was burnt at Lewes, with nine others, on the 22d of June, 1557. The circumstances attending his apprehension resemble those abovementioned, and seem to be the same alluded to by the Author of this Morality.

²³ I cannot awaye] An expression of dislike or aversion used by almost every writer of the times. Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 4. S. 5.

"Of all nymphs i'the court, I cannot away with her;"

Postaster, A. 3. S. 4. "— and do not bring your eating player with you there; I cannot away with him."

Bartholomew Fair, A. 1. S. 6. "Good i'faith, I will eat heartily too, because I will be no Jew, I could never away with that stiff-necked generation."

Creweltie.

Crueltie.

By Godde's glorious wounds, hee was worthy of none,
But thou to be whipped for thy greedie suggestion.

Avarice.

Harte of God, man, be the meanes better or worse,
I passe not, I, so it be good for the purse, ha, ha, ha.

Perverse Doctrine.

If you love the purse so well, Avarice, as you say indeede,
Then helpe mee with your counsell now at a neede.

Avarice.

What, Perverse Doctrine, and Ignoraunce too, were you
both so neere?

Wee had thought at our comming that no man had ben heere.

Ignoraunce.

Wee have ben in this place ever since that you staide,
And wee have hearde also what so ever you have sayde.

Crueltie.

Welcome bothe, on my faith, and I am glad it was our
chaunce
To meete with you here, Perverse Doctrine, and Ignoraunce.
Whie, how gothe the worlde? my thinkes you be sad.

Perverse Doctrine.

Mary, God have mercie, but there is small cause to be glad:
For excepte you come speedely with your helping hande,
No doubt wee shall shortly be banished the lande.

Avarice.

Whie so, Perverse Doctrine?

Crueltie.

I pray thee, let mee understande.

Perverse Doctrine.

Whie so? you knowe howe since herisie came lately in place,
And New Custome, that vile scismaticque, began to deface
All our olde doings, our service, our rites, that of yore
Have bene of great price in the olde time before:
Our selves have been enforced almost for to flye
The countrie, or else covertly in some corner to lye.

Crueltie.

By the Masse that is trewe, for I dare not appeere,
Who so ever would geve mee twenty pounds landes by the
yeere.

Avarice.

Ha, ha, ha; by Godde's foote, and I was never in better
 case in my lif,
 For covetousnes with the clergie was never so rife.
 Wherefore I have no cause in suche sort to be greeved,
 Yet I woulde I could tell, sirs, how you might be releevd.

Perverse Doctrine.

Nowe, sirha, to mende up this matter withall:
 Preciouse God, it frettes mee to the very gall.
 For now of late that slave, that varlet, that heretique, Lighte
 of the Gospell,
 Is come over the sea, as some credibly tell,
 Whom New Custome doth use in all matters as a staie,
 The most ennemie to us in the worlde alway;
 Whose rancour is suche, and so great is his spight,
 That no doubt hee will straightway banishe us quight,
 Unlesse wee provide some remedie for the contrary,
 And with speede; this is treuth that I tell thee, Creweltie.

Creweltie.

His woundes, hart and bloud, is he come without any
 naye?

Ignorance.

Yee verely, for with these eyes I sawe him to daye.

Creweltie.

Now I would hee were here, I woulde so dresse the slave,
 That I warrant hee should beare mee a marke to his grave.
 First I woulde buffet him thus, then geve him a fall;
 Afterwarde I would dashe out his braynes at the wall,

Avarice.

Holde your handes, you rude knave, or by Godde's bodie
 I sweare,
 I wyll quickly fetche my fist from your eare.

Perverse Doctrine.

Tushe, tushe, it availes naught to chafen, or to chide,
 It were more wisdome with speede some redresse to provide.

Creweltie.

Redresse? nowe by Godde's guttes, I will never staye,
 Tyll I finde meanes to ridde the beast out of the waye.
 I wyll cut him of the slampambes, I holde him a crowne,
 Where so ever I meete him, in countrie, or towne.

Ignorance.

Ignorance.

What order you will take, it were best make relation,
For moe wittes, as you knowe, may do better than one.

Creweltie.

I wyll do then what so ever shall come in my head,
I force, not I²⁴, so the vyllaine were dead.

Ignorance.

And of my furtherance, whatsoever I may do, you be sure,
Your good state againe, if I can, to procure,
With my uttermost help to suppress yonder rascal,
For by the masse, you papists I like best of all.

Perverse Doctrine.

Then can wee not doo amisse, I conjecture lightly,
For where as al these come, Perverse Doctrine, Avarice, Ignorance,
and Creweltie:

There goeth the hare, except all good lucke goe awrie.

But, sirs, it is good, lest your names you discrie,

To transpose them after some other kinde,

Els bee sure with the people much hatred to finde.

As for Perverse Doctrine, Sounde Doctrine; for Ignorance,
Simplicitee;

With these coulours, of late, our selves clokod have wee.

Creweltie.

What then shall I, Creweltie, bee called in your judgement?

Perverse Doctrine.

Mary, Justice with Severitie, a vertue most excellent.

Avarice.

What will you terme Avarice, I pray you let mee heare?

Perverse Doctrine.

Even Frugalitie, for to that vertue it commeth most neare.

Avarice.

Contente by his woundes, I, but wee must look to our
feete,

Least wee stumble in these names when so ever wee meete.

Perverse Doctrine.

Yea, see you take heede to that in any manner of case,
So may you delude the people in every place.

²⁴ I force, not I,] i. e. I care not. Camden in his Remains says,—“ I
“ force not of such fooleries.” Shakspeare has the same phrase. S.

Creweltie.

Creweltie.

Come then, it is time hence that away wee departe.

Ignorance.

Wee are redie to follow with a most wylling hart.

Avarice.

But, firs, because wee have taried so longe,
If you bee good fellowes, let us depart with a songe.

Creweltie.

I am pleased, and therefore let every man
Follow attter in order as well as hee can.

The first SONGE.

Well handled, by the masse, on every side.
Come, Avarice, for wee twoo will no longer abide.

*[Exit Creweltie and Avarice.]**Perverse Doctrine.*

Farewell to you bothe, and God sende you successe,
Suche as may glad us all in your present businesse.
Now they bee departed, and wee may not tary,
For it lieth us upon all to bee sturring, by S. Mary.
New Custome prevayleth much every where,
But, no matter, they bee fooles that do geeve him suche care,
Let old custome prevayle rather, it is better than new,
This all will confesse, that thinke scripture is true.
Doo as thy fathers have doone before thee (quoth hee)
Then shalt thou bee certayne in the right way to bee.
And sure that is better then to followe the trayne
That eche man inventeth of his owne proper brayne.
Whiche hath brought the worlde to this case, as wee see,
That every day wee heere of some notorious heresie.
Yet all is the Gospell, whatsoever they say.
Well, if it chaunce that a dogge hath a daye,
Woe then to New Custome, and all his mates, tushe, tushe,
No man the Gospell will esteeme then a rushe.
What will that other heretik do, Light of the Gospel, I pray?
Dare not once shewe his face more than we at this day.
But come, Ignorance, let us follow after apace,
For wee have abidden all to long in this place.

Ignorance.

Ignorance.

Let us go then, but by the masse, I am vengeance drie,
I pray let us drinke at the ale-house herebie.

Perverse Doctrine.

Content in fayth, thither with speede let us hie.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Light of the Gospell, New Custome, Perverse Doctrine,

Light of the Gospell.

THEY be not this way, as farre as I can see:
Unlesse they have hidden them selves up privilie.
For in presence of Light of the Gospell, and Primative Con-
stitution,

Undoubtedly such reprobates can have no habitation.

New Custome.

Verely I do finde it so even as you have saide,
For at your sight they all flie away as dismaide.
Wherefore I have great cause to geeve you thanks, Light
Of the Gospell, that put thus my enemies to flight.

Light of the Gospell.

Nay, they be my enemies also, that be enemies to you.
In so much as your dealinges be both vertuouse and true.
For what is the gospell else, whereof I am Light?
But trewth, equitie, veritie, and right?
They be enemies to God too, and all liers impure,
In so much as he is called veritie in the scripture.
And the lying lippes with speakers of vanitie,
The Lorde him selfe will revenge with extremitie.
But see, what is hee that aprocheth so nie?

New Custome.

Of whom I tolde you, it is Perverse Doctrine verelic.

Light of the Gospell.

Then let us a little steppe out of the waye,
If haplie wee may heare what hee will say.

Perverse Doctrine.

A, firrha, by my trothe there is a very good vaine:
Ignorance hath well lyned his cappe for the rayne.

I coulde

I coulde have taried longer there with a good wyll,
 But as the proverbe saith, it is good to keepe still,
 One head for the reckning bothe sober and wise,
 Wherefore in this thinge I have followed that guise.
 Ignoraunce is but a dolte, it is I that must drudge,
 For neede (they say) maketh the olde wife and man both to
 trudge.

Suche snares wee shall laye for these heretikes, I trust,
 That New Custome, and his fellowes, shall soone lye in the
 dust.

If Creweltie may prevaile, hee will never slake,
 Tyll hee have brought a thousand of them to a stake.
 Avarice hath promised to do what in him laye,
 Who hath ben in greate credite with the worlde alway.
 But if Ignoraunce may get place, there shall wee do well,
 Then adewe all idle heretikes, and vaine talke of the gospell.
 For me Perverse Doctrine, this shall be my fetcher,
 To keepe constant the mindes of all I can cerche,
 Lest these glosers sometimes they chaunce to heare preaching,
 And thereby be converted, and credite their teachinge.
 For I trust shortly to bring it to passe,
 That lesse knowledge of the Gospell shall serve, by the masse.

Light of the Gospell.

Let us inclose him, that hee may not flie,
 Else wyll hee be gone when hee doth us espie.
 O impe of Antechrist, and seede of the devyll!
 Borne to all wickednesse, and nussed in all evyll²⁵.

Perverse Doctrine.

Nay, thou stinking heretike, art thou there in deede?
 Accordinge to thy naughtines thou must looke for to speede.

New Custome.

Godde's holie woorde in no wise can be heresie,
 Though so you terme it never so falsly.

Perverse Doctrine.

Yee preciouſe whoreſon, art thou there too?
 I thinke you have pretended ſome harme mee to doo.
 Helpe, helpe, I ſay, let mee be gone at once,
 Else I will ſmite thee in the face with my fiſt, by Godde's
 bones.

²⁵ nussed in all evil.] i. e. nursed, foster'd. S.

New Custome.

You must be contented a little season to stay,
Light of the Gospell, for your profite, hath some thing to say.

Perverse Doctrine.

I will heare none of your preachinges, I promise you
playne,
For what ever you speake, it is but in vayne.

Light of the Gospell.

In vayne it shall not be spoken, I know very well.
For God hath alwaies given suche power to his gospell,
That where ever, or by whom declared it bee,
It shall redounde unto his owne honour and glorie.
God is glorified in those whom hee dooth electe,
God is glorified in those also whom hee dooth rejecte.
The electe are saved, by that in the woorde they beleeve.
But the other, because no credence they geeve
To the trueth, cannot bee but blameable,
Commytting a fault of all faultes most damnable.
For, *Si ad eos non venissem*, saith Christ our Saviour,
If I had not come unto them with the worde, this is sure,
In farre better case the unfaithfull had ben,
For in this one respect they had had no sinne.
But where the trueth is, and yet there contemned,
Of Christ his owne mouth all suche are condempned.
Thus the gospell of Christ, be it received or no,
Sheweth the glory of God where so ever it go.

Perverse Doctrine.

I were contente to abide, and knowe your pleasure:
But for businesse, at this time I have no leysure.

Light of the Gospell.

What leysure ought a man at all times more to have,
Then to endeavour bothe his body and soule for to save?

New Custome.

For that care, all other cares wee must set aside.

Perverse Doctrine.

Say on then, for patiently I minde to abide.

Light of the Gospell.

Not to heare what is spoken is onely sufficient,
But to put it in practise with sincere intent

What

What so ever is taught us concerning good doing,
Expressing it, plainly in our vertuouse lyving.

Perverse Doctrine.

Whie? what would you have mee in living expresse?

Light of the Gospell.

Even the gospell, which is nothing else, doubtlesse,
But amendment of life, and renouncing of sinne:
With displeasure toward your selfe for the faulies you were in.

Perverse Doctrine.

How shall I displease my selfe in sinne I would knowe?

Light of the Gospell.

In considering that nothing bringeth man so lowe
Out of Godde's favour, as sinne; nothing setteth him so hie,
As lothing the same, and calling to him for his mercie.

Perverse Doctrine.

Verely I am sorie for my forepassed demeanour,
But that, can not availe mee but little, I am sure.

Light of the Gospell.

Whie think you so? boldely tell me your minde.

Perverse Doctrine.

Because Godde's mercie is farre enough behinde.

Light of the Gospell.

Godde's mercie is at hande, if you repent faithfully.

Perverse Doctrine.

I repent my sinnes, and for them am sorie hartely;
But how shall I be sure mercie for to obtaine?

Light of the Gospell.

Credite mee trewly, for my woordes are not vaine,
I am Light of the Gospell, and have full authoritie
To pronounce to the penitent forgivenesse of iniquitie,
So that in asking, you put your assurance to speede,
Then no doubt you have obtained mercie in deede.

Perverse Doctrine.

This assurance, how cometh it? declare, I pray you.

Light of the Gospell.

In thinking that Christ his woordes and promises are trewe;
And as hee cannot deceive, so cannot be disceived,
Which faith of all Christians must nedes be received.

Perverse Doctrine.

What thing is sayth? I pray you recite.

Light

Light of the Gospell.

A substance of things not appering in sight,
Yet which wee looke for, for so saincte Paule doth define,
To the Hebrews, the eleventh chapter and the first line.

Perverse Doctrine.

How to purchase this faith, I would I could tell.

Light of the Gospell.

Certainly by mee also, the Light of the Gospell;
For fayth commeth by the woorde, when we reade or heare,
As by the same sainct Paule it doth plainly eppere.

Perverse Doctrine.

Geve mee leave then to embrace you, I pray you hartely.

Light of the Gospell.

With all my very heart, I receive you courtesely.

Perverse Doctrine.

To thee I geve most humble thankes, O God immortall,
That it hath pleased thee, mee from my wickednesse to call;
And where as I deserved no mercie, but judgement,
Yet to powre downe thy pardon on mee most abundant,
Revoking mee from reprobates, and members of hell,
To win mee in societie with the Light of the Gospell.

Light of the Gospell.

Stande up, there is some what else yet behynde.

Perverse Doctrine.

I wholly yelde my selfe to you, use me after your minde.

Light of the Gospell.

Perverse Doctrine you shall be calde no more after this,
But Sincere Doctrine, as now I trust your trewe name is.

Perverse Doctrine.

By Godde's grace, while I live, I will so endeavour,
That my life and my name may accorde thus for ever.

Light of the Gospell.

Then all wicked companie you must cleane forsake,
And flie their societie, as a tode, or a snake.

Perverse Doctrine.

I abandon them quite, what so ever they bee.

New Custome.

Well, Sincere Doctrine, hearken also unto mee,
Whom needes you must followe if you wyll do well,
Since you have imbraced the Light of the Gospell.

I am not New Custome, as you have ben misled,
 But am Primitive Constitution, from the verie head
 Of the church, which is Christ and his disciples all,
 And from the fathers, at that time, taking originall.
 By mee then you must learne, for your owne behest,
 And for all vocations what is judged the best.

Perverse Doctrine.

I receave you gladly, with thanks, for your gentlenes,
 At your handes craving earnestly for my trespas forgyvenes.

New Custome.

It is easly forgiven.

Perverse Doctrine.

Now as touching my apparell, what counsell do you give?
 For I see well that in the constitution primitive,
 They used no suche garment as I have on heare,
 But fashioned it after some other maner.

New Custome.

So did they trewly, I confesse it in deede;
 But in suche things a man ought not to take so greate heede,
 For the wearing of a gowne, cap, or any other garment,
 Surely is a matter, as mee seemeth, indifferent,
 Howbeit, wyse Princes, for a difference to be had,
 Hath commaunded the clergie in suche sorte to be clad;
 But hee who puttes his religion in wearing the thing,
 Or thinkes him selfe more holly for the contrarie doing,
 Shall prove but a foole, of what ever condition
 Hee bee, for sure that is but meere superstition.
 Other thinges there be which have ben abused,
 Tollerable enough, if well they were used:
 Wherefore use your apparell, as is comely and decent,
 And not against scripture any where in my judgement.

Light of the Gospell.

No sure: for God waieth not, who is a sprite,
 Of any vesture, or outward appearance a mite,
 So the conscience be pure, and to no sin a slave,
 That is all which hee most gladly would have.

New Custome.

Well, these having declared, and sufficiently taught,
 And I trust on your parte perceaved as they ought:
 By your pacience, I mind to departe for a season.

Light

Light of the Gospell.

If your businesse bee so, it is but reason.

New Custome.

With great thanks unto you, Light of the Gospell, for the
gentlenes I have found

At your handes, as of due desert I am bound.

Light of the Gospell.

The Lorde be your guide whither so ever you departe.

Perverse Doctrine.

Humble thanks, sir, I yelde you from the bottome of my
hearte.

Albeit in this parte so small be my skyll,

That I may not performe them according to my wyll.

New Custome.

The peace of God be with you both for ever more. [*Exit.*]

Edification entreth.

Where so ever Light of the Gospell goeth before,
There I Edification do followe incontinent,
As unto the same a necessary consequent;
For though the letter alwaies woorke not that effect,
Yet surely in the congregation of Godde's elect,
Where the light and force taketh place, there Edification
Of all right must I make my habitation.
Endeavour then alwaies mee to retaine,
So shall your doctrine not be gyven in vayne.

Perverse Doctrine.

I receive you most gladly; and I trust in the Lorde,
That for ever hereafter wee shall well accorde.

Edification.

I trust so.

Light of the Gospell.

Fare you well, now you are not alone,
For this small while I must needs begone.
Here, take at my handes this testament booke,
And in mine absence therein I pray you earnestly looke.

Perverse Doctrine.

Your commandement shal be done, with thanks for your
counsel.

Light of the Gospell.

Then shall yee sure finde great delight in the gospell. [*Exit.*]

Assurance entretb.

Edification without Assurance vayleth not muche.
 Yet where they both do meeete, surely there force is suche,
 That to Godde's kingdome they open the way,
 The sweete place of rest, and perpetual joye.
 For assurance in Christ Jesus without manne's further merite,
 Is fully sufficient Godde's favour to inherite:
 Wherefore, Light of the Gospell willed mee soe,
 That to you, Edification, with all speede I should goe:
 So that with Sincere Doctrine wee joyned in unitie,
 Might in short time conduct him to Godde's perfect Felicitie.

Perverse Doctrine.

I embrace you, Assurance, that blisse to obtaine.

Assurance.

Then bee you assured, that you shall not bee wayne;
 For if that Christe's woordes be faithfull and just,
 Godde's perfect Felicitie is not far hence, I trust.

Godde's Felicitie entretb.

Verily, where Edification and Assurance in one are alied,
 Godde's Felicitie is at hande, it may not be denied,
 Which hee promifeth to suche as unfeinedly crave,
 With assurance that certainly the same they shall have:
 Which Felicitie in person heere I do represente,
 Who by God himselfe to the faythfull am sent,
 Prepared for them, as he plainly hath sayde,
 Since the time that the worlde's foundations were laide;
 Wherefore great thanks unto hym doubtlesse you owe,
 That it would please him suche giftes on you to bestowe,
 The most precious thing which manne's reason doth excell,
 No minde can conceive, muche lesse tongue can tell.

Perverse Doctrine.

Too him therefore let us geve all maner prayse,
 That beareth such affection to mankinde alwaies.
 O Lorde, thine honour might be great in heaven so hie,
 And throughout the whole earth thie everlasting glorie.

Geeve

Geeve grace to thy people, that after this transitorie
Life, they maye come to thy perfect felicitie.

Edification.

Defende thy church, O Christ, and thy holy congregation,
Bothe heere in England, and in every other nation.
That wee thy trewth may attaine, and still followe the same,
To the salvation of our sowles, and glorie of thy name.

Affurance.

²⁶ Preserve our noble queene Elizabeth, and her counsell all,
With thy heavenly grace, sent from thy seate supernall.
Graunt her and them long to lyve, her to raigne, them to
see,
What may alwaies be best for the weale publique's com-
moditie ²⁷.

The second SONGE.

²⁶ *Preserve our noble queene Elizabeth, &c.]* It was a custome at the
end of our ancient interludes and plays to conclude with a solemn prayer
for the King or Queen, the council, the parliament, or the nobleman
by whom the players were protected. Many instances are produced by
Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens, in their last Notes on the Epilogue to
Second Part of Henry IV. and many other might be added. See parti-
cularly the conclusion of *Like will to like, quoth the Devill to the Collier,*
1587. *The longer thou livest the more a foole thou art,* B. L. N. D. *The*
storie of Darius, B. L. and others.

²⁷ *commoditie]* interest. See p. 193.

E D I T I O N.

" A New Enterlude, no lesse wittie than pleasant, entitled
 " Newe Custome; devised of late, and for diverse causes nowe
 " fet forth. Never before this tyme imprinted MDLXXIII.
 " Imprinted at London, in Fleetstreete, by William Howe for
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